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DRUMMER

ISSUE 112

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FETISH
FEATURE

WITH **BRAD
MASON**



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DRUMMER

ISSUE 112

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

INTOLERANCE

A man with AIDS coming home to a small town in West Virginia is treated to threats and persecution.

Two men walking down a city street together are accosted by a group of young Latin toughs, verbally abusing the "faggots."

A self-loathing cocksucker writes to *Drummer* to crow about all of the straight men, the "real" men, he gets it on with.

A well-known gay activist wins a major Leather title and is barraged by former friends for selling out to the "neo-Nazi whips & chains crowd."

A well-established Leatherman gripes about all of the "naugahyde fluff" that inhabits the bars these days: "there don't seem to be any 'real' Leathermen left!"

One "slave" writes in with a complaint that another writer can't be a "real" slave because he does (or doesn't) . . .

A Top at a party comments, "He's a hunk, but don't bother. All he wants to do is get tied up and sucked off. I don't know why they let these vanilla types in here!"

A writer complains to Larry Townsend, "I have to put up with women at work. I don't want them in my bars even if they are wearing leather!"

Why do we expect "straight" society to tolerate our homosexuality and/or our Leather/SM personas when we have so damned much trouble tolerating each other? It seems as though every batch of mail brings news or letters from someone griping about some other type or group or individual that he/she can't tolerate: gay vs. non-gay, leather vs. vanilla, men vs. women, old vs. young, "real" vs. "not real," my kink vs. your kink, etc. Why? Why do we waste so much time and energy putting down others?

Sure, I'd love to live in a world where everyone looks, dresses and behaves exactly the way I want them to, but of course none of them would like it very much. And we all

know it is only the wildest of fantasies; not even the mightiest despots on earth have been able to bring that one off. So why do we constantly bitch! Instead of focusing immediately on the one negative aspect we see in another, why not emphasize the good points? You don't have to become a Pollyanna to do this. There is a huge middle ground between the Pollyanna and the Put-down Queen. Surely we can find a way to better enjoy our differences, to appreciate our diversity, or at the very least, to tolerate those we might not love, or like, or even care to associate with.

It's not too late for a New Year's resolution! □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that — fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex — as well as safe-and-sane — play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □



MALECALL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314



CAN'T FORGET THE MAN FROM INTERCOURSE

Please! I lost contact with a special person and I need your help in finding him. You see, I traveled to the National March on Washington DC (11-Oct-87), and while in the Dupont Circle area I met this man in a bar. We lost contact, and now I want to see him again. What to do?

I live in Sunnyvale, CA. Am six feet tall, GWM, 197 lbs, BB, dark hair with mustache. I met this guy in a bar on P Street, being with my friends from West Hollywood; with all the activities, we forgot to exchange phone numbers. Now we are apart and I can't forget him. Help me find him. He has light hair, medium build, and was wearing a blue baseball cap with the words "Intercourse, Pennsylvania" on it. From our conversation, I remembered that he reads *Drummer*, so I do believe someone out there can and will help me find him.

Anybody . . . reading *Drummer* magazine . . . if you are this person . . . please send a letter (c/o *Drummer*) today. I'm healthy, eager, and waiting. Thanks in advance.

"Pet Skunks"
Sunnyvale, CA

LONG-TERM S/M RELATIONSHIPS

You are really doing a fine job dispensing a high-volume flow of fiction and information concerning leather and S/M. I suppose that if I among others do not see what we "want," that is because we are not participating in the writing of such. One subject I wish you would invite people to address is long-term S/M relationships. Can one really live as a slave, and can a MASTER really endure the burden of responsibility for a bottom, maintaining the intensity of control and sexual/sadomasochistic action which was the initial attraction, for five or more years?

PDP
Vancouver

Ed.: This is the question our new columnist, Guy Baldwin, will be confronting on an ongoing basis in his column, "Ties That Bind." See page 30 of this issue.

WHO SHOULD TELL WHO WHAT?

This is my first try at your *Dear Sir* classified ads . . . the ads are great, your magazine is beyond comparison, but please consider adding one instruction to your "How To Reply" paragraph. Instruct the advertisers to include their ad number when they write back to the person who has sent the response. In the set of letters I am sending to you for forwarding, I have no way of knowing who is writing back to me unless they equate their ad number to what I have written. If I write two people from the same state, and each person has a different need or fetish and there is no ad number in the reply, then I do not know who is who and cannot respond in kind as to the original intent.

I just absolutely quit writing *Advocate* box number people because they did not have sense enough to let me know their ad number . . . hopefully, *Drummer* readers have more of their wits about them.

In high hopes of some good responses to bright horizons . . . or dark dungeons!

Anonymous

Ed.: Your idea is a valid one but it should be the responsibility of the person answering an ad to request that the ad number be included in response to his letter. Most people who receive correspondence assume that you are writing "just" to them and do not consider that you would need more identification than a letter in return.

—JET

A MAJOR ESTHETIC HOMAGE!

Jameo,

Before any more time passes, I must congratulate you on the excellent layout you created on the feature-obituary I wrote on Al Shapiro (*Drummer* 106). "They" say that great art is a marriage of matter and form. You took the time, quite obviously, to read the article on Al, and then go back and study his style of magazine design. Your layout was in itself a great tribute to a great artist, because, not only did you match the content of the piece, you actually created the same art-design that Al himself would have!

I'm sure Al's laughing along with your presenting him skipping through the

splashy title. I tried to capture his joy, his artistry, and his truth; you accomplished the same. And I'm glad. Art directors are the great unsung heroes and talents of publishing. Any magazine would be proud to have you designing its monthly presentations. I've noticed other of your work, but this time, with you working on my work and on my friend, I must acknowledge the hand of a true graphics professional, the soul of an artist, and the heart of a man.

Thank you for making these final words on Al Shapiro look so inviting, so readable, so wonderful. He would have loved it, and, for him, as well as for me, and the friends and fans who loved him, thanks for the extra effort you took on what someone less sensitive might have hacked up as a throwaway piece. Never have I received so much oral and written "fan mail," and always I turn the compliment to include you, pointing out what you so successfully accomplished.

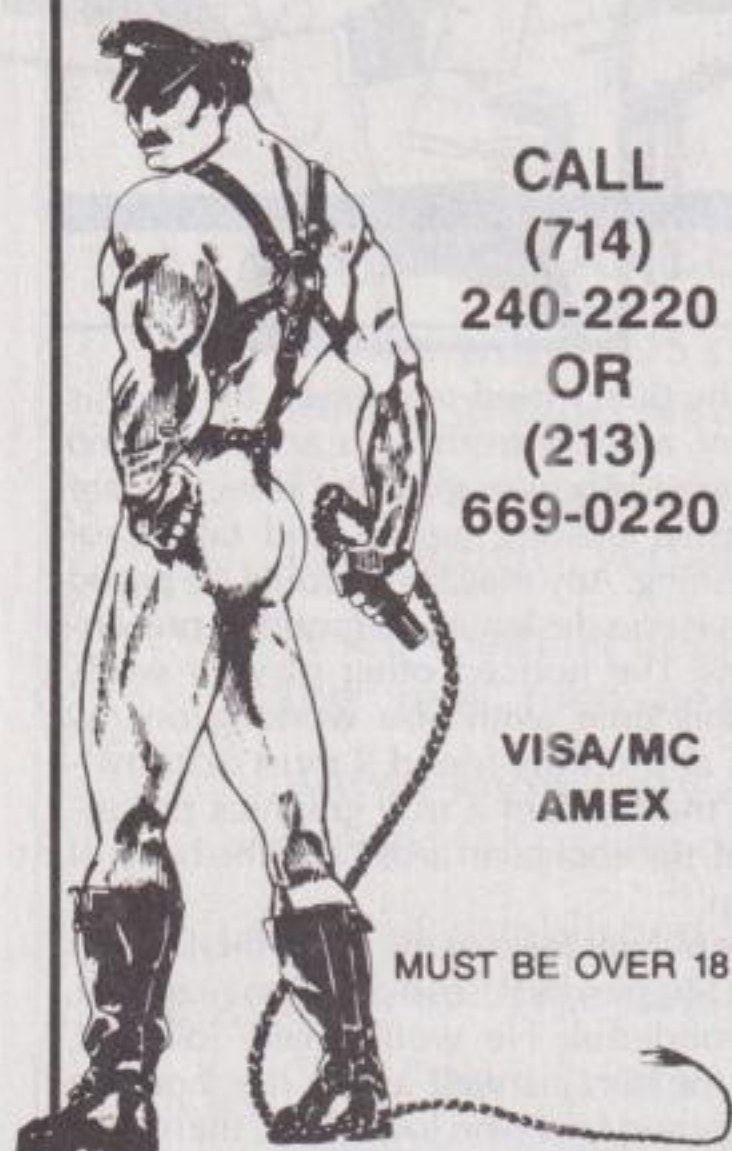
Jack Fritscher, PhD
Sebastopol, CA

SEALED WITH HOT IRON

After reading "Bonds" in issue 106, I had to write. First I thought to myself, how many of us are bound to our Masters by having been branded? I believe more than want to admit it. I certainly am proud of my branding. It has been 10 years since my Master put his brand on me. I was also taken out in the woods in handcuffs and completely nude. I was spread-eagled with four spikes already in place; and once tied down, my Master put another spike in the ground, to which he tied my balls. My cock became hard very quick.

There was no doubt in my mind what my Master intended to do. He had always said there would come a time when I would be made his slave forever. It was time. While I was tied down, my Master built a fire and placed a branding iron in it. The brand was quite small. He grabbed my hard cock and wrapping an inch or two of rubber around my cock just below the head, he then slipped a metal hose clamp over my cock head and began tightening the clamp. The tighter the clamp the harder my cock got and the bigger the head. It looked like a big purple

PETER'S PHONE ACTION



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plum. Looking at my big cockhead, which looked enormous in size, I realized where he intended to put his brand and why the brand was so small. My cock was throbbing and jerking against the bondage.

My Master just smiled, stood up, and pulled his enormous cock out of his leather pants and pissed all over me, especially aiming at my cock and balls. Once he stopped, he sat on my chest and slowly fed his studmeat down my throat. By this time I had learned to take his enormous meat without choking. He was very pleased and it didn't take long for him to give me my reward, a large load of sweet cum. I didn't lose a drop and cleaned his cock completely before he pulled it out. I know the tight clamp on my cockhead kept me from shooting my load. My Master was aware of this because he teased my throbbing meat with a leather cock whip.

He decided the brand was ready and wasted no time placing it on the head of my cock. Even with the pain my cock went crazy and continued to throb and jerk. My Master removed the brand, untightened the clamp, and my flood of cum shot 4 to 5 feet into the air, splashing down all over me. My Master said, "You are my slave forever." That certainly was the truth. I was his slave before the branding but became his total slave after. He was always the Top; there was never any doubt by either of us.

That was ten wonderful years ago and we are still going strong. Over the ten years I have had both tits pierced, cockhead sliced, one ear pierced with quite a large ring in it, my entire body including my head shaved. I must keep it all shaved except my crotch. He keeps that area shaved himself. Since my Master enjoys my mouth and calls it his pussy, I had all my teeth pulled to make it a better pussy for him and his studmeat. I have no regrets, I live to serve and service the stud. He gave me permission to read "Bonds" and to write this.

Mike, a Grateful Slave
Troy, MI

EXPOSE THE HYPOCRISY OF SODOMY LAWS

Last summer, I had written to a number of gay publications to appeal for a volunteer willing to be arrested with me in civil disobedience of sodomy laws. You had asked to be informed of the results of my project.

Unfortunately, after writing to some 36 papers around the country, I did not get a response from anyone who was willing to go this far. However, I did manage to stage a less dramatic action with an activist from Philadelphia, who prefers that his identity be confidential. This action took place on the day of the National March.

I am disappointed that no one has come forward yet for a more serious challenge

to sodomy laws, but I have some hopes that more gays will be willing to participate in actions that entail a lower degree of personal risk, as described in this letter.

Now that the National March on Washington is behind us, the gay community must seek action to continue our struggle for justice under the law. I would like to describe a type of civil disobedience action that can be used by individuals to chip away at sodomy laws, without great personal risk. I had undertaken such an action in DC, in addition to the civil disobedience at the Supreme Court.

Since I was not able to find a partner willing to be actually arrested for sodomy, I found a compromise approach with a volunteer who also wanted to make a personal statement, but did not want to be arrested or face publicity.

What I did was to call a non-emergency number for the police, give them my name and hotel address, and announce that I would be committing an act of sodomy as soon as I hung up the phone. I invited them to attempt arresting me if they wished, and hung up.

I had already put on a condom before calling. My partner touched his mouth to the condom for a few seconds, and then left the hotel room quickly, before the police could arrive. Under DC law, any oral-genital contact, including cunnilingus, constitutes technical sodomy, whether a sex act is actually completed or not.

As it turned out, the police never did show up. If they had come, I would have confessed my "crime," but refused to divulge the name of my partner.

Afterwards, I mailed a notarized confession of the sodomy act to the DC Police. Considering that the police failed to make any arrest in my case, arrest should be unlikely for other gays who carry out similar actions, particularly if the sodomy act is not actually witnessed.

I think that this type of action, if done by enough gay people, would begin to have an effect. Each call helps to harass the straight establishment, and illustrate the absurdity of what it would mean to have police trying to barge into bedrooms. If the police fail to show, this helps to expose their hypocrisy, and the futility of the law.

Whether large numbers of gays join in this type of action or not, I recommend doing it, if for no other reason, then for the sake of bolstering your own pride and sense of freedom. It is difficult to feel as defeated and helpless once you have openly defied straight oppression.

TRK
Randolph, MA

Ed.: You tell our readers what to do when the police do not show up but what do they do if the police do show up and arrest them?

—JET

STUDBALL RIDE

by Will Thomas

PART I



A warm autumn haze blurred the sere outline of the Sierra foothills as I navigated the final stretch of bumpy dirt track leading up to the Double Diamond.

I checked the printed instructions for the hundredth time, then parked in front of the largest of the barns, the one with black trim outlining its sliding double doors.

Easing cramped muscles from behind the wheel, I stepped onto a gravelled drive and surveyed the outbuildings and corrals with intense excitement. For the past week, since I'd made up my mind to come, my imagination had been revving in overdrive. The result now bulged beneath the zipper of my jeans and strained against the metal of my favorite cockring.

My host for the weekend was an unknown quantity. Everything had been prearranged by my fuckbuddy, Jim Mayes.

Jim had already spent a weekend here. Although he would only describe his adventure in general terms, he'd refused to stop pressing me until I agreed to make the long drive out. It was important, he said, that I "check out the accommodations."

"You won't regret it," he'd insisted, grinning from ear to ear and groping himself comically.

"And you'll never, ever forget it!"

I hadn't liked the wicked overtone in his voice, nor his

Entranced, I missed the moving shadows at the edges of my vision.

Without warning, rough hands grabbed my wrists and arms from each side, shattering my mood. Before I could glimpse a face or twitch a muscle, a cloth hood was snapped over my head and its drawstring pulled snugly around my neck.

Startled and disoriented, I cursed and struggled to break free. I guess I'd conjured a different welcome, something easier and more conventional. These guys were anything but easy.

I struggled fiercely but my efforts got me nowhere. At least

"That's it, stud . . . Just relax and welcome that banger. You just swallowed one honey of a horse dick. Now let it roam around inside the corral!"

persistent evasiveness whenever I tried to pin him down on the details of his "cum-filled" experience. But because I trusted him, I eventually decided to play along.

Jim and I had been staging rough-sex encounters for each other, striving to make each event more provocative than the last. They had become more compelling than either of us cared to admit and I'd assumed from the start that this was the latest overture. It was certainly the most elaborate stunt that Jim had yet arranged.

Musing on our adventures, I noticed the heavy silence resting over this remote ranch and prickles of fresh doubt returned to bug me. There wasn't a soul in sight, nor could I hear activity of any kind. Were they all on siesta, or merely waiting for their greenhorn guest?

"What the hell," I muttered. "It took five hours to find this place. I'm not gonna turn around and leave!"

The instructions were precise.

"Park in front of the main barn. Enter by the main doors. Wait inside and don't molest the animals."

My host had a sense of humor, for sure. A hopeful sign, I told myself.

Resolve bolstered, I moved forward to the heavy wooden doors, my boots crunching loudly on the gravel track.

The massive panels were mounted on a steel slide and hung slightly ajar. I rolled them apart, grunting at the effort it took, and stepped into the dark interior.

With my next breath the mingled scent of curing hay and aromatic feed grain, overlaid with the sharp, pungent odor of horse manure, enveloped me, awakening childhood memories.

Not in fifteen years had I inhaled such a raw, distinctive combination of scents. For me it was a special incense.

As a boy of twelve I'd spent a single summer of enchanted self-discovery on my grandfather's horse farm in the Valley. I rode, learned horsemanship and self-reliance, and worked shirtless in the heat among the half-naked hired hands. In the company of these unusual men I flourished. I idolized their masculinity and strove to imitate their rough, simple manners. Their sexuality was easy, open and uncomplicated.

That fall, my grandfather died. His death took with it both the freedom of the ranch and my dream of making its life my own. I nursed my disappointment in confused silence and wrestled with another thing I couldn't name. I understood it then only as the special thrill of being physically close to those raw-spoken, easy-living men.

Standing inside the doors of the Double Diamond, I felt the aroma of old adventures rousing that twelve-year-old to life. I sucked in a full lungful and flashed on a hundred escapades in surroundings much like this. It was almost as good as a return ticket to that summer so long ago.

three men were manhandling my body and their combined grip was unbreakable.

As I continued to thrash about, one of them grabbed my crotch and squeezed the contents sharply.

I gasped at the sudden pain and he chuckled, rewarding me with his voice—a deep, twangy baritone riding a Southern drawl.

"Hey, boys! This stud's got a dork like a sausage. We got us a horse cock to play with!"

His fingers found the cockring and he moved in close, his hot breath fanning the hood.

"Yeah, we got us a real faggot pony. He's already got a cinch round these nuts. All we gotta do is train him to the saddle 'n' bit.

"You got any real fight in you, faggot?"

His coarseness startled me but he gave me no time to think about it. Hard fingers circling my balls contracted cruelly, shooting intense pain into my gut.

Bucking frantically, I called up all the power I could find in my six-foot frame and poured it into escape. Twisting over and slamming outward with my hip, I managed to snap loose my right fist. Blindly, afraid, I lashed out at the man in front of me.

There was a bone-jarring smack as I connected with something hard and fleshy, and a muffled curse. Then I was again pinioned tightly, immobilized.

"Gawd damn!" the voice hissed. "Guess I asked for that."

The two men holding me laughed. One of them had an erection.

Expecting retaliation, I braced for more. But instead of abuse I felt a warm hand cupping and rubbing my crotch, followed by a play of fingers exploring the thatch on my chest, tweaking and gently pinching my nipples. The hands moved down to my thighs and butt, kneading the thick mounds of my ass through the denim of sweat-soaked jeans.

In seconds my cock was again hard and I began to relax, yielding to the foreplay. This was definitely more like it!

Without freeing me, my handlers intensified their massage of my body. They stroked and rubbed it, deliberately arousing me so that I moved automatically, thrusting against them.

I realized dimly that the scene unfolding wouldn't duplicate anything Jim and I had staged. I knew his moves too well. Here there was a harsh touch of danger, a sense of being slightly out of my depth. But at the same time I recognized that I really didn't care. My libido was churning and I'd never felt so excited by the unknown.

I hardly noticed when my shirt was slipped off. One guy was tonguing my right nipple while another had found the thick, springy hair of my left armpit. I twisted in their hands, all thought of resistance gone. My belt was slipped off and the zipper of my

jeans was opened slowly. Like a shot, the ten-inch warrior inside popped out and began a rapid series of pushups, timed to the thudding of my pulse.

"Oh yeah. Shit, you guys are hot. Yeah, jack it off!"

To my puzzlement and disappointment, no one touched my cock. It danced up and down, searching for a hand or a mouth.

The hand at my crotch freed my balls, weighing and stretching them and measuring the stretch of my pouch. It teased and worried them, sending tremors of apprehension up and down my thighs.

The three men continued their aggressive foreplay and my eyes began to adjust to the barn's dim interior. The hood was made of a thin, porous, slippery material. It blurred the details around me but I could still define shapes and outlines. It only slightly hindered my breathing, but its claustrophobic grip heightened the feeling of being snared and helpless.

Their bodies pressing against me, sweat mingling with my own, I wondered what they looked like, who they were. Ranch hands? Guests at a party? The one who'd teased me seemed to be in charge. His muscular body was directly in front of me, his manscent strong through the hood. His big hands still worked my balls. If only he'd play with my poor dick!

They were definitely pushing all my buttons, and I wondered at that, too. Jim, of course, had probably outlined all my weaknesses, including my taste for anonymous submission. I'm always a sucker for a blindfold or a leather hood.

So where would they take it from here?

As if in answer, my feet slipped out from under me and I was lifted in those calloused hands. They hefted me lightly like a sack of grain and carried me forward, face down. The power of their grip gave me confidence and I went limp, trying to gauge my direction.

I could see almost nothing, but the odor of horse grew stronger as we moved. Then I noticed the sound of heavy bodies stamping, breathing and rubbing against stall doors.

We turned left and without a warning, my handlers slung me forward over a prickly platform of baled straw, none too gently.

"OK, boys. Strip him clean."

In quick succession my boots, jeans and socks were peeled off as the Southerner maintained a grip on my wrists. In seconds they had me naked, except for one heavy-duty chrome cockring. Beneath me, my erection pressed painfully into scratchy straw.

The grip on my wrists eased and was replaced by a firmer, softer tension—padded cuffs. I recognized the warm feel of sheepskin and felt my cock getting harder.

The last restraint was buckled tightly into place and snaps were clipped onto rings in each cuff. A sudden tension separated my arms from the bales; then the pull intensified, lifting me upward bodily, my arms opening upward in a wide "V". I heard the squeal of an ungreased pulley, then felt myself swaying naked in the air, a blind weight at the end of two ropes.

There was a tug at each ankle and ropes were clipped to the bottom restraints, stretching my legs wide apart. I felt these being tied off, completing my spread-eagled suspension.

Secured like a fly in a web, I hung sweaty and exposed. Bits of straw clung to my chest and belly and below, my cock did gymnastics. From the first moment of genuine arousal I hadn't thought to speak or complain, but now I wondered what would follow. Whips and paddles?

Light from a source to my right filtered weakly into the room, disclosing the shapes of the men before me. No one spoke. They simply watched as I tensed and twisted, in the ropes, perhaps waiting for a plea or a whine.

But I felt I knew my own limits and it was early in this game. My cock was totally rigid, twitching eagerly for the next move. I could feel pre-cum leaking from the sheathed tip and I groaned, expectant.

The Southerner spoke first.

"Smitty, you remember that big brown Dobie the boss used t' have? The one with the big prick, always in heat?"



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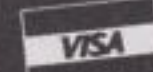
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The man on his left answered.

"Sure do, Rob. That critter trotted round drippin' like a leaky faucet. I'd guess he sprayed every fence post for miles around, and he'd've humped anything with an open hole, sure as not.

"Boss had him nutted, he got to be such a nuisance."

—(Pause)—

"Named him 'hotshot'."

The three roared with laughter, slapping each other on the back in appreciation of Smitty's barnyard humor. Rob, I now knew, was the Southerner. He stood in the middle, his hand at his groin. All three of them seemed to be naked except for their boots.

The third man hadn't spoken but I was certain he, too, was stroking himself. He appeared taller than his companions, with a slender, wiry build.

"OK, hotshot. This ain't no dude ranch and we don't serve tea and cookies."

Rob spoke as he moved close to me, the humor in his voice giving way to a heavy, sensual aggressiveness.

"The boss of this spread raises beef and breeds Arabians and Black Angus. He's got a particular interest in studs. Kinda kinky about cock size and potency. Appreciates performance and good lines in anything that's got a dick and likes t' keep records on what he finds. Fancies himself an expert on the subject, which brings me right to the matter at hand."

Rob took a deliberate grip on my throbbing meat and began slowly jacking the thick foreskin back and forth. Ignoring the cockring, his other hand enclosed my dangling ballsack. Even wearing a ring I usually hang a good three inches loose, so he had no difficulty completing his grip.

With each slow stroke, he twisted the captive pouch, squeezing, stretching and kneading my balls with a pressure just below the edge of pain. Waves of pleasure washed over me.

"Ya see, hotshot, we're the production team. It's our job to whip the new recruits into line, see to the breedin' and keep the books. Boss likes t' see all the details, so when we're through with you he'll have tape and workup on everything from the size o' your asshole to the count o' your sperm."

The sensations assaulting me were building to a rapid overload. The hand on my dick was an irresistible goad, and the mellow sound of Rob's voice oiled my thrusting more effectively than any lube. If the weekend was to be like this, I was damned glad I'd come.

All three of them moved in on me, working my body, rubbing, squeezing and stroking it. Through the film of the hood I gulped in the strong musk scent of hairy male bodies and felt their own exhalations strong and rapid against my chest and back.

Sweat coursed its way down my spine, runnelled into the crack of my ass and lubed it for the blunt finger which suddenly thrust past my sphincter, up into the cavern of my shithole. I screamed, more in surprise than in pain, and began to beg as it found my prostate.

Pinpricks of new pain lanced through my tits as someone pinched their rubbery tips. The man used his calloused fingers and they were the equal of any metal clamp Jim had ever used.

The multiple manipulations overwhelmed me. I'd been in hot positions before, but never like this and never with the extra thrill of the totally unknown element.

I felt my sweat washing my straining muscles, pasting the hood to my face. The hands on my body were demons. I tried desperately to wriggle free.

The voice announcing itself next was mine, though it seemed disconnected.

"Puleez! Oh, uhnnh; yeah, don't stop! Ooh, gonna shoot!"

Teeth nipped at my asscheeks and a second finger thrust into me. The hand on my dick quickened its tempo.

The rush gathered itself, licked upward through my gut and I bucked wildly, feeling the gates of relief opening.

Rob sensed the pressure, for the clammy hood was abruptly ripped free. I screamed then, like an animal being poleaxed as my juice jetted out, easing the agony inside.

I spasmed again and then again, straining against the ropes; the hand still insistent on my shaft, the fingers plumbing my hole. It was wilder—more savage—than any orgasm I could remember. It seemed as though the hot juice inside had boiled up from the very tips of my clenching toes, searing a pathway of sweet pain through every nerve in my body.

I shuddered and bucked again. Those hands were driving me wild!

Edging toward hysteria I pleaded with him, but Rob would not release my cock. He continued to milk it as the fingers up my ass toyed with my prostate, encouraging the flow of cum.

It was then I became aware of the import of my performance. It wasn't a matter of simple gratification.

In his left hand Rob held a small glass beaker, half filled with whitish fluid. He had collected my cum!

He released me then, smiling as I groaned, slumping in exhaustion against the ropes.

"You fucking bastard. You milked me just like a stud bull in a pen! Fucking bastard!"

I looked down into glinting blue eyes and managed to mumble the word one more time, half-heartedly. Trouble was, I was out of steam.

He reached out and squeezed my softening prick, wringing loose the very last of my juice and adding it to the contents of the beaker.

"You don't give as much as Blackie does, but then you don't have balls the size of coconuts, neither."

Rob held up the container for my inspection.

"Still, I'd say you're as good a juicer as any we've milked, in your breed, that is."

"Twenty-five cc's and a good clean color. I bet the count is right up there with the best."

Realization hit me.

"You're not actually—you don't intend to use that?"

Rob smiled broadly and sloshed the ejaculate in front of me.

"Hotshot, I already told you. The boss is a breeder. This here juice will get tested and analyzed half a dozen ways to Sunday. If it, or rather you, prove out, you could be a daddy for generations to come. Now don't that strike your fancy?"

I gaped at him. What in hell had I got myself into?

"Don't you worry about the details. The boss is a very rich man. You'll be paid right well if this milk is as hot as you are."

Rob's confirmation left me speechless, then angry. Events had taken a totally unexpected turn. I had, after all, been invited to a party, not a friggin' sperm bank. At least I'd thought it was a party. This was—hell, it was the same as being processed like an animal!

"You shitheads," I sputtered. "Let me out of this! I'm no stud bull for a sperm factory. And I'm damn sure not giving anybody the right to use my cum to make money with!"

Rob and his partners grinned at me and fondled themselves.

"You really got no say in the matter, hotshot. Take a look over there to the light. See that camera rig? You're on tape, buddy! Your entire performance is on videotape for the boss's use in any way he sees fit, if you catch my drift."

Rob's expression was one of amused indulgence.

An expensive-looking autofocus camera was positioned at an angle to the action which had just taken place. The red eye of its "on" indicator glowed wickedly below the lens.

As the implications of what he was saying sank in, I realized he had put me in more than just a physical bind. My employers would never understand the show I'd just given, no matter how it was explained. Junior associates in large law firms can't afford to be indiscreet, willingly or unwillingly. A chill raced down my spine and my dick sagged.

"Loosen up, fuckhead! The boss tapes everybody and everything, and I do mean everything. He won't use that tape, or the others coming up, unless you lose your cool. I already said you got nothin' to worry about."

"Most guys would be happy to get paid just for shootin' off their

cream. You got something against daddies for hire?"

I stared at him without answering. I was still pissed, but considering the options available, I had to concede his point. The proposition might not be as bad as I'd first thought. But I was still puzzled.

"I don't get it. Aren't sperm donors screened medically? How did you pick me for this, this scene?"

"You've already been checked out," Rob answered. "Just like your hotshot buddy.

"We've got a complete history on you, includin' that last checkup at SF General two years ago when you joined your firm. What we don't got, Ted here'll collect today and tomorrow in the lab."

The third man, a slender big-dicked redhead with a beautiful swimmer's build, smirked at me and caressed his erection. His cock was pale, darkly veined and unbelievably long. As he stroked it, its bulbous knoblike head poked free of its foreskin, dripping a long string of clear fluid. The redhead was obviously primed.

"Teddy does the bookwork," Rob continued. "Tho' I kinda think that big wanger of his is a distraction."

The three of them exchanged grins and Ted moved close to me, waving his enormous prod at my crotch. It sprouted from a heavy red bush matting his groin and arched halfway up his long, lean belly. He couldn't have been more than 22 or 23 and his body glowed with a pure, fresh clarity. Freckles dappled his shoulders and chest, accenting his ivory coloring.

"Teddy is sorta the boss's pet. That rod of his is exactly thirteen and three-quarter inches, hard. Boss says he's seen bigger in a darker color, but none slicker than Teddy's."

I could only agree. Ted's shaft was a marvel. It lifted pinkly in slender proportion to its outsize length. Although it was abnormally large, it didn't seem out of place on this tall youth's angular frame. I stared at it in wonderment. How could anybody ever handle such a cock?

Rob winked.

"Don't you worry, hotshot. You'll get a chance to pass Teddy's special inspection. He's our deep-drillin' expert."

Another explosion of raucous laughter cut loose, no doubt triggered by the disbelief covering my face. I couldn't imagine accepting anything that large into any part of my body. Even the head would be impassable.

"And this is Smitty. That's not his real name, but we call him that 'cause he's our blacksmith. Does the brandin' and the shoeing."

Rob touched the big man on his left and affectionately tweaked his nipple. This was the one I'd felt probing my ass with his thick, stubby fingers. I was certain of it.

Black-haired and massive, Smitty stood slightly taller than Rob. He was built like a bear. His Slavic features were heavy, but not unhandsome. From black-pelted chest to thick, muscled thighs he exuded raw power, but his eyes were gentle as he smiled at me.

Smitty's cock hung darkly from a black forest of hair, semi-erect. It looked to be about nine inches, certainly the shortest of this barnyard crew, but much thicker than either Rob's or Ted's. Its heavy foreskin completely draped the wide head, even in arousal.

"And I'm the dude you tried to deck."

Rob touched the point of his jaw, wincing slightly.

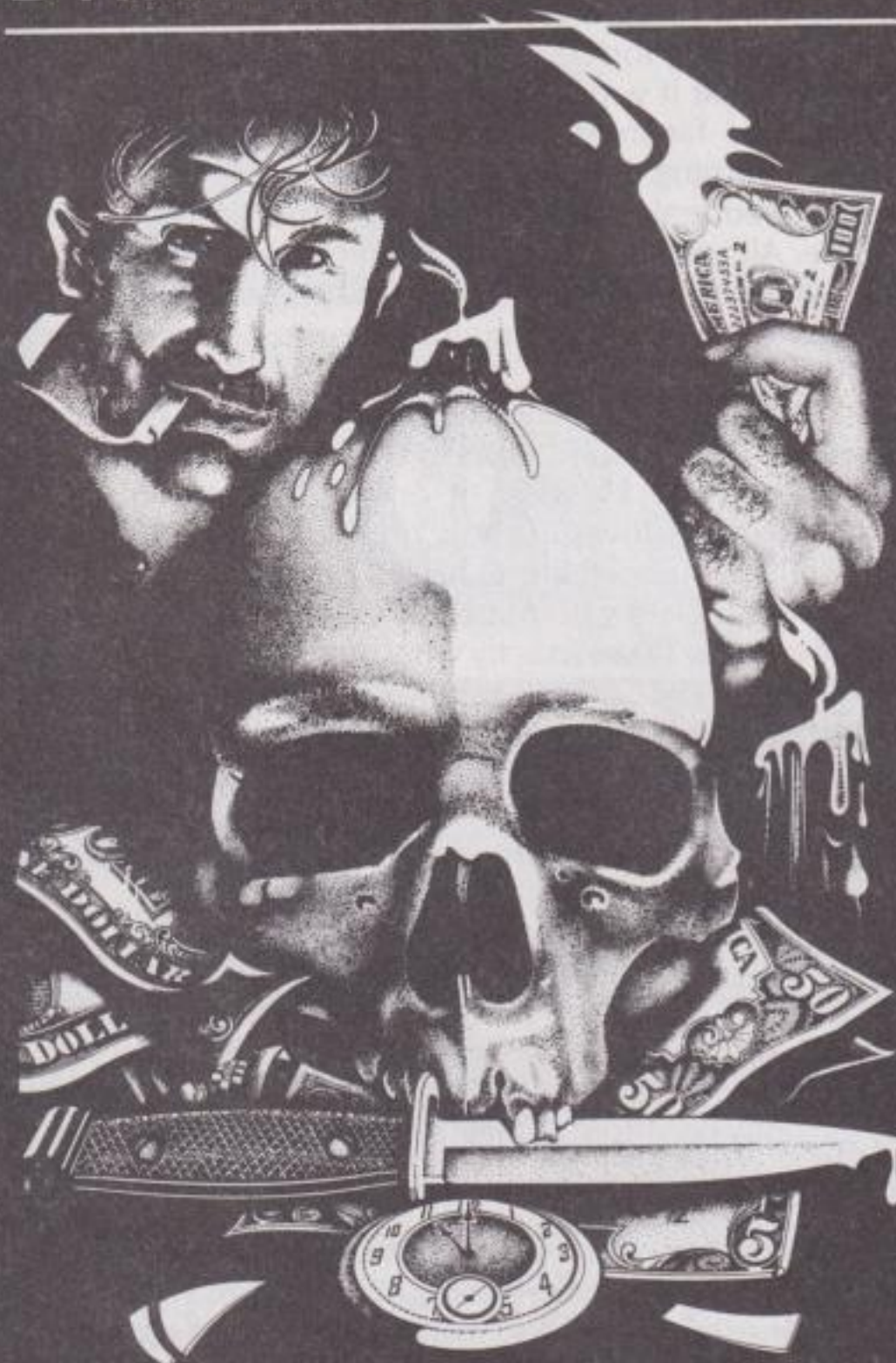
"Don't worry 'bout it. No hard feelin's. I occasionally get carried away when I'm feelin' up new arrivals. You didn't break nothin'."

I stared at the three of them, excited, a little frightened, not knowing what to say. If the boss really was a size queen, he couldn't have picked a more representative trio.

Rob was clearly cock-o-the-roost, despite the fact his companions outsized him in several departments. He stood about my own height, his body every bit as developed as my own. His deeply tanned, finely pored skin was embellished with dark

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brown hair, pelted on a wiry, mesomorphic frame. Somewhere on this spread there must be a gym. That handsome body displayed very special care.

The Southerner wore a thick moustache and a heavy, lustrous beard. Its color, like that of the bush around his genitals, was darker than the mane on his head. His long cock was of a length with mine, but it flared out near the crown.

Gazing at me fixedly, his lips set in a grin, Rob slowly slid his foreskin back, exposing the deep pink sheen of his almond cockhead. He and his friends had escaped the knife, as had I.

I continued to stare at him, watching him manipulate his hard cock. This creature teasing me with his beauty and his meat could have auditioned for top billing in any model agency of his choice. I wondered what it was that kept him removed from the urban mainstream, so far from the lure of the flesh emporiums. His beauty was startling. Surely he knew that.

It hit me suddenly that each of these men was of a different racial type. All were unusually handsome and each exemplified his type with near perfection. Could that be accidental?

Rob was following my appraisal. He must have guessed my train of thought.

"That's right, hotshot. Glad t' see you're as bright as your buddy promised. We're all contributors to the boss's little sideline and I can tell ya, he's picky when it comes to choosin' stock for breedin'. He dearly loves to show off a stud's fine points."

The Southern stepped close, his left hand still plying his shaft. His eyes were locked with mine, his voice heavy with arousal.

"The clients hav'ta see exactly what they're buyin', and the boss puts on a good show. Charges top dollar for what he produces, so he wants only the best, uncut and uncompromised. He's always on the lookout for a new variety."

He reached out to stroke the black ruff on my belly, making me shiver. Then he hefted the limp meat at my crotch, slipping off the wide chrome band.

"You won't be needin' this for awhile."

He slipped the band into his boot and returned to his examination, inserting a finger under my cum-slick foreskin and gently stroking the tender inner lining.

"Wouldn't be surprised if you turn out to be a real popular item," he drawled, his syllables liquid and mellow. "You got a special kind of sex appeal, hotshot. It's that hot Italian look. I just bet you melt the ice on both sides o' the aisle."

"Once Teddy's checked you out, we'll take some presentation footage for the buyers who are into green-eyed, white-skinned Dagoes with extra-big cocks. You'll hav'ta pump up with some weights; then we'll oil down this humpy meat machine 'til it glows for the camera."

He said his piece with a husky sensuality and as I looked down into those warm, inviting eyes I felt a stirring of something unusual; something more than the surface persuasion of sexuality. There, between us, a kind of sorcery shimmered ever so briefly, stirred into life by the currents between us. Easily, far too easily, I could yield to such charm with no thought at all of the consequences. As easily as a twelve-year-old boy sliding his feet into stirrups for his first wilder-than-life ride.

Abruptly the Southerner stepped back and the connection was broken.

"OK, fellas. Clean him out, take his stats and then strap him down for the intensive."

As I tried to make sense of the chemistry which had passed between us, Rob disappeared through a steel door in the wall to my right, taking the jism-filled beaker with him. His work-scuffed boots made little sound on the sawdust-covered floor.

For the first time, I had pause to look around me.

The room in which I'd been "milked" had some of the aspects of a barn, but it also contained equipment I'd never seen on a ranch.

In the far corner to the left I recognized two metal squeeze chutes fitted with head gates and leather hock straps. These I'd seen as a child and I knew them for the stalls in which bulls were

relieved of their sperm artificially.

Near the stalls and following the wall around the room to the right, a long workbench held an assortment of tack and metal tools. In front of it, a few feet from the first chute, was a weirdly constructed table. This drew my full attention.

The table rested on a gimballed base and resembled a gynecologist's examination table. In place of the usual upright stirrups it was fitted with segmented, adjustable extensions like legs, oddly curved and canted. These projected outward from the table's center where they met in a hinged escapement around an open recession.

The table's surfaces were padded and leather straps dangled from the edges of each segment, every few inches along its length.

I knew without having to guess that my body and that device were soon to become acquainted. It was obviously designed for a human anatomy.

My imagination has a habit of locking on strange objects, attempting to personalize their possible use. The table fascinated me. I became so intent upon conjuring the feel of those straps around my limbs that I forgot about Smitty and Ted.

The jet of warm water caught me squarely between the shoulders and completely by surprise.

"What the fuck!"

I twisted as best I could, to find Ted holding a hose on me. He laughed as I cursed at him.

"You bastard. You could have warned me it was bath time."

He merely winked and moved closer, casually playing the warm stream around my thighs and buttocks, my chest and genitals, the way a pet owner might wash his dog.

The warmth felt good against stretched and tormented muscles. It eased some of the tension and cramping. Welcoming it, I went limp and allowed him to wash away the sweat and grime. The water splattered away into a large drain directly below my ass.

I should have expected the next maneuver, but I didn't.

The warmth found my asshole and suddenly forced its way in.

"Oh shit, you prickhead! Ease off, fucker!"

The hose was equipped with a smooth plastic nozzle which Ted prodded up into my rectum. I twisted and cursed, trying to pull away, but without any real success. There was no escape. Ted shoved the nozzle deeper into my ass, forcing water up into my gut even as much of it dribbled out around his hand.

The sensation of being invaded changed rapidly from simple discomfort to outright pain. I felt bloated, ready to burst. At that moment Ted removed the nozzle.

With a noisy rush the content of my lower bowel exploded out of me. The enormous sense of relief this produced smothered my anger and embarrassment. This wasn't really my trip, dammit!

Ted, however, wasn't satisfied. Three more times the nozzle pushed into me, filling my insides like an overstretched balloon.

The redhead ignored my invective. For all the concern he showed, I might have been a side of beef being cleaned for the butcher.

The torment finally ended, leaving my insides feeling as though they'd been vacuumed by a tornado. A final rinse, and I heard the water being cut off.

Despite the thick padding of the wrist cuffs my hands were growing numb. The muscles of my arms and shoulders ached under the unaccustomed strain.

Smitty now joined Ted as they hunkered down at my feet and began unbuckling the cuffs. As each circlet dropped free, work-roughened hands massaged the circulation back into my legs and thighs. A tingling sensation flooded them, growing erotic as it reached my groin.

Briefly I swung from my wrists, flexing my lower body as they turned to the upper ropes. The pulley let out a wicked screech and I dropped into their embrace, one arm around each sweaty neck.

The warmth of the muscular bodies supporting me brought

sensuous relief and the immediate stirrings of renewed lust. The treatment I'd received excited me. I felt dependent on these men, eager to tie myself to them with bonds of submission. If they wanted me as their plaything, I was willing!

They handled me easily, professionally. This was clearly a well-drilled routine. I wondered how many other young men had unwittingly volunteered their bodies to the Double Diamond's milking crew.

They weighed me, measured me from crown to heel, took cuticle, blood and hair samples, and recorded my blood pressure and heart rate from static and treadmill positions. I balked at the treadmill, but relented when Smitty wrapped his meaty fist around my naked balls and gave a gentle, encouraging squeeze.

Ted marked the readings on a chart which was clipped to a thick file folder. If the file was mine (and I was sure it was), the boss had done his homework.

"OK, stud. We got the basics. Now it's time for the main event."

Ted pointed to the table.

The air in the room was warm, but I shivered anyway. I moved to obey him, wanting to submit but torn by fears and doubts. I had no way of knowing just how far these men intended to go, and once on that table there would be no way of preventing them from working their will to the full.

I moved too slowly and my handlers were impatient. Ted grabbed my legs and Smitty hoisted me up, over and down onto the cool vinyl padding. Methodically they strapped me in, face down.

Actually I was grateful they'd given me no choice. This was fantasy time, bubbling up into hot, pulsing life. As the straps bit into my flesh, a mixture of fear, curiosity and a desire to be used seethed up inside. My cock was rigid.

Ted secured my ankles and thighs to the oddly-shaped extensions. These were narrow, formfitting metal restraints which molded themselves snugly to my limbs.

Smitty tightened chest and hip straps around my torso and fitted my wrists and forearms into angled depressions at my sides, cinching them tight with padded straps.

My head extended over the table's top edge, allowing me to study the undercarriage and its maze of hinges, levers and gears. Except for my neck and toes, everything was immovable. Well, not quite everything.

The torso support ended just below my navel, leaving my groin fully exposed. My cock and balls dangled freely below.

Testing their work, I flexed my body against the straps and allowed the sensation of vulnerability to flood me with arousal. Except for the lack of head support it wasn't an uncomfortable restraint. The table's designer had done his work well.

Ted and Smitty moved close to my face, their crotches so near that the heavy scent of their sex was overpowering. The redhead's enormous tool glowed an angry pink as he rubbed it, the glans and foreskin slick with joy juice. The youth's aroma was like sharp-scented hay, curing under a moist sun.

Smitty's black bush exuded a stronger, ranker odor, more like the horseflesh he groomed. The eye of his dick was a slit half an inch long, flicking open and shut with each manipulation of his cocksheath. Wiry black hair ascended the shaft almost two inches upward from the base. It rippled and flickered with an oily blue sheen.

Rob reappeared, distracting me from the cockflesh teasing my mouth. He carried a tray stacked with bottles, tubes, and several large plastic syringes. These he left on the bench as he turned to join us.

The Southerner was still nude. He moved to stand directly in front of me, adding his formidable equipment to the array of phallic energy confronting my face. Of the three, he most closely resembled my friend Jim, even to the dimensions of his handsome dick. How I longed to suck that meat into my mouth, taste its flavor and explore its velvet dimensions!

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They watched me quietly for several minutes, working their cocks into rigid extension, knowing that my own was straining to break free of its sheath, begging to be touched and stroked.

Abruptly, Rob squatted down to bring his eyes level with my own. I saw him signal to Ted.

"Stud," he said, "we give our bulls the best possible care. I know you're in top shape. Ya wouldn't be here if you weren't. But we need those sperm bags full-ta-burstin' with more o' that rich city-boy cream. And for that, Mother Nature needs a little boost.

"We use a special feedin' formula on our milkers. It's guaranteed to keep a stud in heat and it kinda speeds up his juice production. Can't use it too often, and the taste ain't much to brag about, but it does get results and that's what counts."

As Rob spoke, Ted manipulated the hand cranks on the gears beneath the table. His adjustments elevated my ass, lowered and spread my legs in a wide "V" and tilted my chest upward. My asshole was now wide open to invasion.

Ted's long fingers found the exposed hole. I felt him apply something slippery, then groaned as the lubricant was forced past my sphincter up into the rectal sheath. He teased my love bud briefly and then withdrew.

"Smitty, I think it's time to measure that shit chute for girth. It'll keep his mind off other matters."

The image of Smitty's oversized ram splitting open my hole was a slap in the face. As I opened my mouth to scream a protest, Rob fitted it with a rubber mouthpiece. Through this he pushed a blunt-tipped plastic tube.

I tried to gag but Rob gripped my throat muscles just below my jaw and massaged gently as he pushed the tube past my pharynx and into my throat.

I struggled, trying frantically to cope with the tube as my ass was prodded by something warm and frightening.

"Relax, hotshot. Just relax."

Rob stroked my spasming throat. He tousled my hair and locked his eyes with my own, seeking control of my fear.

"Just relax and open up," he crooned. "I've got your choke points, buddy. Just go limp and let us work on your meat. Smitty's big, but he's been into smaller holes than yours without doin' any permanent damage."

In his right hand Rob took up a plastic syringe. It was filled with a brown-colored substance and its snout was connected to the tube down my throat.

Smitty had his meaty hands on my buns, kneading and stretching them. His cockhead still rested outside, but he pressed insistently, pushing against the rigid muscle guarding my hole. I fought him, unable to accept the thought of that pole entering me.

Suddenly I felt his hand around my nuts and his baritone voice rumbled in my ear.

"Relax, stud. Don't fight me or I'll mash these 'til they scream for help."

Smitty had tapped my threshold. My nuts are my weakest link. It broke my panic and I went limp under him.

As the muscle relaxed, Smitty seized his opportunity. He pushed in with a short, smooth thrust, sliding half his girth into my hole.

Pain seared, flashed, and then throbbed with my pulse. The impaler's stake of the Middle Ages must have been worse, but not by much. Smitty was one of those guys who never get fully erect until they're inside the tent. He didn't move any further, but he didn't have to. I could feel that column of flesh expanding and growing harder as he paused to allow my body to adjust.

It was painful, even excruciating. But as my lungs bellowed in and out and as I felt the wonder of having taken that fiendish tool inside myself, self-satisfaction began to melt the pain into something else.

Rob caressed my shoulders and neck, feeding me praise.

"That's it, stud. The worst is over. Just relax and welcome that banger. You just swallowed one honey of a horse dick. Now let it

roam around inside the corral.

"Smitty's an expert at plowin' ass. We always let him break in the new stock. He can ride that chute for hours just buildin' up his load and stayin' hard as a ten-penny nail.

"When he's done humpin', that hole'll be looser'n a whore's cunt!"

Smitty moved inward another deliberate inch.

I screwed my eyes shut at the fresh jab of pain, willed my asshole to stay loose and was very glad Ted had been so thorough with the hose.

It couldn't have been choreographed better.

Rob depressed the plunger on the syringe and before I knew it, his evil mixture was coursing down the tube toward my stomach. Never having been force-fed, I was unprepared for the weird sliding sensation of an untasted fluid flooding my gut.

As the plunger struck bottom, Smitty thrust himself completely home.

I screamed as best I could. It sounded like someone being strangled and drowned at the same time.

The pressure in my ass was unbearable. I dared not move lest something inside rupture. For the first time, outrage added its flavor to the pain and panic.

Chuckling at the expression on my face, Rob eased out the mouthpiece and the tube. As the formula dribbled on my tongue I was glad he hadn't forced me to swallow it by mouth. It was a nauseous blend of sweet-sour-bitter, with emphasis on the bitter.

I spat out the tube, trying not to gag.

"Now ya see, stud. That wasn't so bad."

I grimaced, unable to answer.

"That's real potent stuff; all kinds of hormones, sugars, fatty proteins and some kick-ass stimulants. In about ten minutes or less you'll think that dick o' yours's been plugged into the big outlet up in the sky.

"Those balls'll start churnin' like crazy and you'll be buildin' up one heck of a head of steam!

"Speakin' of steam, I think you could use a chaser to wash down the taste o' that mush. How 'bout it?"

With no further preliminary Rob eased open my jaws and slipped in his hooded, hardened cock.

When I'd first glimpsed the Southerner's elegant shaft, I'd fantasized about cleaning its golden brown sheath. That musky glove now filled my mouth and slipped between my tongue and palate like warm silk.

I inserted my tongue under the loosely draped skin and Rob crooned over my head, thrusting gently in and out, allowing me to play with his sensations. I discovered a slight amount of salty headcheese behind the lip of the crown and I savored its taste.

The pleasure of sucking this powerful creature's dick wiped all else from my awareness, except Smitty's reciprocating pile driver. The aroma of Rob's sweaty crotch filled my nostrils, complementing the taste of his sex. He pistoned slowly in and out but made no effort to force himself into my throat. His cockhead was far too large to swallow.

For my part, I responded with heat. I sucked and slurped at the hard, smooth head as it entered; suctioned and tongued the meaty foreskin as it retreated.

Rob and Smitty moved into sync and their thrusting acquired more power. As Smitty rammed in, Rob pulled out. They became a single instrument reaming me fore and aft.

The dull pain in the corridor of my gut eased and I drifted rapidly into a strange state of rising hunger. I knew what great sex could produce, but this was different. It was a hunger to be used, to be filled up and contained, magnified a hundredfold. The pressure in my cock was unbelievable.

I wouldn't have believed it possible to remain so hard while being assaulted so totally. And yet I was. The hunger turned the pain into fire and the flame's focus throbbed like a drum beneath me.

Thrust and withdrawal, thrust and withdrawal. A circuit closed

somewhere in my brain, flooding my belly with lava. I struggled uselessly to add my own thrusting to the energies pouring into me, and my cock ached with need.

Rob and Smitty suddenly ceased their plunging and I felt the flesh in my mouth stiffen like an iron rod. A second later, hot wetness spurted against the back of my throat.

As it geysered in, I locked my lips around the twitching crown and gulped the Southerner's cream. Tart and thick, it came in spastic jerks, his hands clutching my curls and gripping me in place. Locked in that grip, I slipped out of ordinary time. My senses shifted into a slower, dreamlike tempo hooked directly into my gonads.

Rob's cock seemed to pulse and eject in slow motion. I floated in his ocean, a thick, white ocean of taste and scent, and I imagined that this must be the texture of perfection. His juice was liquid fire. The very stuff of satiation!

And then he was gone, leaving my tongue hanging loose with a cooling memory. The musk of his sweat clung to me and his taste lingered, but I still needed his heat and his juice. I wanted more, much more!

Smitty moved and awareness returned of the fullness in my gut. I shifted to that connection and heard myself begging for the Slavic cock, pleading with it to fuck me, fill me and rekindle the fire.

I whimpered and strained, but the fullness remained immobile.

Briefly I was aware of Ted. He held the video camera close to my face, its red eye winking. The creamy sabre between his legs bobbed up and down and I drooled at the sight of it. But he retreated and I was again alone with my frustration.

At the sound of splayed feet striking concrete I looked up to see an apparition in black. It was a huge Black Angus bull being led into the room by Rob.

In my overstimulated state the two seemed somehow one. Fascinated by this intrusion of new energy, I marveled at the

naked grace of the man leading the naked power of the animal.

Rob guided the beast into the nearer of the chutes and closed the head gate around its massive neck. Positioned not more than six feet away, the bull shook itself and rumbled deep in its chest, fixing me with one white-orbed eye. I could see every detail of its powerful body, including the profile of its massive penis.

Rob worked quickly. Heavy leather kick guards were buckled around the murderous hind legs and a metal tail gate was butted snugly against its hams, locking it inside the chute.

Rob found the hose Ted had used on me and played a stream of water over the bull's anus, hindquarters and sides. Squatting down, he carefully cleaned the genitalia, using his hands and a soft cloth.

The animal's nuts were huge almond-shaped organs, each larger than a large grapefruit. They hung in a pendulous velvet bag, nearly even with the animal's hocks.

As Rob handled the outlandishly oversized testicles, rubbing and massaging the tender skin of the sac, the bull's phallus erected. The speed with which it emerged from its sheath astonished me.

An enormous pink javelin, the prod slipped beyond the lips of the sheath and jutted outward and down, expanding as it advanced. The bull rolled its eye, whipped its heavy tail from side to side and bellowed deeply, whether in protest or arousal I couldn't tell.

My own dick quivered at the sight. I was mesmerized.

His preparations complete, Rob dropped the hose and hunkered down once more in front of me.

"How you feelin', stud? You a little warm between the legs, a little spaced out? Is that horse cock o' yours yearnin' for pussy, or maybe a hot, wet mouth?"

He teased me unmercifully, playing his fingers over my wriggling tongue and stroking himself just beyond its reach. Deliberately, he stoked the chaos raging inside me.

"Told you that stuff was wild. You'll be in heat for hours.

CHRISTOPHER RAGE



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Tomorrow we'll give you another shot, 'cause we need a good supply of what's buildin' between your legs.

"But right now we're gonna stage a little contest.

"This is a milkin' contest between you and that big mutha over there, name of Blackie IV. It ain't rightly fair, as he hasn't been milked in two weeks. But maybe you'll surprise us, stud."

Smitty reached beneath my ass and collected my balls. They ached at his touch, though he only hefted them in his hand.

Rob grinned at the groan this produced.

"Yeah, stud. I know all about it. Piss and vinegar! Been there a few times myself. You just sit tight and if Blackie decides to cooperate, we might let that pisser of yours follow his lead.

"Course, if he don't cooperate, you'll just haveta wait 'til he does.

"Smitty, I think it's time to switch poles."

I couldn't see the big man's face but I could feel the reluctance with which he removed himself from the socket of my ass. I had no idea how long he'd been impaled there, but his meat now felt like a normal part of me.

As his cockhead eased itself free there was an audible "pop," followed by a sense of gut-wrenching emptiness. I felt eviscerated.

Rob stepped aside as Smitty moved to my mouth, his glistening prick dripping pre-cum and ass juice. Ted flanked him, his right hand jacking his rigid tool, his left cupping his nuts. There was a barely contained ferocity in the redhead's eyes, a current of pure savagery too long restrained.

"Clean that pecker real good, hotshot, and Ted might close that hole of yours. You want it closed, don'tcha?"

The inhibitions I'd have normally felt had fled me, lost somewhere in the haze of my brain. All thought seemed centered in my cock.

Grunting and slurping like a pig I attacked Smitty's tool with all the flexion I could bring to bear. I sucked in his hairy balls and sponged every inch of his dark shaft, not forgetting the piss slit in the crown. If he'd offered me his asshole, I wouldn't have hesitated to clean it, too.

When he was satisfied, Smitty pulled away to be instantly replaced by Ted. The kid was boiling hot and excited.

"Yeah, cocksucker! Suck this raw dick. You want it up that hole of yours, you suck it real good!"

He had my hair in his hands but I needed no encouragement. Frantic to please him, I slurped up and down his blue-veined pole.

When he began whipping me in the face with it, I completely lost my bearings. The begging and whimpering being recorded on tape issued from a part of me I never guessed existed.

When his cock was slick, Ted took pity on me. Gripping the short hairs dusting the small of my back, he positioned the head of his shaft near the slack band of my asshole, bumped it to gauge resistance and with a single relentless thrust, entered me as far as my intestines would permit.

My howl of pain drew an answering bellow from the bull, which shook itself savagely against the chute. Rob told me later that the redhead's plunge thrust him almost as far as the first crinkly red hairs of his crotch, nearly eleven inches into my gut. Nobody had ever been able to take all of it.

Ted slapped my ass viciously.

"Shut up, pig! You ain't been stuck yet. Loosen that gut so's I can ram it all the way in."

I have a big body and a long, narrow waist, but I knew there was no way that Viking sausage would ever bury itself completely. Unless they intended to disembowel me.

The shaft wasn't as thick as Smitty's but its monstrous length probed my gut in a much more painful manner. The knobby head, so much bigger than the rest of the shaft, impacted like a pile driver at the end of each thrust. These, I knew, were controlled to avoid rupturing me, but it was some time before Ted found the proper stroke to satisfy his need.

When that moment arrived, I opened my eyes and tried to slip

into a new rhythm of satiation. The scene before me helped.

With a grip on the lashing tail, Smitty was pushing a shiny black torpedo-shaped object into Blackie's anus. About a foot long, it trailed a double electrical wire, hooked into a small control box resting nearby on the floor.

The bull resented the intrusion. As Smitty's right fist disappeared into the pink hole, the bull kicked out helplessly at the leather guardstrap.

I could only sympathize. Each of us was being buggered, but at least my intruder was hot, throbbing and very much alive.

Rob produced a second set of wires, also hooked to the box, and slipped on a pair of thin rubber gloves. Each wire was fixed to a shiny copper ring and these he slipped over the thumb and middle finger of his right hand.

Rob adjusted two dials on the box. As he twisted the second knob, Blackie jumped like something bitten. The bull loosed a startled bellow and its phallus leaped outward another two inches. I was so close to the action I could see the veins in its prick distending.

Rob and Smitty worked as a team. Smitty held a clear plastic collection tube around the blunt tip of the jutting penis and Rob coated his ringed hand with a gel-like substance and began stroking the full length of the quivering dick.

The bull rolled its eye wildly and thrashed its head and tail from side to side. Rob masturbated it methodically, feeding weak electrical pulses into the shaft from below while the electroejaculator resting above the bull's prostate gland delivered the same pulses from above.

The animal began a humping motion, responding with its orgasm.

The bull's joy translated itself to me. How I wished that gleaming shaft was mine! I itched for that stroking hand and whimpered as I imagined the electric fire dancing through my cock.

My dick throbbed with a dry, insistent heat. I pleaded with Ted to jack me off; I begged him to touch me, to rub my tool the way Rob was caressing the bull's. The building tension was a fiendish torment, a monumental itch I was impotent to scratch.

Ted responded, but not by touching my cock. Maintaining his slow stroke, he leaned over and reached both hands under my chest, finding my nipples.

"You want that, don'tcha?" he whispered. "Sure ya do, stud. Watch that bull dick fucking that hand and tell me how bad you want.

"Tell me, stud! How bad you wanta cum?"

Ted's fingers bit into my nipples and his dick probed the sides of my gut. He took perverse joy in my helpless need and I could only plead for compassion.

Blackie's moment arrived. His jism boiled out of the long slippery ram and hit the bottom of the plastic tube with a "splat." Rob squeezed the thick tubes of the animal's sperm canal, encouraging the flow.

In less than a minute Smitty held half a cupful of warm white bull juice—the expensive essence for a progeny of little Black Angus calves. He patted the beast on its neck and took over as Rob stood, nudged the equipment toward my table and turned to me.

Still wearing the ejaculator rings, he grinned down at me.

"OK, hotshot. Now it's your turn. You ready to fire?"

His comedic behavior was lost on me. I was mired in a mindless need to explode.

"Smitty, you shut the front door and we'll put this studball out of his misery."

Smitty appeared and dangled his jutting cockhead in front of my mouth, offering but not forcing it. With no hesitation I sucked in the fat head.

Smitty took hold of my shoulders and Ted gripped the cheeks of my ass. They set up the same motion I'd experienced before and I felt the flames begin to roar.

When Rob at last took hold of my twitching cock, salty wetness

dribbled down my cheeks to mingle with the taste of Smitty's meat. The electricity in Rob's fingers seared into me, an intensity I'll never forget.

Slowly, deliberately, Rob matched his moving hand to the strokes of his buddies. Like a maestro wielding a baton, he played my prick with finesse.

There is a certain space found rarely in orgasm—an exhilarating intermediate zone between the real and the unreal. It has a smooth, rapturous texture utterly beyond any description.

There, in the brief instant before I exploded, I wallowed in bliss.

A voice intruded, someone shouting in release. Someone else bit into the muscle of my back, the way a stallion nips a mare, shattering the mood. And then I spurted.

Smitty's cream flooded my mouth and Ted's spastic contractions announced the fury of his rut. The redhead loosed a rowdy yell and slapped my butt as his fluid gushed out.

The Southerner worked my shaft and balls, squeezing and kneading me like a kitten nursing its mother's teat. The electricity now burned in a different way, a dryer, hotter flow. It spiralled me into a twisting frenzy and I writhed and slammed against the pelvic straps, trying to overpower Rob's hand.

I would have screamed myself hoarse if Smitty's spouting cock had permitted it. I twisted, thrust and jetted out my soul.

Eventually, there was no more to give.

Rob squeezed out the last drop and the rams at my mouth and ass withdrew, rather abruptly. I was covered with sweat, left open and spent like a gutted building after a battle.

They made me clean their tools. Then they left me.

Ted's cum dripped slowly from my asshole, the muscles too distended to hold it.

My cock, which should have been lifeless, twitched rebelliously in semi-erection. I marvelled at the brew they'd fed me. Their chemist had a genius for the ergometrics of lust.

My head dropped and I dozed.

I came alert to find Smitty, his hairy body clad in jeans and boots, unbuckling the straps. The bull was gone and the sky outside the window was a deep rose pink.

"We got chores to finish, kid. And you need some shuteye. Tomorrow's a full day, so grab some rest while you can."

The big man was gentle. He massaged the strap marks on my legs, back and arms, then led me to the corner near the lab door. A small cot with a clean foam pad was bolted to the wall; he sat me on it. A short chain had been welded to the cot frame at one end.

Smitty picked up a metal collar, its two halves joined by a padlock. The collar and two leather wrist locks, joined by separate tethers, dangled from the business end of the chain.

My jailer slipped the cool metal around my neck and snapped the lock in place. My wrists were secured to the leather tethers and their smaller locks were also clicked shut.

I could feed myself and cradle my head on my arms, but the rest of my body was out of reach, including my genitals.

Smitty rubbed my ears affectionately.

"Don't worry, kid. You won't have to spend the whole night by yourself. That'd be cruelty to the livestock and the boss'd be pissed."

"That cock o' yours oughta be burnin' again soon, so you'd best stretch out and try to sleep. Once we've bedded down the other critters we'll be back to do the same for you."

He stroked me once and then tossed me a blanket.

"Now do like I say, kid. Get some rest. There's another milkin' in a few hours and tomorrow's a real hair-jerker. You'll need it."

He turned and padded out.

I examined myself as best I could, but found no serious damage. My asshole throbbed and there was lube still smeared on my cock and balls. The urge was there, but with no way to grip myself, I stifled it. I judged there was less than sixteen inches of slack in the chain, so it only made sense to do what he'd told me. I rolled over on my belly and drifted off. □

(Continued in Issue #113)

Not available in stores!

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SEXUAL TORTURE INITIATION CEREMONY

For centuries harsh treatment has been used to promote soldierly bonding, but lately the British have been carrying it too far, or at least so says a News-week article. During November in West Germany, a British Army court-martial convicted four soldiers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers of torturing a young private during an alleged initiation ceremony. He said his assailants had burned him on the testicles, forced him to march with string tied to his genitals and ankles, and sexually assaulted him with a broomstick.

Meanwhile in London, the

YOU ARE THE SOLUTION

Erotic film and martial arts superstar Chris Burns has now opened a self-defense studio specifically designed to combat "Fag Bashing." He offers a relaxed, non-pressured environment, without the harassment and embarrassment due to being gay that is often found in other self-defense courses. The course is designed for both gay men and lesbians, regardless of age, creed, size, ability, beginner or advanced student of martial arts.

Master Burns offers the finest in private or group instruction in Kung-fu, Karate, Judo and other traditional forms of the martial arts. This includes instruction in many types of weapons. (We have all seen Chris's most formidable weapon. I wonder if he includes instructions on its use?)

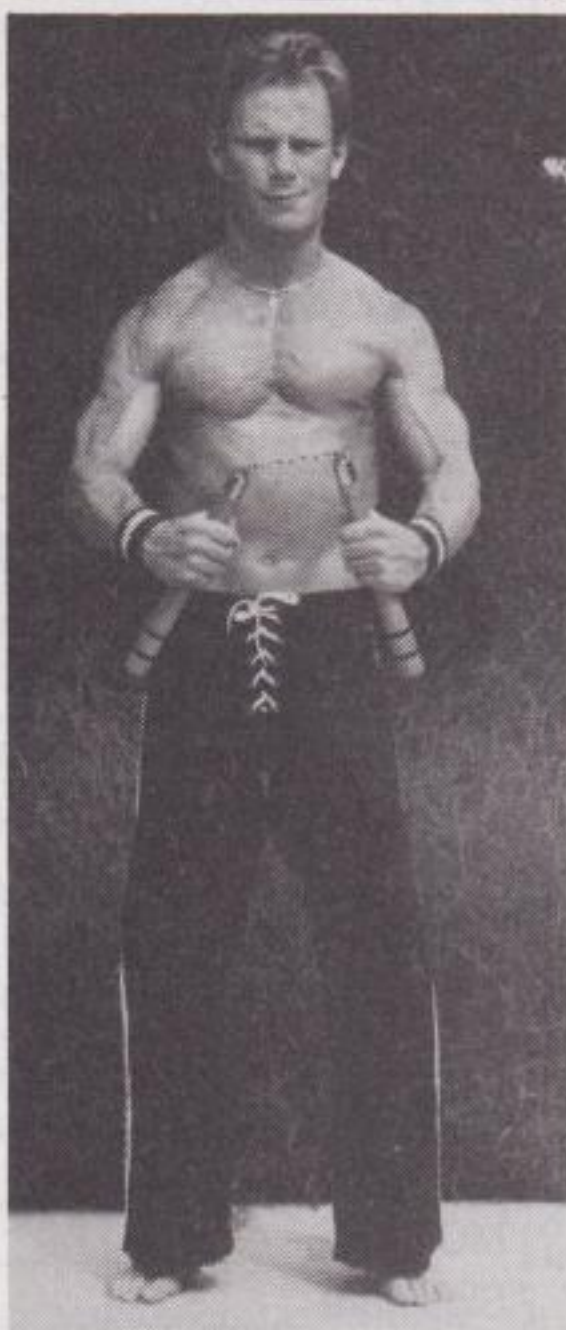
If interested in his San Francisco courses contact him at (415) 621-0297.

TOUGH SHIT

SEND YOUR BEST SHIT TO DRUMMER
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

550 men of the Coldstream Guards Second Battalion were confined to Wellington Barracks under house arrest while officials looked into charges that some of them had hauled an 18-year-old recruit from his bed and beaten him. It was the second such attack in months on the soldiers, sullyng the reputation of one of Britain's proudest units, part of the Buckingham Palace guard of Queen Elizabeth II.

These recent revelations heightened a fear of growing brutality among enlisted men. Since January 1986 the British Army's Special Investigation Branch has received 75 separate reports of ill-treatment. Twenty produced convictions, 30 were dismissed and 25 are still under investigation. Given the soldier's code of silence, these figures may well be too low.



BLOW DRYER COMING SOON: Now this is "safe-sex" humor, but only your car can determine if it is truth in advertising.

ROYAL SHOPPING GUIDE

Throughout the city of London and other parts of Britain, windows to tradespeople providing myriad goods and services, from hats to harpsichord tuning, bear the proclamation "By Appointment to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," or three other members of the immediate family—Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother or Prince Philip—but not, be it noted, by Princess Diana, who hasn't the authority. Anyone who has supplied or provided a product or service to any of the royal residences (it must be a reasonable service used at that royal household) for not less than three consecutive years may make application to the Lord Chamberlain for a warrant.

Leon Harris, in an article for *Signature* magazine, notes that under WHIPMAKERS "By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen" Swaine Adeney Brigg & Sons is listed as the Queen's whipmaker and "offers a faintly frightening variety of lengths, shapes and firmnesses to suit your needs." (I know several people who would definitely NOT be frightened.)

If in addition you need other "royal" items, consult the complete list of warrant holders in

the Dec. 30, 1985 supplement of *The London Gazette*, available for 2.30 pounds at Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 49 High Holborn, London WC1.

SFPD NOT HAPPY WITH FUZZBALLS

According to the current issue of the San Francisco Police Officers' Association Notebook: "Anyone who has been with the department for a number of years remembers the thicker, heavier pant (known as elastic weave) which was issued to members. When the Democratic National Convention was coming to San Francisco, the department wanted everyone to have a new pair of pants available to them and decided to change to the readily available LAPD-style pants (also known as the serge weave).

"The difference has been sub-standard. The serge pants did not have rear pocket flaps, wore much faster, looked sloppy because they did not hold a pressing, collected lint and 'fuzzballs' and suffered excessive wear at the crotch area."

The department has been requested to rewrite its specifications and go back to the old-fashioned pants "as soon as existing contracts and red tape will allow."

Sound interesting? The only way you can answer this ad is to call the computer bulletin board it was listed on. There are many kinky computer bulletin boards all around the country. Some of them cater to only one fetish, like the shaving bulletin board called *The Razor's Edge*. A bulletin board in San Francisco called *Alcatraz* uses a prison theme and "is designed primarily for Gay and Bi-Sexual men who have chosen an S/M (Sensuality and Mutuality) life-style". *Daddy's BBS* attracts ads from "Dads/Sons," "Big Brothers/Little Brothers." *Folsom Street BBS* "is open to anyone but geared toward the gay Folsom Street Man." *Rough 'N' Ready* "caters to the rough 'n' tumble, S/M crowd, and Kinks and Fetishes." *The S.F. T-Room* "caters to the gay or bi-sexual male and is the place where you can live out any fantasy fetish you wish electronically." One of the oldest message services is called *Kinky Kumpster*, "where most anything adult and kinky is welcome!"

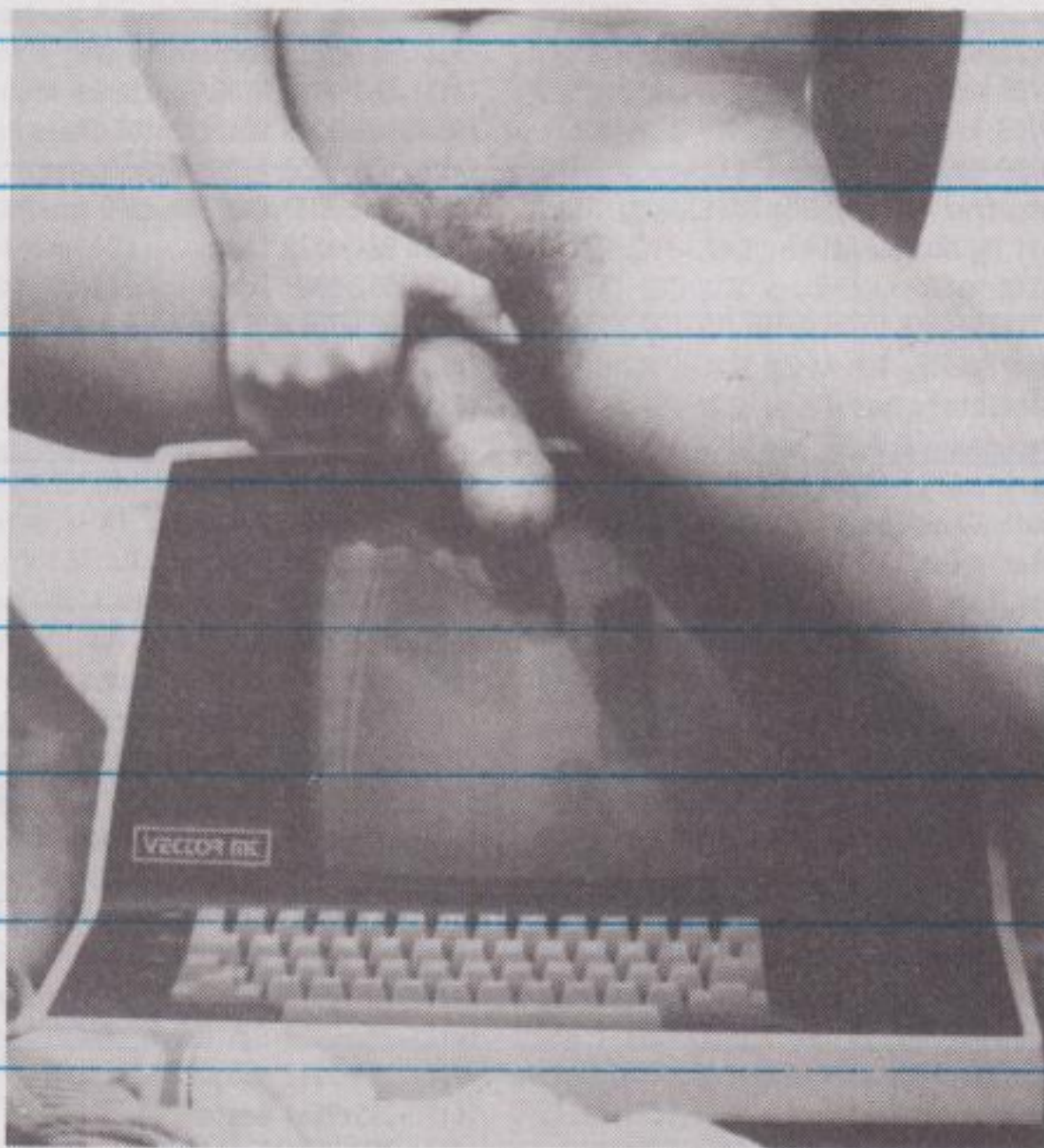
Why bother using a computer to meet people? One of my friends finds it easier to contact kinky playmates through the use of his computer "than to stand around a smoky, crowded, leather bar, where no one talks to each other." He says he can be very specific about what he is looking for when placing an ad, and he loves coming home after work each day and checking his computer for mail from someone answering his ad to play.

In addition to kinky bulletin boards, there are User Groups for technical information about specific types of computers or programs. Some have meetings, others exchange information and tips via their own computer bulletin boards.

There are many types of bulletin boards: the AIDS information bulletin board has been in operation since July 1985. It offers statistics from S.F. and Atlanta, also articles and opinions about AIDS. The

COMPUTERS AND LEATHERSEX

BY HAL SCOTT



From: Grunt Marine

To: Men

**Subj: Motorcycles/Man-Fur/Man-to-Man/Sex
Howdy Men:**

Check out my stats under: Grunt Marine.

If interested, I'm looking for buddie(s) who, if we hit it off, would be interested in developing an on-going, friend/fuckbuddy...

system is supported by user gifts and donations, and calls are limited to one hour maximum. There are bulletin boards that allow you to call them and play games on their system. Others let you copy the games (download)

to your own computer and play them when you want.

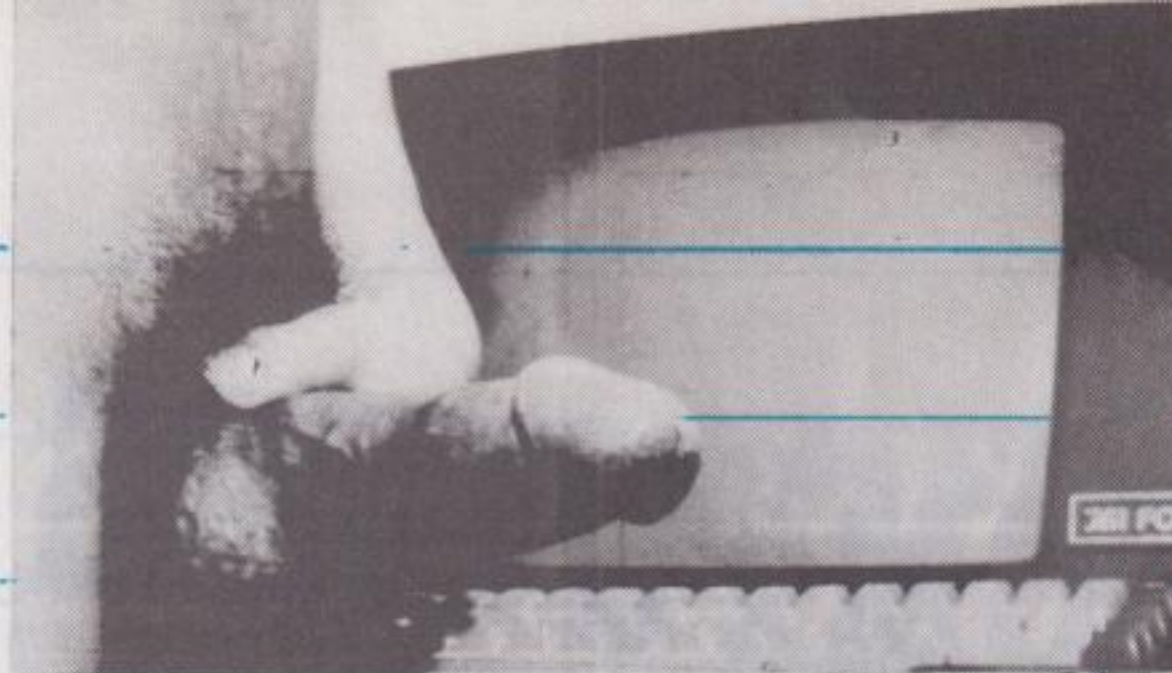
Most communication programs use the terms "upload" and "download" when referring to transfers of files/data/programs from one computer to another. Some people

confuse the terms and use download for both directions of the transfer, because they think of it as sending the information "down the line." The terms always refer to your computer, so "downloading" means you are receiving and "uploading" mean you are sending. If you send a file to another computer, then you are uploading and the other computer is downloading. Just remember that uploading = sending and downloading = receiving.

Depending on which bulletin board you call, you might be asked to register or to answer a questionnaire about yourself before you can read any hot messages. Some of the boards require you to leave a message with your real name and phone number, so the system operator (sysop) can call you by phone (voice) and decide if you're the type of person they want on their system. A few of the boards use the term "validate," which means different things to different sysops. One board has you answer a personal questionnaire and leave a kinky personal message, before you can use the kinky sections of the board, and calls this process "validation." Some of the boards require a fee, up to \$20.00 per year, before you can get access to all levels of the board.

Once you are connected on the board, the instructions (or "commands") you need to know will vary. Some of the boards have many sections to them, and different commands in each section. I usually print out the command menu and place it in front of me so I can navigate through the board quickly. Most boards will give you a "help" menu if you type a question mark at the different menus.

To get started you need a communications package. This consists of software (programs) and hardware (computer, telephone, and modem) to be able to call other computers, so you can send and receive that won-



BBS's

Except as noted by code, all are Free with Open Access.

CODES:

- [#] = 2400 Baud supported
- [1] = Fee charged
- [2] = Validation - Request access in writing via U.S. mail to Sysop
- [3] = Registration online
(Either thru Questionnaire/Comment/Chat with Sysop)
- [4] = Validation - Request access by phone call (voice callback)

Acropolis [#]	(916) 967-5817	Sacramento, CA
AIDS Action BBS	(415) 863-9718	AIDS/Substance Abuse
AIDS Information Network	(415) 626-1246	Latest AIDS Stats
AIDS BBS	(415) 626-0258	AIDS discussions
Alcatraz Federal BBS [1,3]	(415) 431-3037	S&M B&D (300 baud)
All My Modems [#4]	(415) 864-1522	Campy
Alternatives [4]	(415) 992-5489	Women only
Alternative Lifestyles	(414) 933-7572	Milwaukee, WI
Apartment	(718) 486-7988	Queens, NY
Athelete's Bench	(818) 304-0383	Los Angeles, CA
Backroom [#3,1] .Multi-line 16 users	(718) 849-6699	Kew Gardens, NY
Backroom II [#3]	(201) 431-1216	Freehold, NY
Bath House	(818) 796-0069	Pasadena, CA
Bear's Den [2]	(312) 561-2382	Chicago, IL
The Bear's Den	(415) 550-2445	GayNet node
The Bear's Lair	(415) 572-9563	San Mateo, CA
Bernal Bear's Board	(415) 648-3014	FidoNet node
Bourbon Street North	(504) 928-7395	Baton Rouge, LA
Campus [#1]	(201) 659-7424	Jersey City, NJ
Christopher Street [#3]	(201) 992-5660	Nutley, NJ
Christopher Street West	(213) 656-6554	West Hollywood, CA
Closet [3]	(201) 530-8574	Redbank, NJ
The Club [#]	(415) 626-9419	Gay Men only
Crossroads	(414) 438-9029	Milwaukee, WI
Daddy's BBS [#4]	(415) 769-0918	Dads & Sons
Dial-A-Buddy	(619) 792-0068	San Diego, CA
Dial Your Match [1] Computer Dating	(716) 283-2362	Niagara Falls, NY
Doug's Den [#1]	(617) 245-9464	Boston, MA
Dragon [3,4]	(312) 759-0946	Bolingbrook, IL
Dru-Com	(215) 855-3809	Philadelphia, PA
Dungen	(718) 894-0066	City unknown, NY
Elite [3,4]	(516) 759-3657	Long Island, NY
Encore	(212) 534-7250	New York City, NY
Ethos	(408) 378-5325	San Jose, CA
Flying PC/AT	(703) 556-0253	Falls Church, VA
Fog City BBS [1,3]	(415) 863-9697	GayCom node
Folsom Street [4]	(415) 821-4497	Leather & Tech
Fountains of Pleasure [3,4]	(313) 996-5531	Ann Arbor, MI
Genesis	(619) 292-1184	San Diego, CA
GLIB (Gay & Lesbian Info Bureau) [#]	(703) 578-4542	Arlington, VA
IKE [3]	(918) 744-9456	Tulsa, OK
Inferno [#3]	(609) 886-6818	Cape May, NY
Isle of Man [1]	(303) 447-1942	Denver, CO
Joystick [1,3]	(818) 952-1311	La Canada, CA
Kinky Kumpster [#4]	(415) 550-7377	Since 1984
Laguna X-Roads [#]	(714) 494-0502	Laguna Beach, CA

rates of the sending and receiving computers have to match in order to exchange information.

You always need to be sure that several other parameters match in order to communicate. These include the number of data bits, stop bits and parity. As long as you set them the same as the computer you are communicating with, you will be OK. If the computer you are calling is using 8 bits, you must do the same. This tells the computer to look for 8 pieces of data to make each character or symbol. For example if you were sending the letter "a," it would take 7 or 8 pieces (data bits), depending on the system you are calling, to make up the entire character. Your computer needs to be able to tell the first bit from any other bit in the letter "a." To do this, the computer uses control signals called start and stop bits. The start and stop bits surround the data, thereby separating the letter "a" from any other characters. One start bit always precedes the data bits and you can't adjust it. After the data bits are sent, one or two stop bit(s) follows. These are used to separate the data. They tell the computer which bit of data is first, second and so on until the seventh or eighth data bit is received. I find most of the kinky bulletin boards use 8 bits and one stop bit.

Parity is used to check for errors. There are three choices: odd parity, even parity or no parity. If the parity is set to odd, then the 7 or 8 data bits must equal an odd number, and if the parity is set to even, then the data bits must equal an even number. Most kinky boards don't use parity, and are set to "no parity." Again, just set the parity on your system the same as the computer you are calling.

When you are shopping for a modem, some of the factors to consider are price, speed and whether the modem is internal or external to your computer.

derful kinky information sitting in someone's computer. There are many communication programs on the market to work with your modem. Some of the more popular ones are ProComm, Pc Talk, Xtalk, Bitcom and Relay.

The hardware needed is called a "modem." The word modem is an abbreviation or acronym for modulator/demodulator. It converts the computer data into tones, sends them to the receiving computer via the phone line, and converts the tones back into computer data. Connect your modem according to the instructions.

Once you have your modem connected properly and you have the program loaded in your computer, you are about ready to start. You should learn how to use the communications software. If there is a setup or configuration program, do that first. Some of the more common commands you need to know are how to dial another computer, how to save the information you receive if you choose to, and how to disconnect when finished. As you get more familiar with the program you can learn more of its features.

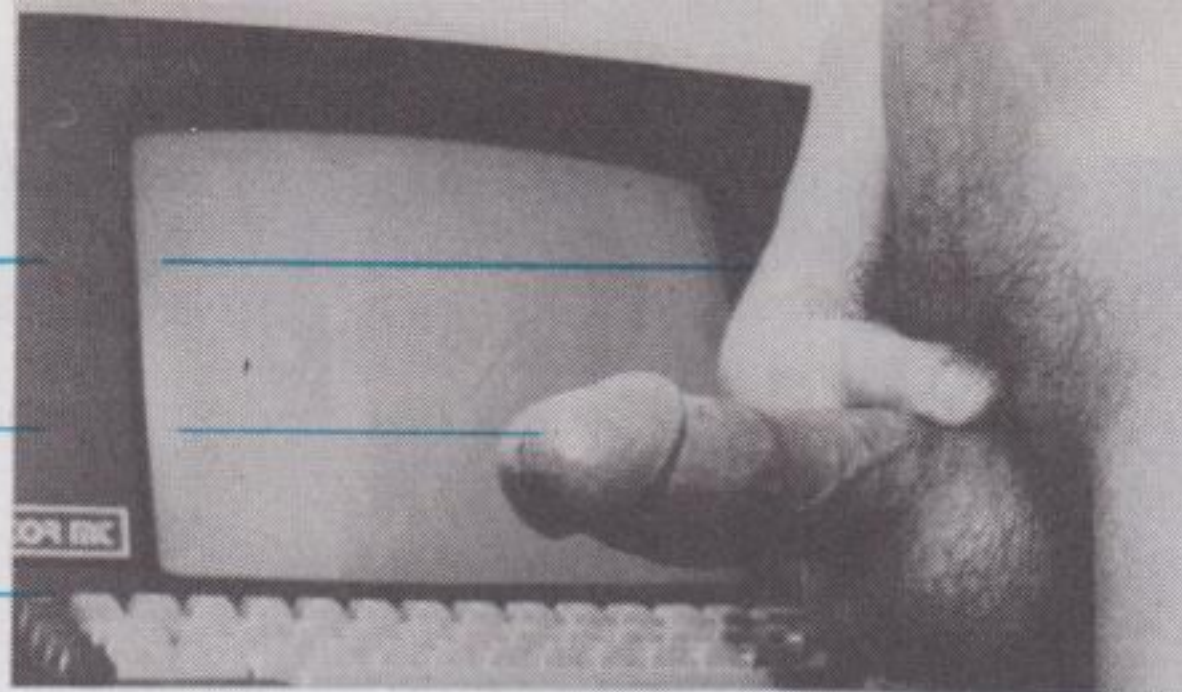
When calling computer bulletin boards you need to know some basic facts about how the data is transmitted. The rate of data transmission is called "baud rate." Most kinky bulletin boards and personal computers use baud rates of 300 or 1200. The "Hayes Smart Modem" will adjust the baud rate automatically when answering calls (answer mode) to allow the fastest baud it can handle. Some of the newest equipment can use 2400 baud, but few of the kinky bulletin boards can handle that rate. The higher the baud rate the faster the information can be exchanged between computers. This is important because most bulletin boards limit your access time; therefore you save time with a faster baud rate, and you wait less for the information to be presented on your screen. The baud

The advantage of an internal modem is that it is plugged directly inside your computer and doesn't take up any desk space (one less thing to clutter up your desk). The only connection you need to make with an internal modem is to the phone line (from the jack on the wall to the computer, and then from the computer to the phone).

Both internal and external modems usually have a built-in speaker, so you can hear when the connections are made. This is really nice, because you can tell if the line is busy or if your modem is connected. Once the connection is made the speaker is turned off, so you don't have to listen to the noise.

The advantage of external modems is they come with a series of indicator lights to tell you the status of the connection. These are not available on the internal modem, and you must rely on the program to give you this information. The lights are labeled but some people find the labelling very confusing and they ignore the lights anyway. Some people believe there is an advantage to the external modems because you can connect your modem to different computers if you want to, without having to go inside your computer to do so; but you still must have the proper cables, and you might have to change some of the switch settings on the modem if it is a different type of computer.

The external modem is usually more expensive because it must include a case to house it, and a power supply for it to work (the internal modem gets the power to operate from your computer's power supply). The external modem can cost as much as \$300 more than a given manufacturer's internal modem. The external modem requires more connections than just the phone line. It needs to be plugged into an AC wall socket and also has to be connected to the computer. You must use the correct cable to connect



Lambda	(415) 759-8122	Non-subscriber line
Lambda [1,3]	(415) 759-0521	Subscriber line
Lambda/Chicago	(312) 362-4733	Chicago, IL
Lambda Connection	(704) 541-8626	Cape Code, MA
Lambda/Outreach	(415) 572-9594	San Mateo, CA
Lambda/Texas [#,2]	(214) 288-7929	Mesquite, TX
Lambdville	(619) 582-5656	San Diego, CA
Loveline [1]	(212) 823-9232	Bronx, NY
M.A.C.H.O.	(714) 497-3622	Laguna Beach, CA
Match 80 [1]	(404) 972-4947	Lilburn, GA
Meeting Place	(412) 421-8401	Pittsburg, PA
Men's Room	(714) 622-3174	Pomona, CA
Metrolink	(704) 541-8626	Charlotte, NC
Minnesota Underground [*,3,Pwd:GAYSEX]	(507) 835-4393	Milwaukee, MN
Montrose Connection [1,2]	(713) 526-3737	Houston, TX
Montrose Network [2]	(713) 864-3904	Houston, TX
No Name [2]	(818) 785-3340	Los Angeles, CA
Odyssey [3]	(718) 232-2232	Brooklyn, NY
Oracle [New users: Logon pwr: GAY]	(818) 980-6743	North Hollywood, CA
Oracle [1,2] Subscriber line	(818) 509-0897	North Hollywood, CA
Outer Link	(713) 495-1535	Houston, TX
Outhouse [#,4]	(415) 756-6238	San Francisco number
Pal	(213) 877-1601	Los Angeles, CA
Paradise	(415) 731-8866	San Francisco, CA
Park [3]	(718) 526-8184	Briarwood, NY
Personals	(901) 274-6713	Memphis, TN
Pier	(718) 531-9475	Brooklyn, NY
Pleasure Connection	(714) 773-5326	Fullerton, CA
Purple Haze	(301) 668-7534	Baltimore, MD
Razors Edge	(415) 641-6253	9PM - 12AM only
RBBS Confidential	(713) 498-6574	City unknown, TX
Rick's Fido	(202) 833-1889	Washington DC
Dormitory [#,3 GayNet node]	(201) 923-9792	Newark, NJ
Rough 'N' Ready [#,4]	(415) 864-6535	Kinks & fetishes
Ruppel-Set [1,Mixed]	(606) 781-4478	Southgate, KY
Sanctuary	(718) 967-3001	Staten Island, NY
San Francisco Oyster [4]	(415) 864-0890	Mixed/Bi/Straight
SBBS Multiboard [3]	(313) 284-3614	Wyandotte, MI
SF-Gay-Net	(415) 759-6969	9 message areas
SM Board [Logon pwr: DRUMMER]	(213) 393-4713	Santa Monica, CA
South Bay Inn	(408) 945-0323	San Jose, CA
Star Chat	(818) 954-0790	Los Angeles, CA
Super Stud [3] Multi-line 5 users	(201) 968-4349	Piscataway, NJ
Switchboard [#,1]	(703) 765-6290	Alexandria, VA
Syslink	(622) 622-4442	Chicago, IL
Texas Lambda [2]	(214) 288-4929	Dallas, TX
Third Floor	(215) 435-6811	Arlington, PA
Trex	(415) 761-6969	Mountain View, CA
T-Room [#,4]	(415) 756-6235	San Francisco, CA
Utopian Quest [1,3]	(516) 842-7518	Long Island, NY
Variety	(415) 474-4105	San Francisco
The Wall	(718) 274-6222	Long Island City
Wally's World	(415) 349-6969	San Mateo, CA
#28 Barbary Lane	(206) 323-2828	Seattle, WA

This list is from The Club BBS San Francisco, California

the computer to the modem. This depends on the modem and type of computer you have. To save time and aggravation, talk to the sales person when buying the modem to get the proper cable.

Some older modems allow only one transmission speed (300 baud). You can get modems with combinations like 300/1200 baud; the newest ones for personal computers have 300/1200/2400 baud. These 300/1200/2400 baud modems are more expensive but can save you money (on long distance phone bills) by decreasing the time needed to transfer the information (again, you can only transmit as fast as the highest rate the bulletin board you are calling can handle).

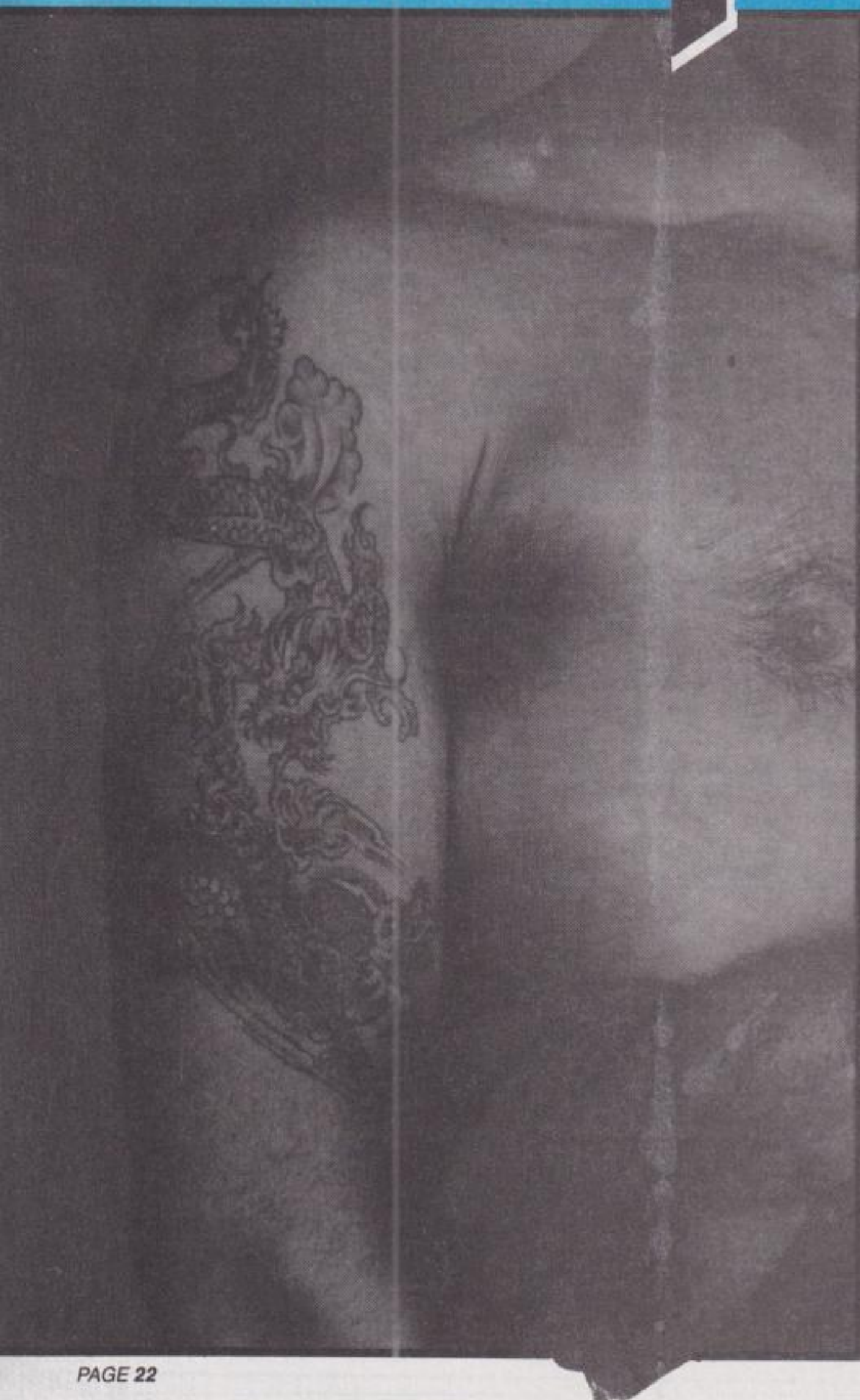
Elsewhere in this article is a list of the kinky bulletin boards throughout the country that you might want to contact. Where I have the information, I've listed baud rate, parity and data and stop bits. Where I don't list them, start by using the following setup: 300 baud, no parity, 8 data bits and 1 stop bit. If that doesn't work, try changing one element at a time (leaving the baud rate at 300 because that's the one in most common use) until it works. For example, first change to odd (or even) parity, leave your modem set at 8 data bits and 1 stop bit. If that doesn't work, change to the other parity, leaving data and stop bits unchanged. If you're still not working, go back to no parity and change to 7 data bits and 1 stop bit ... etc. Eventually you'll get connected.

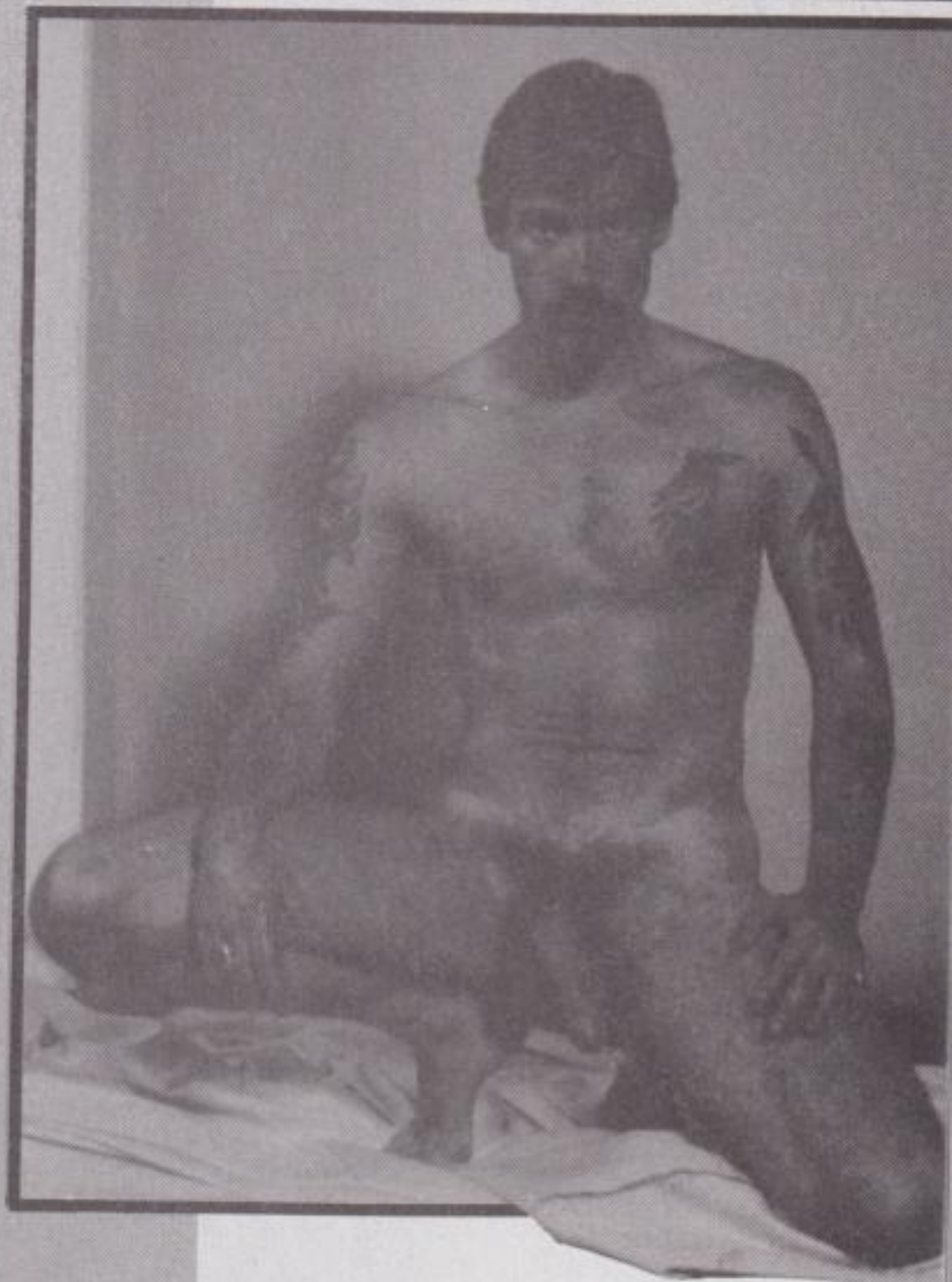
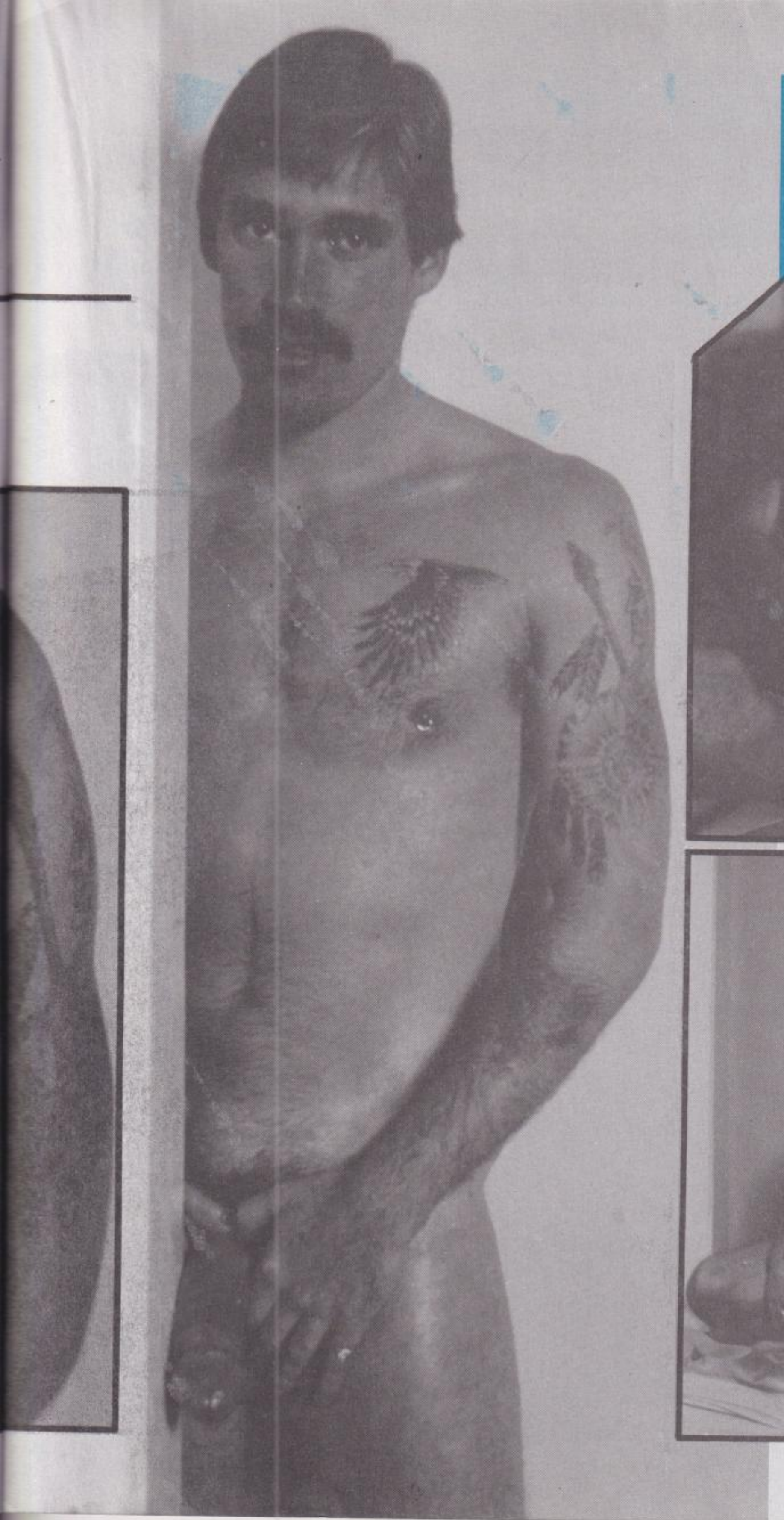
Another possibility is to use your question mark (?) as soon as you're connected. You may get a help list, and on it there may be a way of contacting the sysop. If you cannot get the information you need that way, try calling another BBS in your general area and see if they can tell you how you need to set your modem to reach the BBS you're interested in.

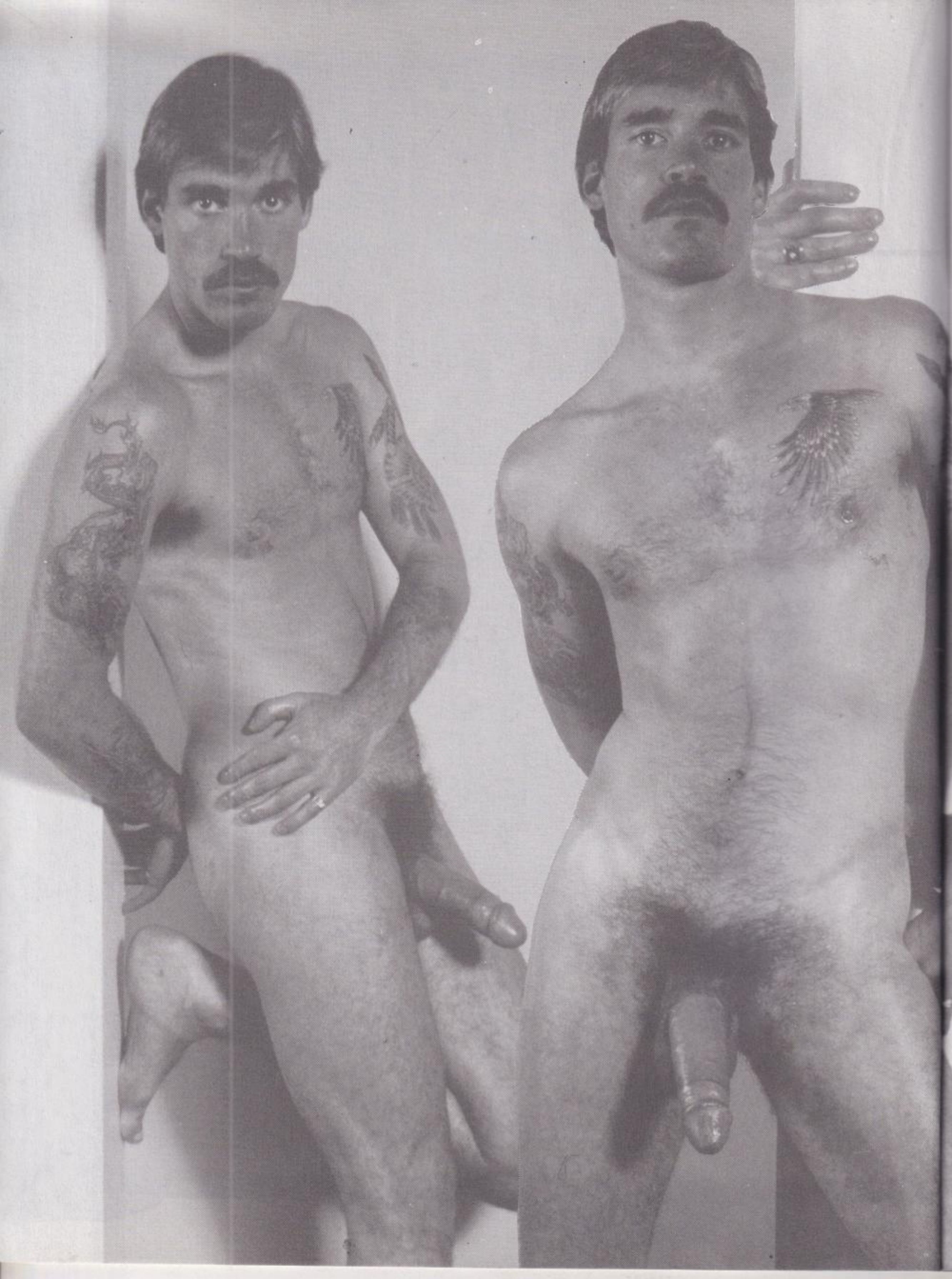
Good luck to you, and happy cruising. □

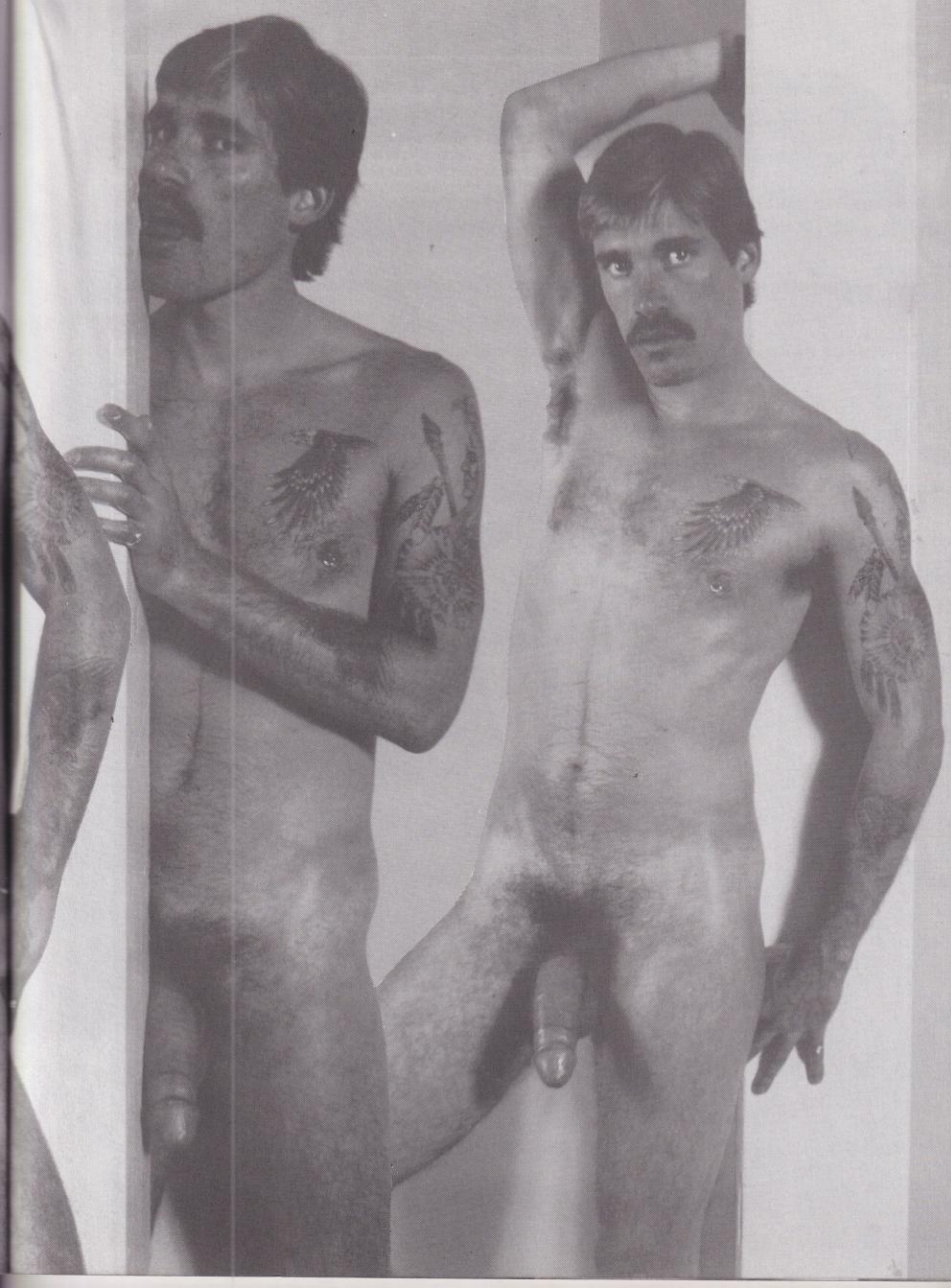
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BRAD MASON



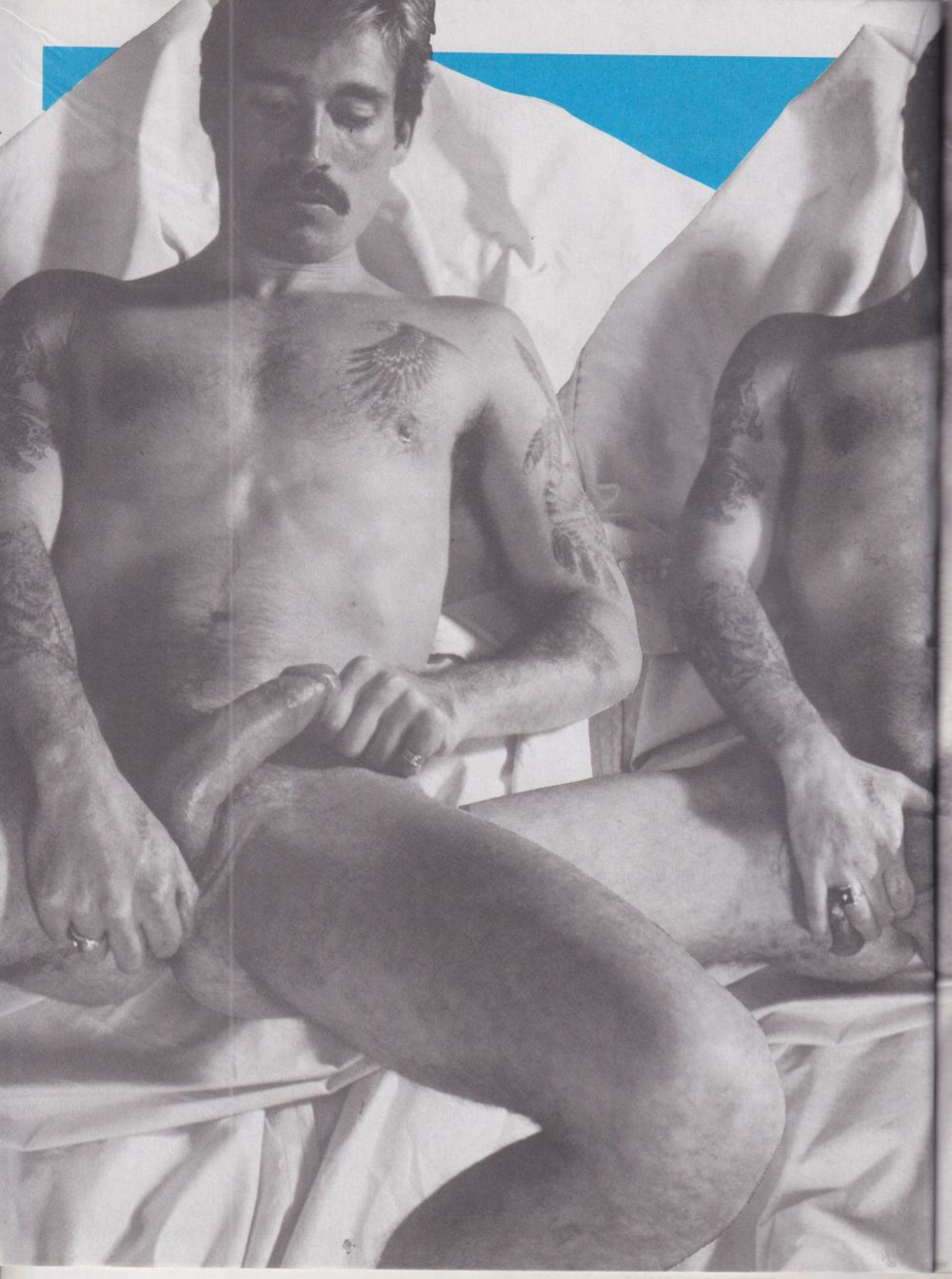


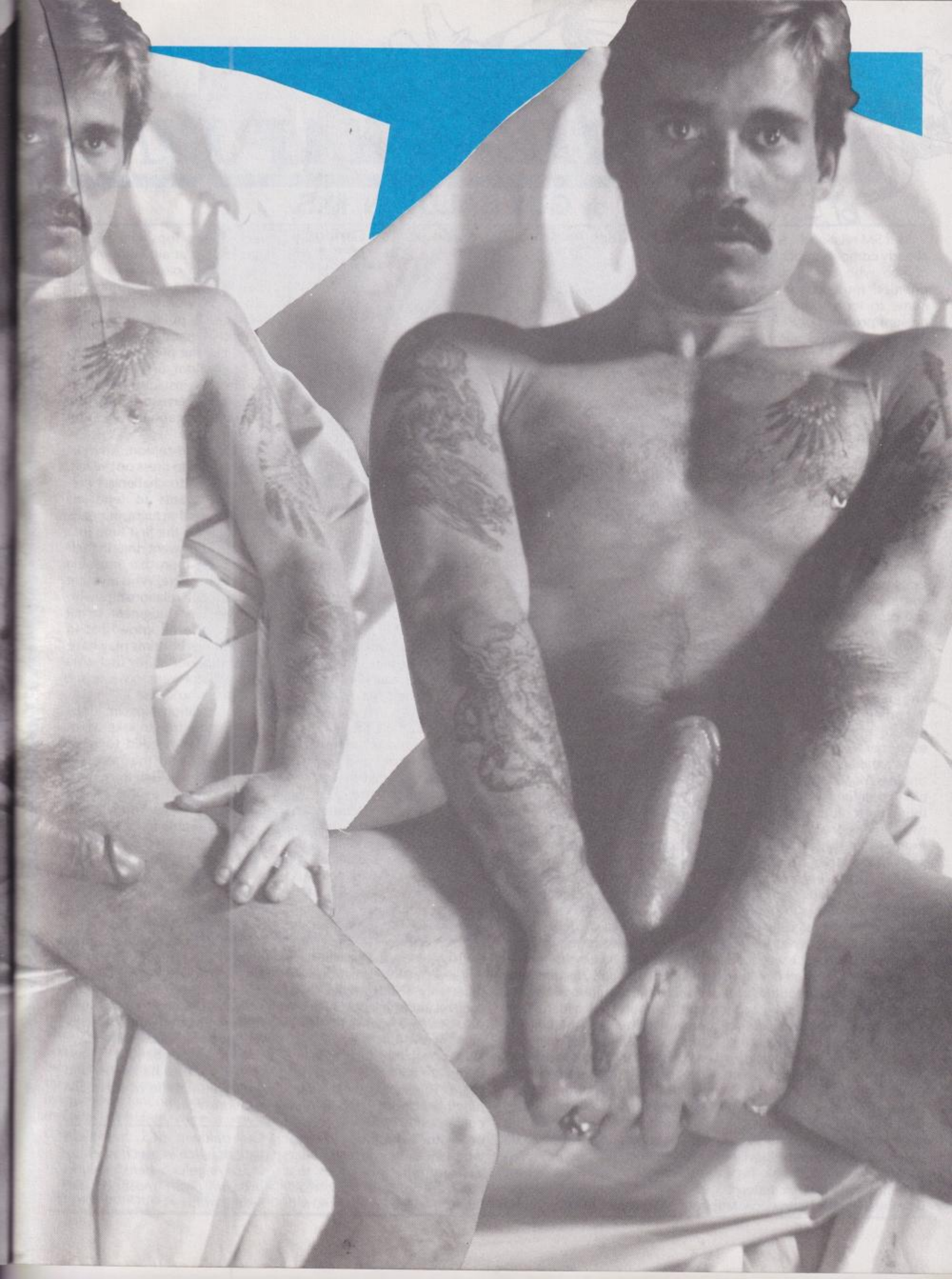














TIES THAT BIND

by GUY BALDWIN, M.S.

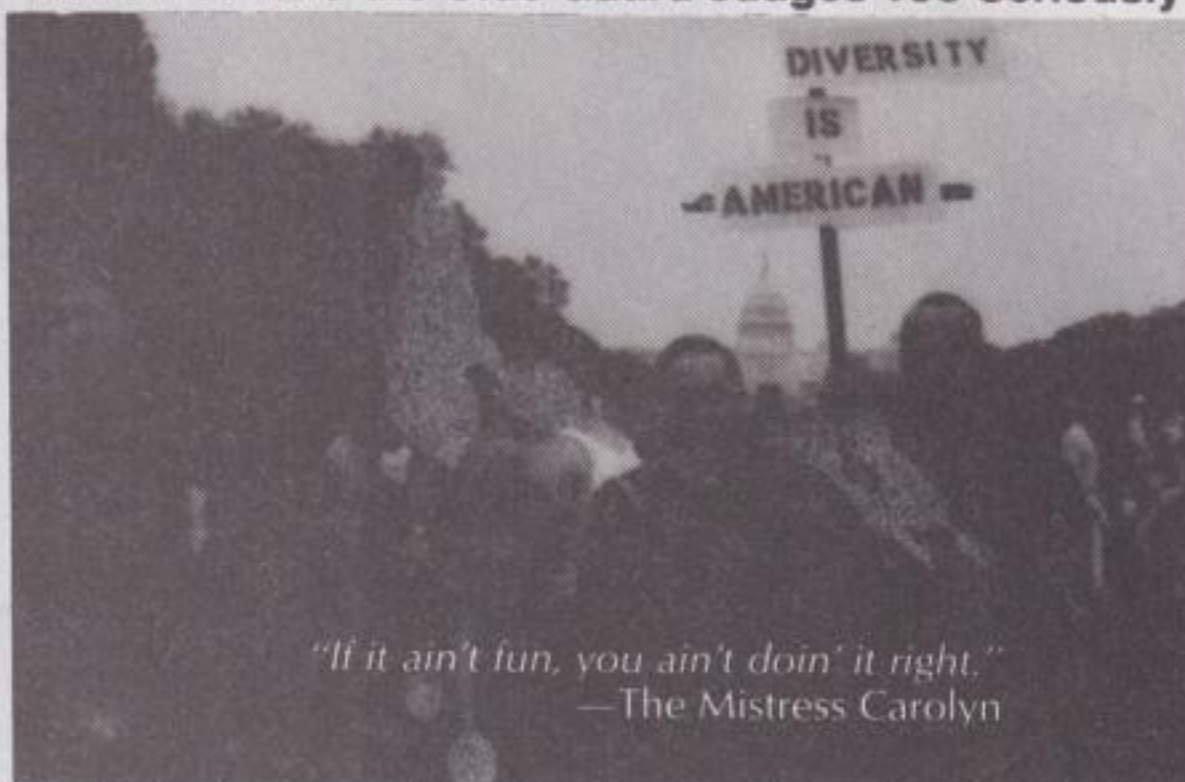
As if SM relationships weren't already complex enough, many of you who are relationship-oriented must at some point come to terms with the ever present problem of PURISM. I refer to the need some folks have to make judgments as to whether your relationship is a "true SM relationship" or if you are a "true Master" or a "true masochist" or a "real slave" or "really into the scene."

Sometimes, it seems as if a great conclave had been held somewhere, at which time standards for perfection were somehow agreed upon (imagine that!). One would think that a group of people at that gathering were selected as Judges, selected on the basis of some sort of erotico-ideological purity to enforce Ideals of SM Correctness. Over the years, the letters printed in *Drummer* bear this out. As recently as Issue #109, there was yet another slave acting as Judge regarding the bottom correctness of a person he had never even met.

As a therapist, I see plenty of unpleasant fallout when people in relationships, or wanting them, try to fit themselves into two-dimensional "ideals." For example, one purist "ideal" suggests that a "true slave" obeys his Master's every command. None of those Judges out there had to sit with me in the therapy room as I counseled a young man who, earnestly wanting to prove to a Top that he was slave material, got himself arrested for following an order that was irresponsible.

There is also some notion among the purist Judges that so-called "true" Masters and/or Tops never switch or go under, or do otherwise "bottom" things. Certainly some of the Judges frown when Tops tell their bottoms to pinch tits or slap ass. And the Judges go positively crazy when Tops switch their keys to enter a relationship as a bottom.

Let's Not Take the Olde Guard Judges Too Seriously



Likewise, bottoms who come out as Tops are often not taken seriously by other bottoms until a decent (?) interval of time has passed; they are Judged to be unpredictable, or not authentic, or some such. There are even Judges who have put Tops down for kissing bottoms.

It is at once amusing, ironic and depressing to recognize that some in the SM/Leather scene employ the same oppressive "you-are-not-OK" tactics to standardize SM behaviors that non-SM people use to "normalize" us. One would think that we get enough of that judgmentalism from outside the SM community; surely we don't have to do that to each other.

The last time I checked, I noticed there is no single right way to do anything. There seem to be lots of ways to be a "real" slave, or Master, or rock star, or stockbroker, or anything else. Relationships are no different. The definitive rulebook has not and cannot be written. The range of human variability is too wide. SM and SM relationships will not be boxed in by the Judges no matter how much they may pontificate.

Only you are qualified to assess the correctness of the relationship you are in. After all, only you could possibly possess the information about how the relationship feels. There are lots of people out there, both

gay and straight, who have the so-called "correct" form of relationship and who also just happen to be miserable as hell. The better litmus test is whether or not the relationship works for you, not whether it conforms to someone else's ideal.

Let me illustrate. I have seen two Masters each having dinner with their slaves at two separate tables in the same restaurant. Naturally, the waiters at each table placed menus before both Master and slave. At one table, the slave picked up his menu and gave it, unopened, to his Master. The Master ordered dinner for both and later paid the check. At the other table, the Master picked up his menu, unopened, and handed it to his slave. The slave ordered dinner for both, and later, it was he who paid the check. We see at once that each Master and slave have worked out this situation very differently. Though the form of each relationship appears opposite, both are "correct" for the men involved.

In SM relationships, as in life, things are not always what they seem. This fact is what makes Judging relationships both difficult and silly. I know Tops who order their bottoms to wear white sneakers into leather bars as a humiliation—does that mean the bottoms aren't "really into the scene"? I also know of

very sadistic Tops who are not into leather at all, who will go into bars in casual wear with their leathered out bottoms and proceed to work over their submissives in public. According to the old guard stereotypes, it looks like the preppie ought to be the bottom, or even vanilla, but in this instance the truth turns out otherwise. It's still true what they say about books and their covers.

If for some reason, it works for a bottom to dress on the left, then who is to challenge? Perhaps he wants to fend off novice Tops that night, or needs to switch for the first time in a while. If Tops want rings in their whatevers, then that must be their prerogative. Who says that it's the Top in relationships who has the best judgment in all matters? We all know that in some things bottoms may have some superior ability that wise Tops will not want to waste just to prove who's boss.

Your relationships in kinky life must be free to take whatever form is needed to meet your needs and the needs of your partner(s). That form must also be free to evolve as you grow and change. You who are willing and able to be that free and flexible deserve praise for your honesty, love, commitment, and imagination. The Judges who shake their fingers at those who may shape their relationships to the beat of a different drummer are simply revealing the choices they make for themselves. Variation can add richness to the scene, and we will do better to encourage experimentation and diversity than to scold those who leave the stereotypes behind in their own search for happiness and satisfaction in the world of SM relationships.

Guy Baldwin, M.S., has a private practice in psychotherapy in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

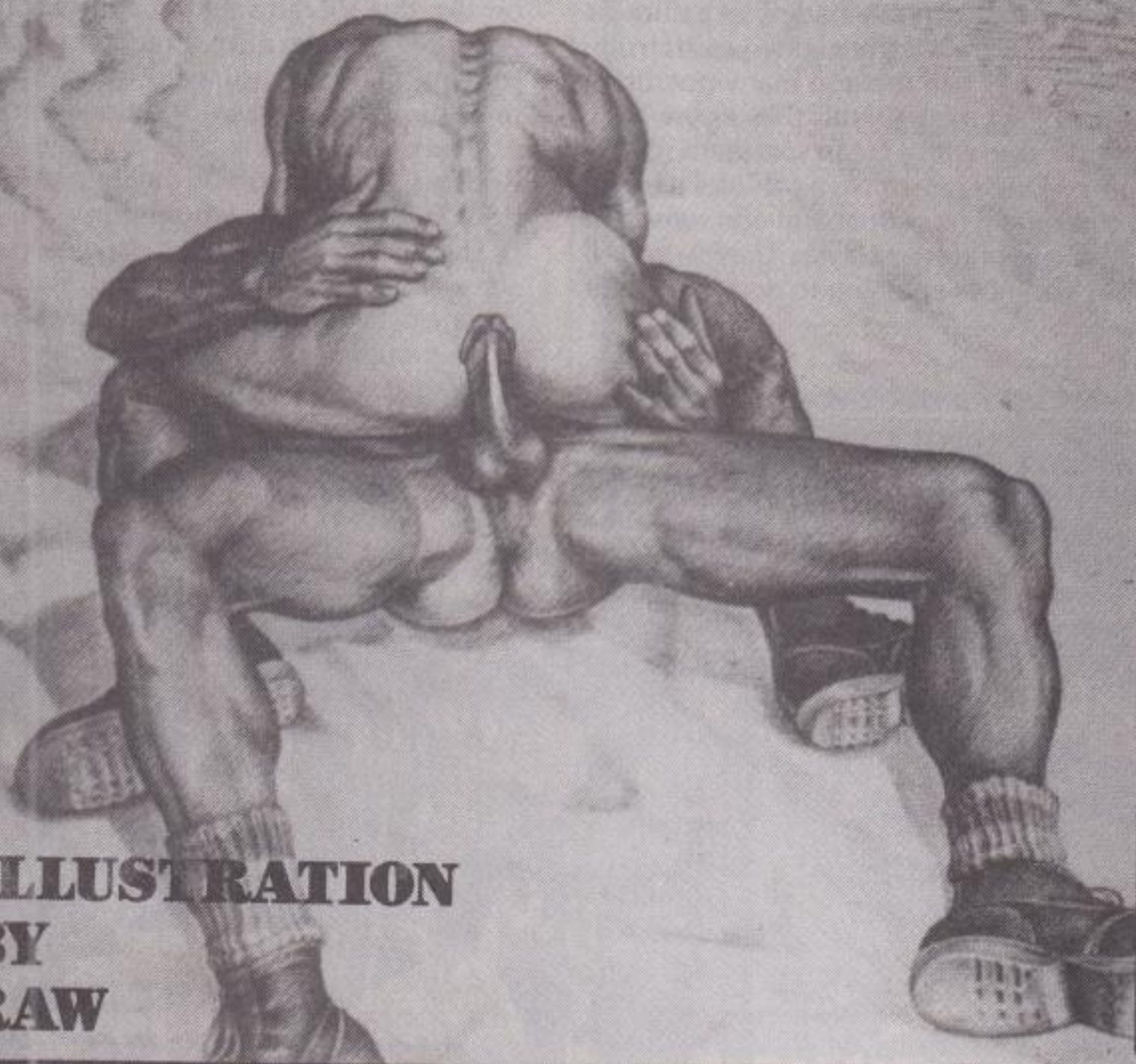
Photo by AFD

VISIONHEAT

BY
TIM
BARRUS

When we are born, we cry that we are
come to this great stage of fools.
—King Lear

ILLUSTRATION
BY
RAW



It had once been a great planet of fools. Extravagant fools. Fools who had gone to war with fate itself. There were few fools left. There was few of anything—left. Most of the planet and all of the manmade extravagance had been blown to radiated dust. The only extravagance left was the extravagance of natural extremes. The heat during the day was extreme. The lack of heat—the cold—at night was another extreme. The planet seemed to wear her new extremes like a bittersweet whore with a facelift. Under the makeup she was much the same as she had always been: intransigent. Uncompromising. All that remained from the age of the war with fate were a few of the planet's more vicious creatures.

And sand.

Dry endless miles of it. Magnificent red mountains of sand. Yellow mountains of sand. White mountains of sand. Windstorms

and visionheat. What had once been fertile was now infertile. Dry deathless heat. Pagan scintillating hypnotic heat. It was never the heat of the day that killed. It was always the nightmares, the visions, it would be your hallucinations which killed you. Life forms turning inward looking for sustenance. Sucking at their own juices.

It was forbidden to look at the sun.

Not even a fool would look at the sun. In the shimmering distance they could hear sand wolves crying. Yelping. The sand wolves would follow them great distances—circling. Always circling. If one brother fell, which was rare, the crying of the wolves would stop. The wolves would approach silently. It had not taken the two brothers long to learn the methods of killing sand wolves. One longhaired brother would fall while the other brother hid behind a dune, preferably a small one. The wolves approached cautiously. When the first wolf went to sink its teeth

into the supposedly dying human, a knife could be driven deeply into the animal's lush belly. Speed was essential. The human behind the dune would chase off any of the remaining wolves providing that the creatures were in no mood for a stand-off. Most of the time the wolves ran. The blood from the sand wolf was bodywarm but blood was blood. Liquid was liquid and all liquid was precious.

They became very good at killing sand wolves.

Blind witches had directed them to truth many times. Truth was their name for those few places on their broiling planet left with water. Whisperdreams of what had once been great flowing rivers. Oasis was truth. Truth was water. They had camped on a river once—it had been a good flowing truth. There had been green. Until the river had turned to a stream. And the stream to a trickle. And the trickle to mud. In one of Star's more violent hallucinations he had eaten and sucked at the mud. The mud turned to dust. The river of truth vanished. And the brothers moved on. Nomadic. They had not made love since the last truth. The closest they came to it was the sharing of their precious urine. No moisture could be spared. They could live in the sands indefinitely. There were no other options.

Hot sand blew into Star's pale dispassionate blue eyes; eyes that were used to the bite of the winds. His older brother, Adonais, indicated that they would sleep in the moonshadow of a dune as soon as the sun had set. Often they traveled at night towards truth. In coolness. In cold. But lately they had met too many nocturnal animals, their biggest enemy being man. Of this they knew. They were young, longhaired blond, ripe with a clean sort of masculinity, fair, and they would bring a king's ransom as a pair of slaves. Of this they knew, avoiding other men, nocturnal and otherwise, for they were well aware of the fate of desert slaves. They were still strong. Their hallucinations had not yet begun to dominate their psyches. They had survived.

They were not fools.

They lay naked on their hides with longknives strapped to their

waists. Somewhat thin and muscular. The approaching night wind, whose name was Athanasia, seemed to laugh bitterly at them. At everything. Adonais turned and kissed his younger brother, running his tongue down Star's chest, looking for whatever salty moisture he could find. "Drink me," his brother said. "It is time." Adonais put the large soft brown cock of his brother into his mouth. Star closed his eyes, moaned softly, and released his life-giving warm liquid—he stopped. Adonais gulped eagerly. Need. Survival. Love. Star resumed the flow and ran his fingers softly through his older brother's hair. Perhaps tomorrow they would find sweet delicious truth. When their moisture had been shared they dressed in their desert robes and covered themselves with the hides. Even then it was often not enough to keep out the intense cold that could be the deep night of the desert. They slept intertwined and blended into the shifting sands. And they dreamed.

Truth. Perhaps tomorrow . . .

The winds seemed to sing. The nights were getting colder and the days were getting hotter. The blind witches had called it the age of the coming change. Vast dust storms screamed their rage at them but the brothers kept walking. If one brother hallucinated the other brother carried him. It was their way. Visionheat. It went on like this for sunset after sunset. Only the blood of the sand wolves kept them alive. Predator became prey. In the desert the semantics of survival were always connected to irony. Their moisture decreased to one urination per man every other day. Adonais would drink Star, and the next day Star would drink Adonais. Perhaps tomorrow they would find another truth. And drink. Oh, how they would drink.

The last truth had been so clean, so clear, so resplendently sensual. They could swim naked. Star would dive into the vast wet coolness, take gulps of it, and spray lavish streams of truth into the open mouth of his brother. They would kiss, sharing cool liquid. Sharing. It was their way. They knew no other. Adonais had made

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love to his sibling on the grass near the edge of the truth. His cock longed to fuck Star. And, oh, how he loved his brother. Star had guided his brother's devastating meat into his own tight hairless hole, begging for the fuck, needing, his own cock hard, livid, and thick with blood. Animated coupling, logical, and merged. Adonais ejaculated deeply into the wet bowels of his brother. As they lay next to the truth even then they could observe a visible drop in the levels. Star raised his legs. His eyes said all that needed saying. Adonais ate and sucked. Devouring the warm thickseed oozing from the puckered lips of his sibling's beautiful hole.

All truths eventually die. Even the planets are nomadic and cyclical. Athanasia takes the place of truth. And laughs. Rivers dry to dust. Storms mix with hate. Visionheat begins.

Their desert robes kept them intact. Clean. They could walk further than the sand wolves could follow. One pack of wolves would drop off. Another would take its place. The problem with too much blood from the wolf was that the hallucinogen found in the cells of the animal was toxic. It had an accumulated effect. Star inevitably envisioned rivers of truth where there were only rivers of dune. And he would want to run when running was foolish. Only a fool runs in the desert. Running lost sweat. Wasted it. Adonais would humor his brother, laugh with him, curse the sand, speak of past times, times with good truths, but Adonais would not allow his brother to run. Star was all he had.

They were exhausted. Both brothers were fully hallucinating visions, colors, and madness by the time they discovered—stumbled upon—their next truth. The witches had been right. It was exactly where they said it would be. Down a large boulder-strewn canyon. The descent left them breathless. It was a small, quiet truth, cold to the touch. They waded, fully dressed in their robes, waist-deep into the truth, half unconscious, grateful, almost dead. The last few miles had been the worst. Adonais steadied his sibling. Star had needed help those last few days. Adonais was strong. Very strong. Wading into the flowing truth, Star's vision and reality became one. They drank slowly, deeply, saying nothing. It was time to rest. They had found their river.

Oasis was life. Life had once been extravagant—it was now clinging to the last bitter shreds of existence. Adonais woke to the sight of his incorrigible brother naked, knee-deep, urinating in the middle of the river. It was an extreme extravagance. And both of them laughed hysterically at the desert which surrounded them on the top of the canyon until their sides ached. "You could not have done that yesterday; piss into the wind," Adonais said from the bank of the truth.

"Today is not yesterday. Today I am a rich man, Adonais!" And Star sat his bare ass down into the truth and splashed wetness onto his brother with his foot. "Today I want everything . . ."

"Everything?"

"Everything. Including you."

"And what if I, Adonais, Czar of this contented truth, do not desire to give you everything?"

Star pointed his now erect piece, his brown desert cock, at his brother. "Then I, Star, brother of the Czar of this magnificent truth, will just have to take what is mine." Both brothers laughed again, aware of the fact that they would eventually make love, that making love was one of the few great things left to them, that it was necessary, that it had to happen because they needed it to happen. That it would be intense, fantastic, perhaps infuriated, mad, deranged, demonic. And sweet. Inexorable. They would overflow with it. With each other in running wetness. It was as urgent as the truth which touched and sustained them.

Longknives strapped to their thin fair waists, the brothers waded downstream, naked, exploring the canyon and the river. Star's waistlong blond hair blew softly in the calm wind. The desert above them seemed like a long-ago nightmare, a blood-vision; an obscenity from the past. Truth was now. Adonais touched his brother's hair. "I love you," he said.

Star's pale blue eyes seemed to flash. "I know. We're going to have to do something about this." Star looked down at his



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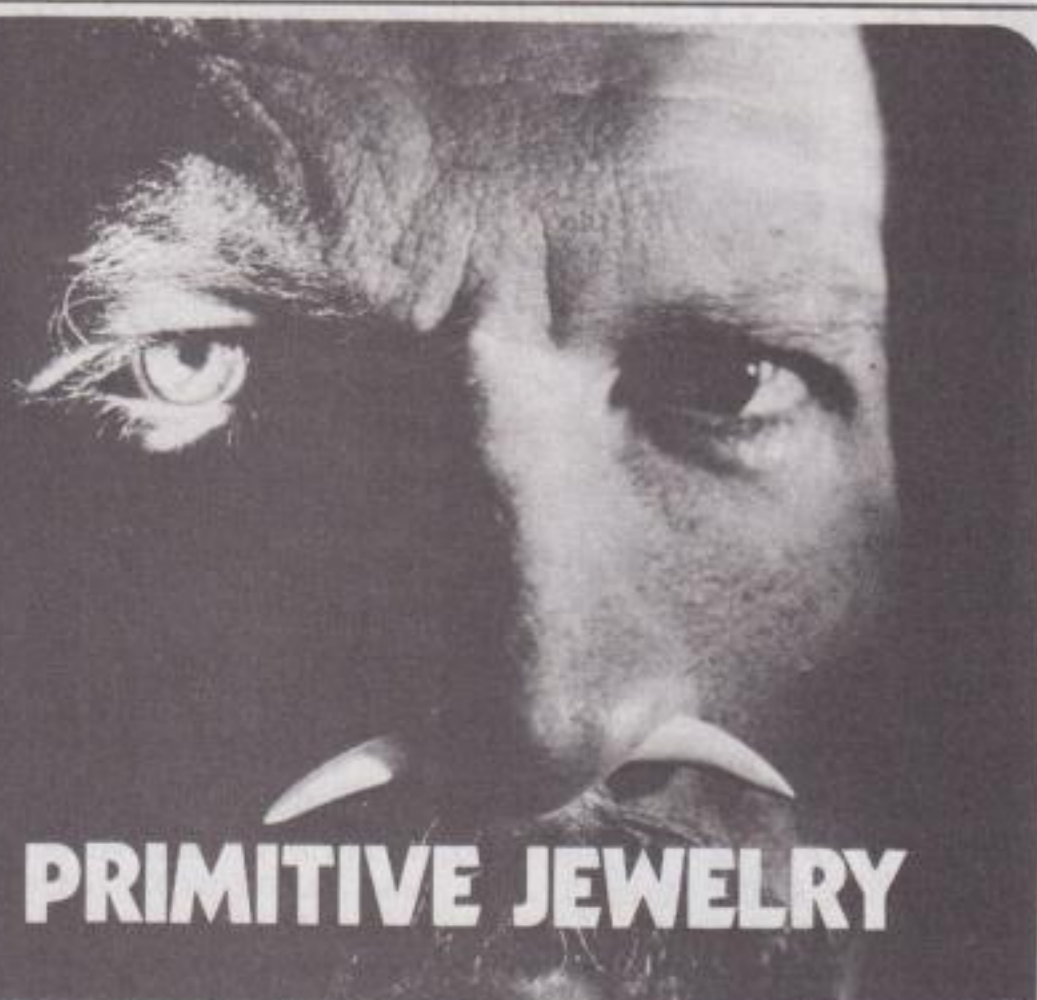
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blood-thick hard cock. And they laughed again. Adonais' hand smacked his brother's tightass butt. They raced toward the shore where there was a clearing. They stopped. Dead in their tracks. It was an encampment. They went closer—ruins. What had once been a place of desert tents, animals, and humans was now deathly quiet. Charred remnants of fires lay scattered about the clearing. Deserted. A dozen sand wolf carcasses hung suspended by their twisted necks from a rope connected to two small trees. Bloodless. "No one's here."

"Someone's been here," Adonais observed.

"Someone remains here," a voice said. Star and Adonais drew their longknives quickly, like cats, and turned. It was the first time they had ever been that close, face-to-face with a desert slave.

It was now a dry place of slavery. Fate had finally enslaved her creatures with the austere pragmatic adjudicated commandments of the desert. Oasis was life. "I will not harm you," the slave said, his voice dark and slow. "I am beyond harming children." Adonais and Star studied the man they knew to be a slave. The ownership tattoo on his enigmatic handsome face was unmistakable. The slave did not blink.

"We're hallucinating," Adonais said.

The slave, dressed in his desert robes, walked closer. "I am called Zealot." He smiled. "There are many visions here." Zealot touched Star's arm. He could not see. His eyes were blank. "You are naked?"

"Where are the others?" Adonais asked.

"Gone."

"Will they return?"

Zealot paused, then laughed quietly. "No."

"Who are you?" Star asked. "You're a slave."

"I am called Zealot," he repeated and looked directly into the sun. "Last visions. The last are the best, you know. Are you brothers?" Adonais and Star said nothing. Brothers were highly valued as slaves. "We are all slaves, here. Bring me truth. I need to drink." The man who was Zealot sat down on a rock. He drank softly from Star's cupped hands. "You are lovers."

"How do you know?" Adonais asked.

"Only lovers can survive this far into the desert alone. Are you beautiful?" There was a long silence. Zealot quietly laughed. "You are beautiful. Let me tell you of the desert."

"We know of the desert," Adonais said.

"You know nothing."

"Tell us," Star said. "What lies beyond."

"Sand lies beyond," Adonais said.

"Oh, much more than sand, young man. Much more than sand."

"Tell us," Star said. And he sat at the feet of the slave.

"We will make a bargain," Zealot said.

"What kind of bargain?" Adonais asked. Adonais was unsure.

"I will tell you of what lies beyond. And you will make love together so that I can see this one last beautiful thing."

"He speaks with a fool's mouth," Adonais said to his brother. "He drinks too much dog's blood, this one. He has visions, Star. I think he dies with visions."

"I am dying, yes."

"I want to know what lies beyond the sand," Star said.

Zealot took Star's hand into his own calloused hand and held it. "The last of the ocean lies beyond the sand. Have you seen the ocean, beautiful young one?"

"What is ocean?"

Zealot laughed loudly. "There's only one ocean left. Blue fabulous extravagant ocean, Boy! Waves of truth. You can run through the waves. Truth for as far as the eye can see. Truth as dry and horrible—and killing—as the desert. Great ships filled with slaves travel through the ocean from one desert to the other. I will tell you of this place for I have seen it with my eyes!" And the dead eyes of the slave burned with his vision.

It was now a place of abandoned hideous magnificence. Zealot

told them of his ocean, of his people, of temples, and wars, and famine, and greed. Day turned into night and the two naked brothers shivered at the feet of Zealot, entranced and mystified with his tales of their world. His people had called him Zealot, the talemaker. Zealot, the fool. Zealot, the one who knew most things. Zealot, the legendslave. His task had been to tell his masters of that which they had seen but did not always understand, for theirs was a planet of the coming change. And the carnivorous Athanasia blew hot with its bloodless breath down the sweating neck of their utterly lost race of terrified souls.

It was to be his last tale. His last vision. His bargain with fate. He told them of all the astonishing things he had seen in his life. He told them of gold, of empires, of caesars, of lust, of war. And love. Love with a thousand men. It was unfathomable to them. Outrageous. All they had ever known was one another. "And they fucked me until I shit on them," Zealot laughed until his deep voice bounced like magic off the canyon's dark walls. "And then they fucked me again. And again. One master after the other. I was theirs!" Zealot turned to Star, grabbed a handful of his long hair, yanked the boy's head back, and said forcefully straight into the young handsome face: "I was proud to be theirs! Do you understand, Boy?" Adonais drew his longknife. Star told the slave that he understood. It was a lie.

He did not understand.

They asked him of God; they had heard of God. Zealot grew quiet, put his head into his hands, and told them that they were God. It was time for their part of the bargain. Adonais was told to fetch their hides. They would fuck naked on desert hides. "But you can't see us," Star said. "You're hallucinating."

"I will see what I need to see. Trust me."

They loved in front of a fire Star made to keep the sand wolves away. Their wet-sweating young bodies and tight buttocks glistened in the orange light of the fire. "Fuck me," Adonais said to Star. "This time I need to feel my brother inside of my ass—please." Star spread his sibling's legs and put his face down into the muscular buttcrack of his older brother. He kissed the small hairless hole. The hole contracted, then opened. His tongue insinuated itself up into Adonais' bowels tenderly, then violently. He sucked and ate. His anguished erection pushed itself against the shithole's lips. He eased the full length of his shaft into his brother. Star thrust. Adonais gasped from the unexpected, deeply sexual pressure. Star thrust again slowly, then adamantly, then furiously. Plunging into Adonais' numb anal depths.

The piercing haunted screams of Adonais filled the vivid soul of the prophetic wasteland.

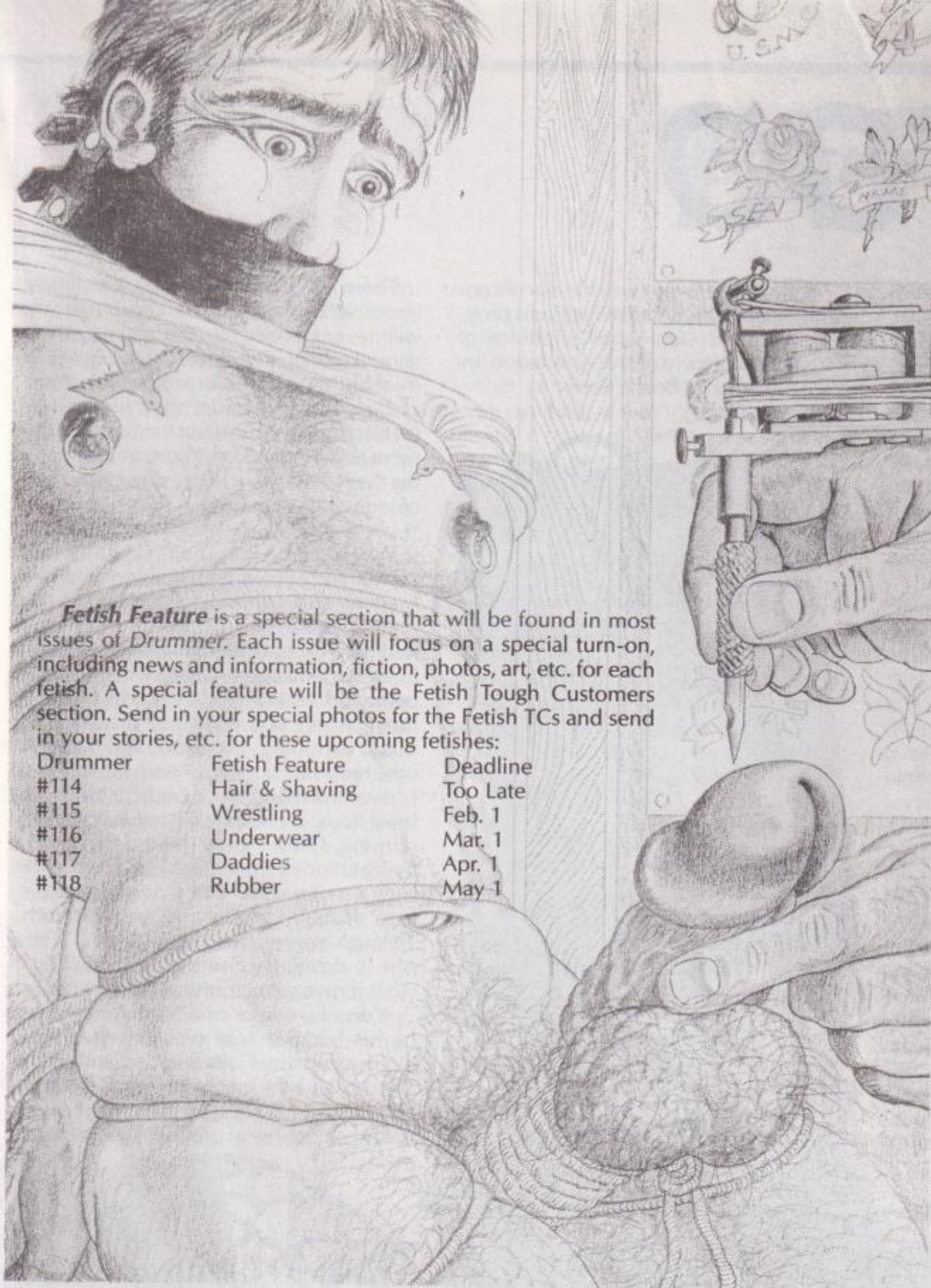
Star moaned and came. Flushing the cunt of his brother with the licentious extravagance of his inabstinent semen. It was a rabid, feverish, brutal, seething bitch of a brotherfuck. Adonais spread his legs and Star ate the deposited seed with sucking relish. He put his brother's burning cock into his mouth and milked Adonais until a carnal spawn of cum warmly flooded his supplicating throat. The brothers collapsed breathlessly into an innocent mix of virginal animalistic sweat. Sleep came with visions of endless truth. Vision. Truth so vast and blue one could run in waves. Truth as far as the eye could see.

They buried Zealot in sand not far from the canyon—deep enough so that not even the sand wolves would find him. Day by day they could see the level of their truth decrease and they knew that in time they would once again find the desert, for the desert would find them. They were nomadic. There were no other options. They drank the blood of the wolf because it was their way. They knew no other. Hallucinated visions came but did not yet possess them, for they were young. They made innocent love in and out of the truth, because while it was theirs it was precious and life was good. They saw no other men. Above their canyon Athanasia with her carnivorous winds sang and laughed. Vision-heat. But for now they played. And loved. And lived. It had once been a great planet of fools. Extravagant fools. Fools who had gone to war with fate.

It was now a great silent planet of eternal sand.

□

FETISH FEATURE



Fetish Feature is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your stories, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#114	Hair & Shaving	Too Late
#115	Wrestling	Feb. 1
#116	Underwear	Mar. 1
#117	Daddies	Apr. 1
#118	Rubber	May 1

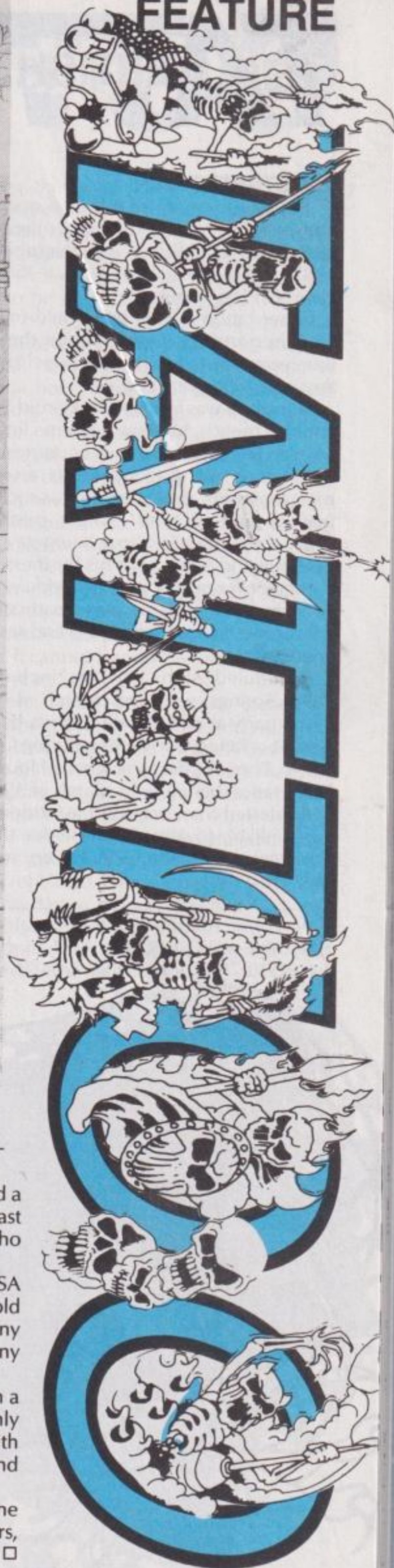
ACTION MALE magazine first published this SEAN drawing as a poster in 1978.

The modern-day reasons for getting a tattoo are as varied as the men who get them. Many find a sense of masculine acceptance, sort of an urban aboriginal rite of passage; others take this ritual past a simple "marking" to include most of the body. One such example is Tough Customer #1248 who wrote to *Drummer* describing why he decided to have a total body tattoo.

"Over the years I had accumulated a very heavy amount of tattoos not only from all over the USA but also from Hamburg, Copenhagen, Paris and Amsterdam. They were like souvenirs and old friends to me, but there was no coordinated pattern or style involved that could give them any meaning to a first-time observer. My piercings didn't help any, since again there wasn't any coordinated pattern, style or overall interesting effect to any of it.

"After two days with Cliff Raven, I could not believe what was happening. We have settled on a goal—all black body suit with grey shading—no added color at all. Cliff has figured out a way, as only he can do, to use the old tattoos and entirely change them by intersecting and overlapping them with the new work. As Cliff progresses, I will start changing the old piercings for different designs and sizes, plus I expect to add new ones."

Whether you decide upon a full body suit or a small butterfly on your butt, remember that the tattoo will be with you for the rest of your life. Removal is difficult, costly and normally leaves scars, so plan the design and choose your tattooist well. □



TATTOO

FETISH FEATURE

ILLUSTRATED MEN

Illustrated Men is an informal association of men interested in tattooing. The group was established in September of 1983 with a "Tattooing Event" at King of Hearts in Los Angeles.

Other tattoo events were held in San Francisco and Los Angeles during the past four years for tattooing and piercing enthusiasts, with great success.

The group was founded by Harold Moss and five friends, but now has a mailing list of over 180 men from four countries.

Although many tattoo artists are gay, most prefer not to be identified as such for fear of hurting their straight business. Bruce Lee is public about being gay and does not find that it hurts his business. His reputation for quality work in a wide variety of styles continues to grow, particularly among international musicians and serious collectors.

Scheduled club activities include a Palm Springs weekend March 4-6; a tattoo party at an Orlando, Florida bar on April 9; a Tattoo Convention during October in Phoenix, Arizona; and a Houston, Texas tattoo bar party in March of 1989.

Illustrated Men stresses that tattooing is very unlikely to spread disease due to the sterilization procedures that every reputable artist uses.

To contact Illustrated Men or tattooist Bruce Lee write to: PO Box 7091, Burbank, CA 91510-7091 or call (818) 841-7950. □

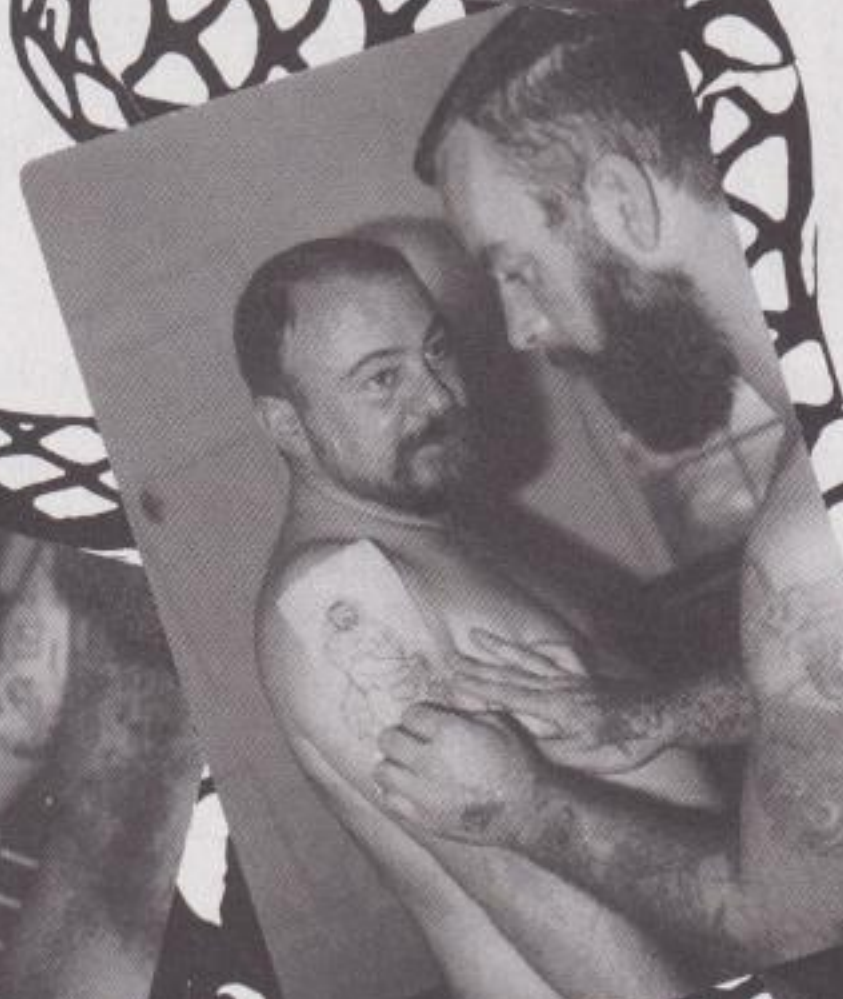
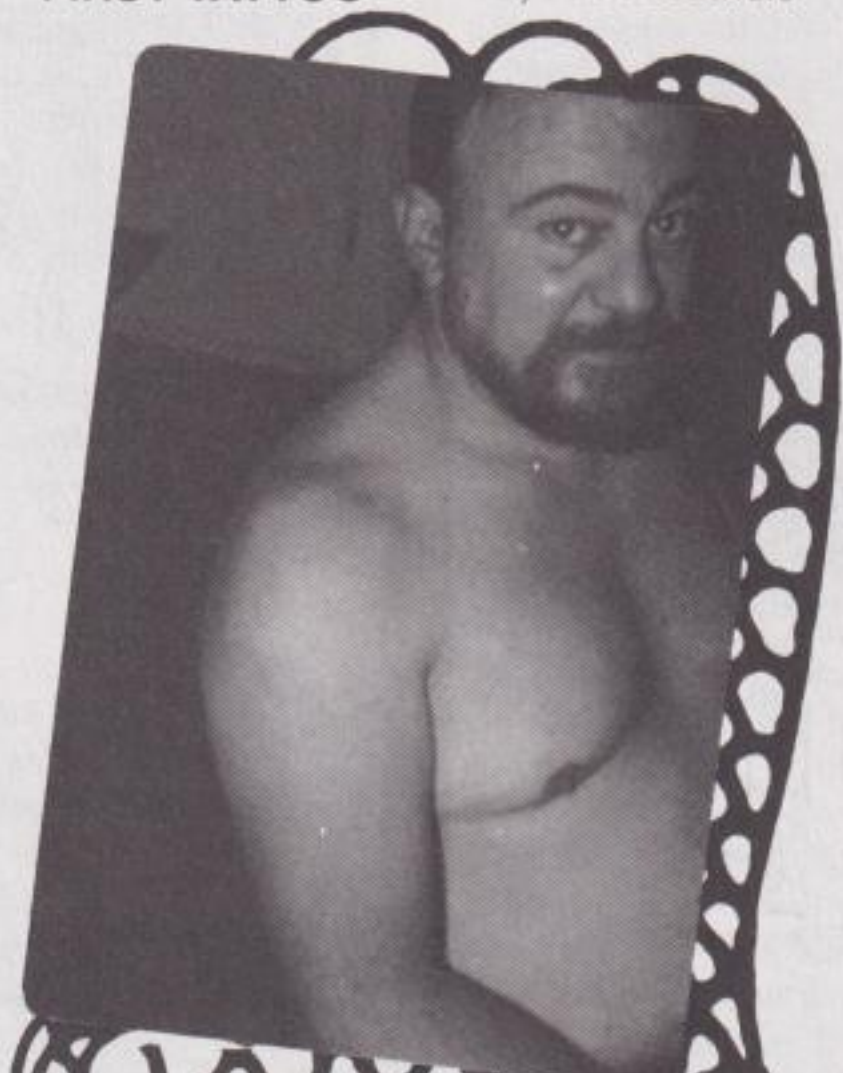
Although we were unable to photograph Rick Leathers' "first" tattoo in progress, Illustrated Men supplied photos of Bill Salpietro receiving his first tattoo by infamous tattooist Bruce Lee.

FIRST TATTOO *by Rick Leathers*

There is something almost mystical about tattooing. It's the decision that you will never go back on. The statement you cannot retract. Our bodies are assigned to us at birth. We can reorganize their shape at the gym or the pastry shop (depending on our personal taste) but the basic equipment is fairly standard. Permanently marking the skin is an ancient and popular form of individual signature. It spells out clearly, "I chose this."

When I lived in San Diego I was constantly encountering tattoos on the Marines and sailors I stripped down for sex. Tattooing is a firm part of the military tradition (except among officers). A heavy bottom friend of mine has, over the years, permitted various Tops to have him tattooed where and how they pleased. His body, including his head and face, is covered with "skin pics." And, lord knows, I have cruised many a bodybuilder with biker 'toos. Yet despite all that exposure to skin ink, I never gave serious thought to being tattooed myself until I made friends with a professional tattoo artist. Peter is a man of many talents and great warmth. Through communicating with him, I began to develop an understanding of just what it meant to go under the needle.

A drunken sailor or a Marine egged on by his buddies may pick an interesting picture from the Flash boards displayed in any tattoo parlor, but for an aware, thoughtful man the choice and placement of his tattoo design is a precise statement to



TATTOO

FETISH FEATURE

others and a powerful commitment to himself. After I had made that primary decision to be tattooed, I next faced the choice of what a tattoo meant to me and what I wanted it to express. Among other things, I am: Irish/Cherokee, Libra, pagan, into leather and military fetishes, barbarian art and bronze castings, and a student of ancient symbols. From these bits of myself I decided to draw the various parts that would make my tattoo both a clear statement of ME as well as a damned good design. It took me two years.

One of the unexpected "extras" that came from preparing my design was a two-year course in patience. I was not going to have anything put into my skin that I would not wear proudly for the rest of my life. At heart I am still an Arkansas redneck who believes that if I truly want something, I must be willing to put in the time and effort to track down whatever it is, catch it and tame it. Whether it's a deer, a mate, or a tattoo, I'll keep working until I get what I want. Rednecks are very stubborn creatures.

According to my religious beliefs, the bull is my spirit-animal protector. A bull's head would be the focal point of my design. The male svastika (the reverse of the one that the Nazis used) is both the traditional symbol of the Cherokee tribe and the ancient Hindu symbol for masculine well-being. The svastika would float above the bull's head. Since I'm also turned on to piercing, I decided to add a

ring through the bull's nose.

I wanted the overall look of my tattoo to resemble the bronze plaques that Celtic and Nordic barbarians attached to their leather armor. A pair of two-headed serpents writhing around the whole design framed it precisely. The final result was a ritualistic, pagan, barbarian tattoo—and that's a pretty good description of ME.

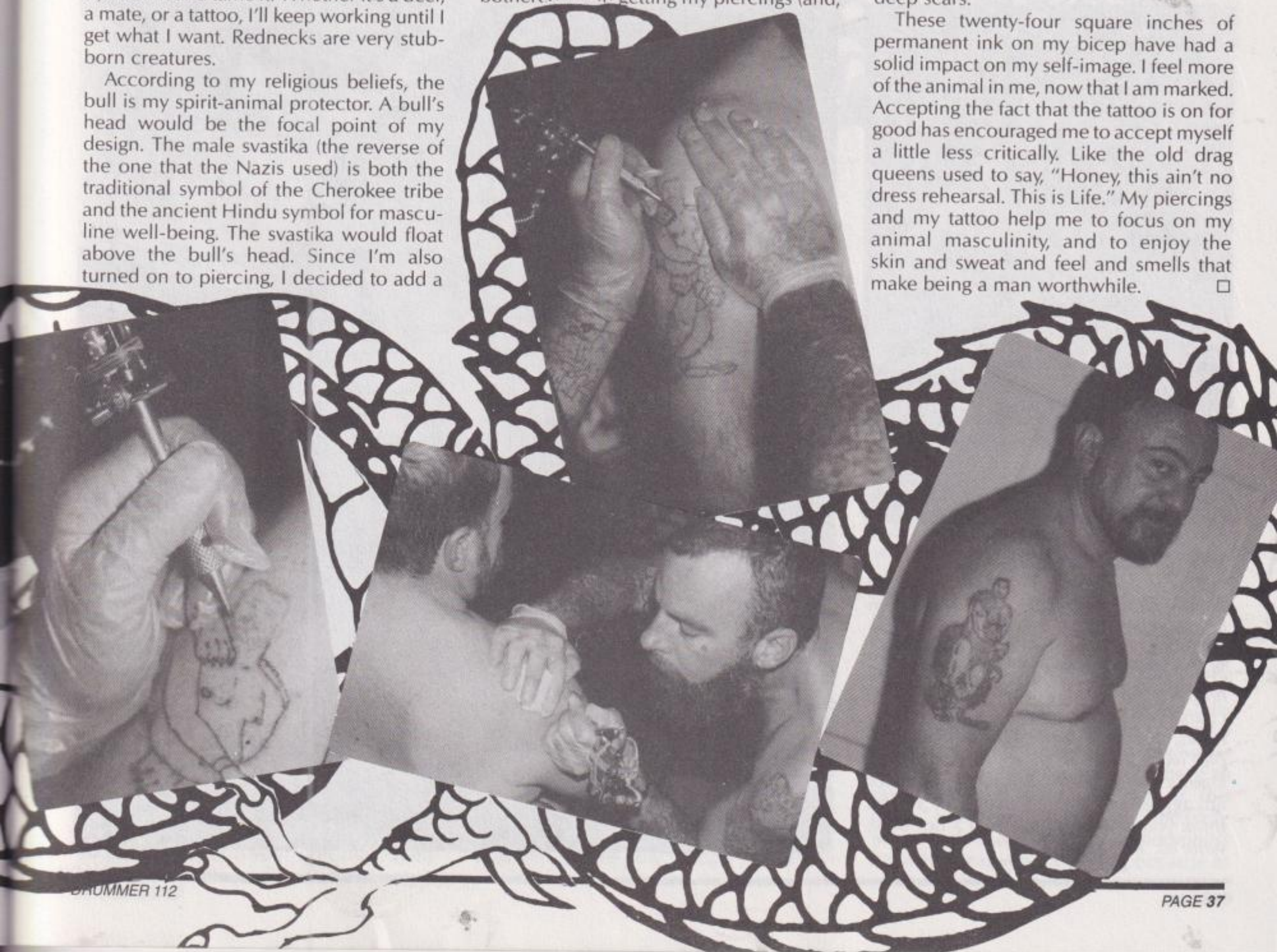
The next step was choosing a tattoo artist to do the work. My buddy, Peter, was no longer tattooing, but he advised me to go to Cliff Raven's shop in Los Angeles. Raven is the best and he only hires top talents to work for him. Robert, the man who worked on me, turned out to be a lot more than a good ink pusher. He displayed equal skills in communicating to me exactly what was taking place and helping me to relax.

My chief fear had always been the pain involved. Oddly enough, that had never bothered me in getting my piercings (and,

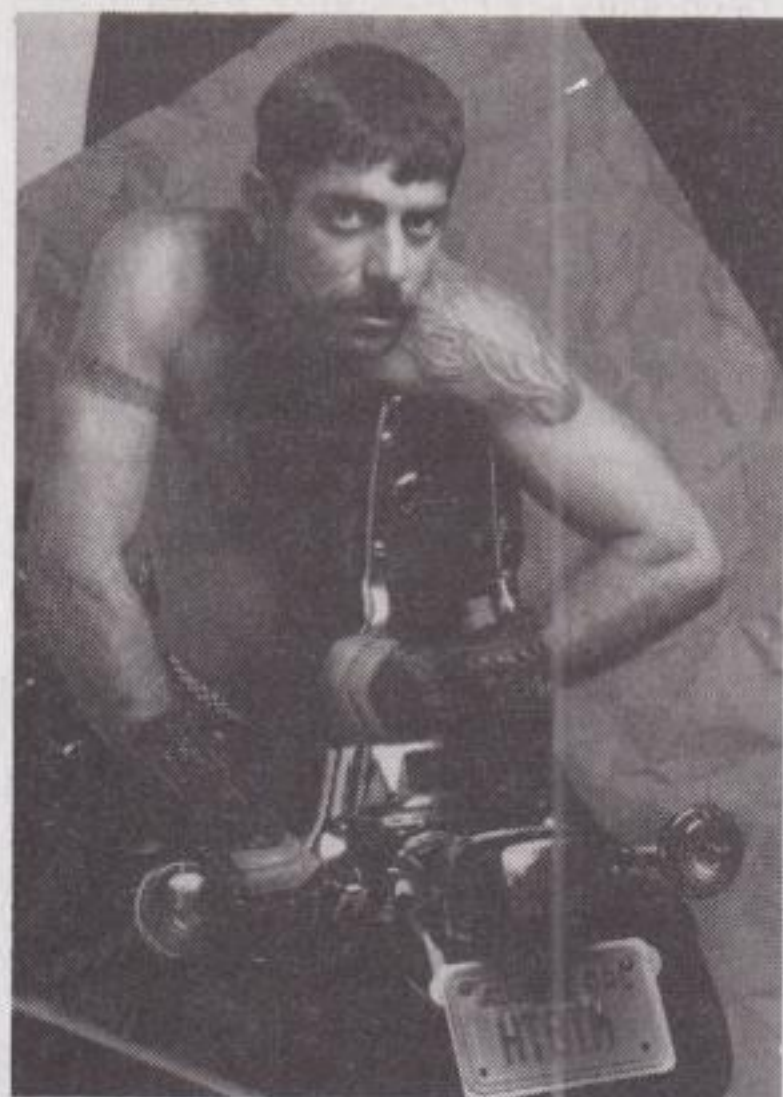
mutha, they were painful). Tattoo needles are more irritating than anything else. I suppose, technically, a tattoo is an artistically organized skin abrasion. It felt like tiny electric shocks and, since the needle had to be frequently recharged with pigment, by the time the pricking started to become really uncomfortable, Robert would have to stop for more ink. A several-hour tattoo isn't agony. It's just draining. Somewhat like a long bondage session with very light whipping.

The real awareness of the tattoo hit me the next day when I took the bandage off. With a new pair of leather pants or some new fatigues I could always ask myself, "Do I like the way these look? Is this what I want?" With a tattoo these questions become absurd. The thing is ON, fucker, and it ain't comin' off. Having yourself tattooed is like making a commitment to a lover. It cannot be undone without leaving deep scars.

These twenty-four square inches of permanent ink on my bicep have had a solid impact on my self-image. I feel more of the animal in me, now that I am marked. Accepting the fact that the tattoo is on for good has encouraged me to accept myself a little less critically. Like the old drag queens used to say, "Honey, this ain't no dress rehearsal. This is Life." My piercings and my tattoo help me to focus on my animal masculinity, and to enjoy the skin and sweat and feel and smells that make being a man worthwhile. □

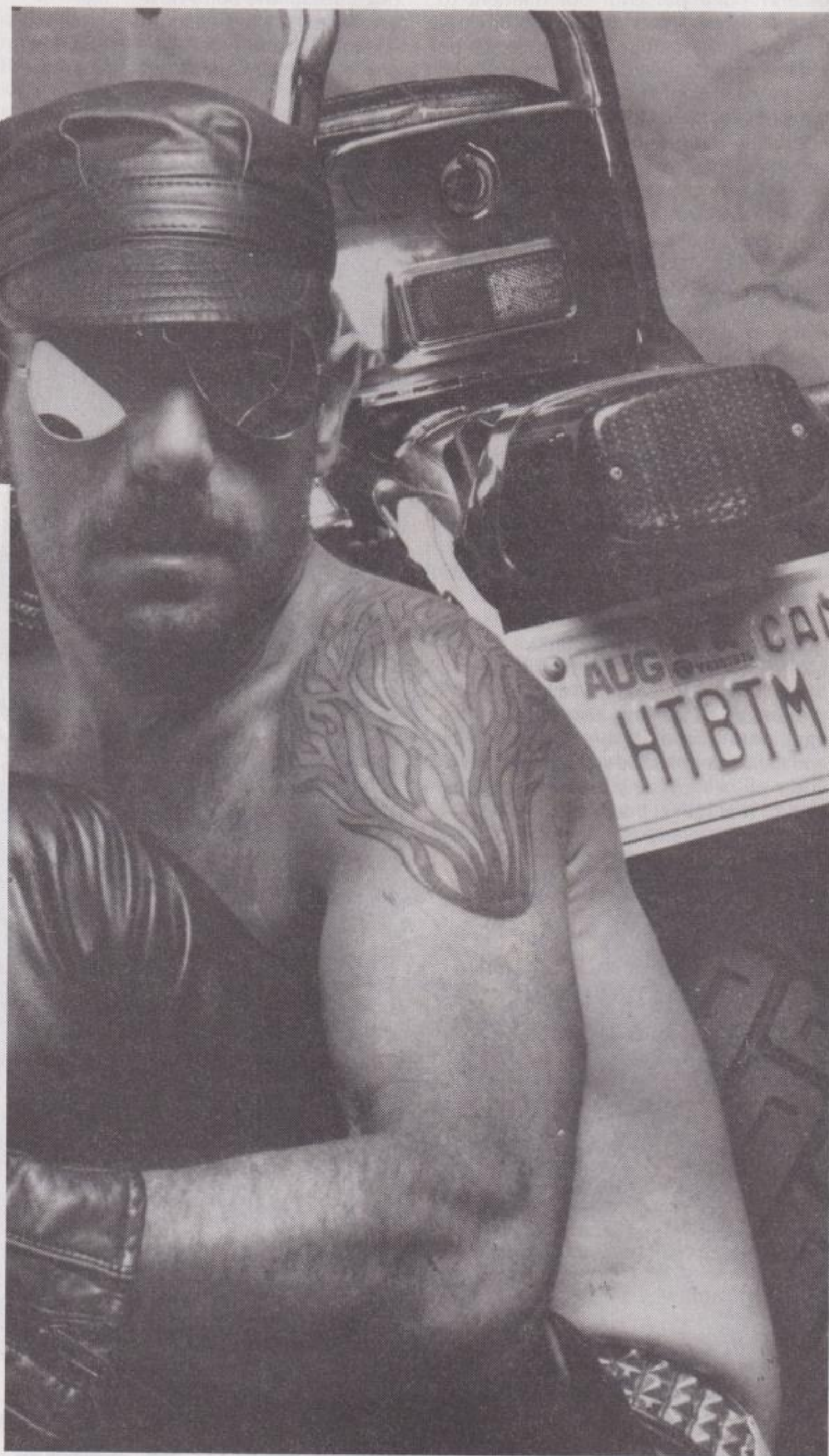


TATTOO TOUGH CUSTOMER



TATTOOED HOT BOTTOM

This is one tough customer who can handle a lot, and he knows it. He is from Los Angeles, is 35 years old, 5'6", 140 lbs. of well-built man with dark brown hair and eyes. He likes hot, hard and hung leathersmen who know how to take charge and really plow ass. He is into boots, bondage, fantasy trips, heavy nipple work (stretch those fuckers), toys, leather and uniforms. A perfect match for an aggressive, imaginative Top. If you think you're able to give him a hot time, write to: TC 1249.



TATTOO

FETISH FEATURE

PRICK THE SKIN

About two years ago a dynamic new tattoo artist, working under the name of MAD DOG, made his first impact on San Francisco. With modest determination he quickly made his a name to be reckoned with in the world of Tattoo Art. His unique and highly original Flash moves from style to style and technique to technique with such chameleon self-assurance that he already stands out from his contemporaries in the field. He has just returned from a highly successful tour of Europe, where he already has a following, and I thought it was high time this powerful new talent was brought to the attention of *Drummer* readers. Recently I questioned him about his thoughts on tattoos and tattooing:

MAD DOG interviewed by REX

REX: What motivated you to become a Tattoo Artist?

MAD DOG: My lover motivated me. He kept saying, "design me a tattoo," and I kept saying "I can't." But I kept thinking about it and one thing led to another. I'd had three art shows at the Ambush Bar in San Francisco during a one-and-a-half-year period, so I thought, "maybe I can give it a try." Why not?

REX: It's a very hard profession to get a toehold in; it's such a specialized field and few Tattooists are ready to take on an apprentice. You're one of the few people I've known who've basically taught themselves. Just how hard was it to teach yourself?

MAD DOG: Difficult enough, in that there is no real way to practice. You just have to jump in and start. I was very nervous through my first fifteen tattoos or so. I remember my first tattoo took nine hours to do, which today would take me no more than three or four. It was slow starting, but I took a "see how it goes" attitude and didn't rush things.

REX: Did you find your previous experi-

ence in the art world helpful in becoming a Tattooist?

MAD DOG: Yes. If I hadn't taught myself to draw beforehand, I don't think I would have attempted it. Unless you're already an artist of some sort first, you really have no business being in the field.

REX: Tattoos have long had a sexual connotation for men. Do gay men perceive tattoos differently from straight men, or does the same impulse motivate both to get tattooed?

MAD DOG: Interestingly, the tattoo is of and by itself both a taboo and a totem. I think basically men have a tattoo for themselves—not for other men or women. It's a form of body decoration and it's part of one's masculinity, a rite of passage for many men. For instance, look at the number of military recruits who—one of the things to do is—get drunk and get tattooed. Getting tattooed crosses a certain barrier; you've stepped into a world that's now taboo. You've marked yourself up. You can no longer be buried in a Jewish cemetery, etc., etc., any number of perceptions about you are forever changed. You're now socially marked. In

any form of official identification for the rest of your life, you now truly have identifying marks which set you apart from others. You've crossed the boundary of marking yourself, as opposed to the random scars life inflicts upon us.

REX: What's the hottest experience you've had tattooing someone?

MAD DOG: This was a kid from South Dakota and he wanted a buffalo done over one of his pecs. He wanted to get off on it—it was his first tattoo and he said he really wanted to have a sexual adventure with the experience. So I said, well, wear a fun jock, bring a couple of favorite cockrings, etc., and we'll see you have a good time.

So I set the room up with a full-length mirror and sat him in this dental chair that I used to have in my old studio and started to work on him. He stripped down fully naked for all this and just jacked off a storm during the time I was working on him. There were times when I'd have to say "you must hold very still at this point," but during the shading of the body, where you want a certain randomness anyway, it was very interesting because as



TATTOO FETISH FEATURE



he was jacking there was this flexing of his chest and he would sort of bump into the machine with this motion. It was really hot!

REX: How do you feel about collaborating on designs with your clients?

MAD DOG: It's always a give-and-take kind of thing. I talk to the client and I've developed this line of questioning. For instance, if he wanted a snake tattoo I'd first question him as to whether he wanted Black Work or something with color. What attitude was he looking for in the snake? Menacing, humorous, etc. I try to find out these kinds of things so I'll have a sense of direction in which to go. It really is a collaboration. Then I show the client the initial sketches I've made and there's still room for change at that point. If he wants any modifications we do it at that point. After those modifications are made, that's when we sit down and do it.

REX: I've noticed that many who get into tattooing are dismayed by all the technical, backstage mechanics of the craft, something not immediately apparent to a novice who wishes to enter the field. There are all sorts of health code standards and technical problems to be considered. Was this initial exposure to the less creative aspects of the profession off-putting for you?

MAD DOG: No. I had the fortune of being an Army Medic and I'd learned plenty about sterilization techniques; and so the use of gloves and sterilizing and that sort of thing was already knowledge which I was aware of. It's very important, particularly in this day and age.

REX: You've just returned from Amsterdam, where you've gone on several previous trips under the auspices of Rob Amsterdam. Have these trips exposed you to other types of tattoos and techniques that we don't see here in the US? How do European concepts of tattooing differ from ours?

MAD DOG: I find that Europeans are much more adventurous in terms of what they'll allow you to do in terms of design.



Basically, Europeans are much less inhibited about tattooing than we are. It's a much more common thing.

REX: Dealing with people is very much part of the Tattooist's trade. It's always struck me that you are almost a therapist to your clients, when you're dealing with what they want to put on their bodies for the rest of their lives. Do you enjoy dealing with people on these intimate psychological levels?

MAD DOG: I like it fine. It's part of the collaboration process we talked of earlier. People will end up telling you a great deal about themselves if you give them half a chance. And it comes across sometimes in very subtle patterns of expression. It's not always direct; some people can't be that open. So you must listen to what they're saying as well as how they're saying it. You've got to be around them long enough to gain some intuition as to what that person's about. Some people do have unrealistic expectations, and you've got to gently bring them back to

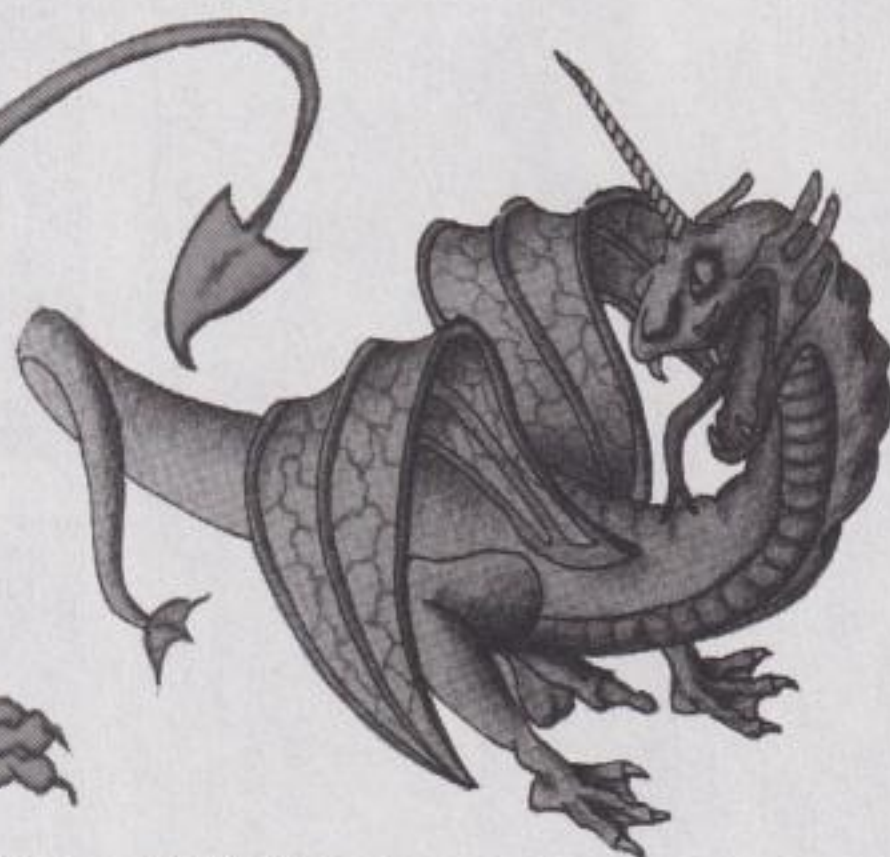
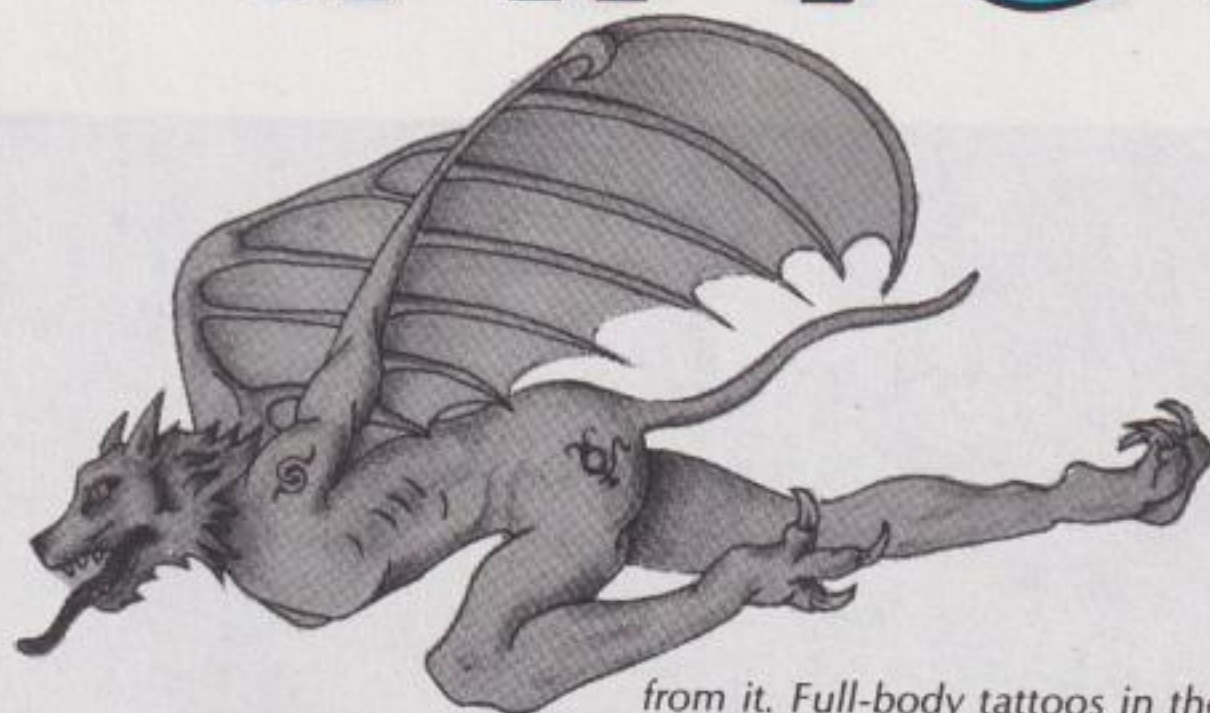
the reality of the situation.

REX: What's the most difficult type of person to deal with?

MAD DOG: Let's put that question another way around. Some people are very easy to deal with because they're willing to say, "OK, you're the artist and this is kind of what I have in mind and now will you interpret this idea for me." Others, the more difficult you might say, will pick the idea to pieces. They'll say something like, "I want this little finger a bit more this way, I want this ear lowered a bit." They're fussy and picky. Or they might want this creature to have a big dick on it when you're viewing it from the rump end. They don't basically have a visual concept of the craft. Or they'll want something done on a part of their body where there's simply no space for a project of that magnitude.

REX: I've always thought the Tattooist's job one of working under a certain pressure. Here you are, marking someone for life, and when you put that needle down it

TATTOO FETISH FEATURE



has to be right the first time—you don't get a second chance. Don't you find it a bit nerve-racking to realize that someone might literally have to live with your mistakes if your hand should slip at some point? Some of your work is quite intricate and tattoo sessions can last for hours. How do you handle this pressure?

MAD DOG: Again, I welcome the pressure of the profession. As I mentioned earlier, my first few tattoo assignments were nerve-racking because of that factor you mention. In the beginning I did make some errors. But I've learned how to deal with making errors; you actually do get a second chance in some cases. Fortunately I've really not made that many errors. Basically the pressure you refer to is again part of mastering the craft of tattooing. It's a challenge that must be met.

REX: I know you spend a lot of time researching your Flash. Your own designs are quite original and yet you've also done some fine re-workings of classic tattoo designs. Which type of design work inter-

ests you most?

MAD DOG: I enjoy both. Jailhouse tattoos interest me tremendously. I think from them developed what we now know as Black Work, where there's a great deal of fine-line shading. I made one machine similar to the ones they make in prison. I got a schematic from a prisoner in San Quentin. I made this very small machine which uses a bent spoon, a ballpoint pen barrel, two pilots from Bic lighters, a piece of guitar wire and a windshield wiper motor. This is one of the most efficient machines I've ever used, and with one little needle you can do such fine work it's incredible. It works better than my other machines.

REX: What are your feelings on Oriental tattoos? It's the one style I haven't seen you work in.

MAD DOG: I simply don't get much request for them from anyone. One of the things, however, which I don't care about a lot in Oriental tattooing is that I find it so crowded and busy that I tend to shy away

from it. Full-body tattoos in the Oriental manner give you very few options to loosen up. It's almost like Slave Work. I like space to improvise a bit. The Oriental work is overly precision-oriented. So much is going on—so busy—that I think a lot is lost in the end product—what the eye can actually comprehend. Of course, that "is" the whole visual point of Oriental tattoos, but it's really not to my taste.

REX: Now let's get to the nitty-gritty: How difficult is it to get a tattoo on your cock?

MAD DOG: A cock is difficult to tattoo because you're working with entirely different skin tissue from the rest of the body. It depends where on the shaft you're working as to just how painful the process can be; the further out you get towards the head the more painful it becomes, and also the more difficult it is to do. You're dealing with very spongy tissue. One of the questions I'm always asked is does the cock have to be erect in order to be tattooed, to which the answer is "no." For initial drawings or putting on the transfer an erection is certainly helpful. That's one of the fun parts; helping the person through this process. But otherwise there's also a method of folding the cock over the fingers—stretching it out for tattooing. It also takes longer for cock skin to accept inks and certain kinds of colors. If a person is cut, the area of the circumcision scar tends to be very sensitive and the corona of the head is also difficult to work around. That sort of makes a person squirm around in his seat!

REX: How do people contact you?

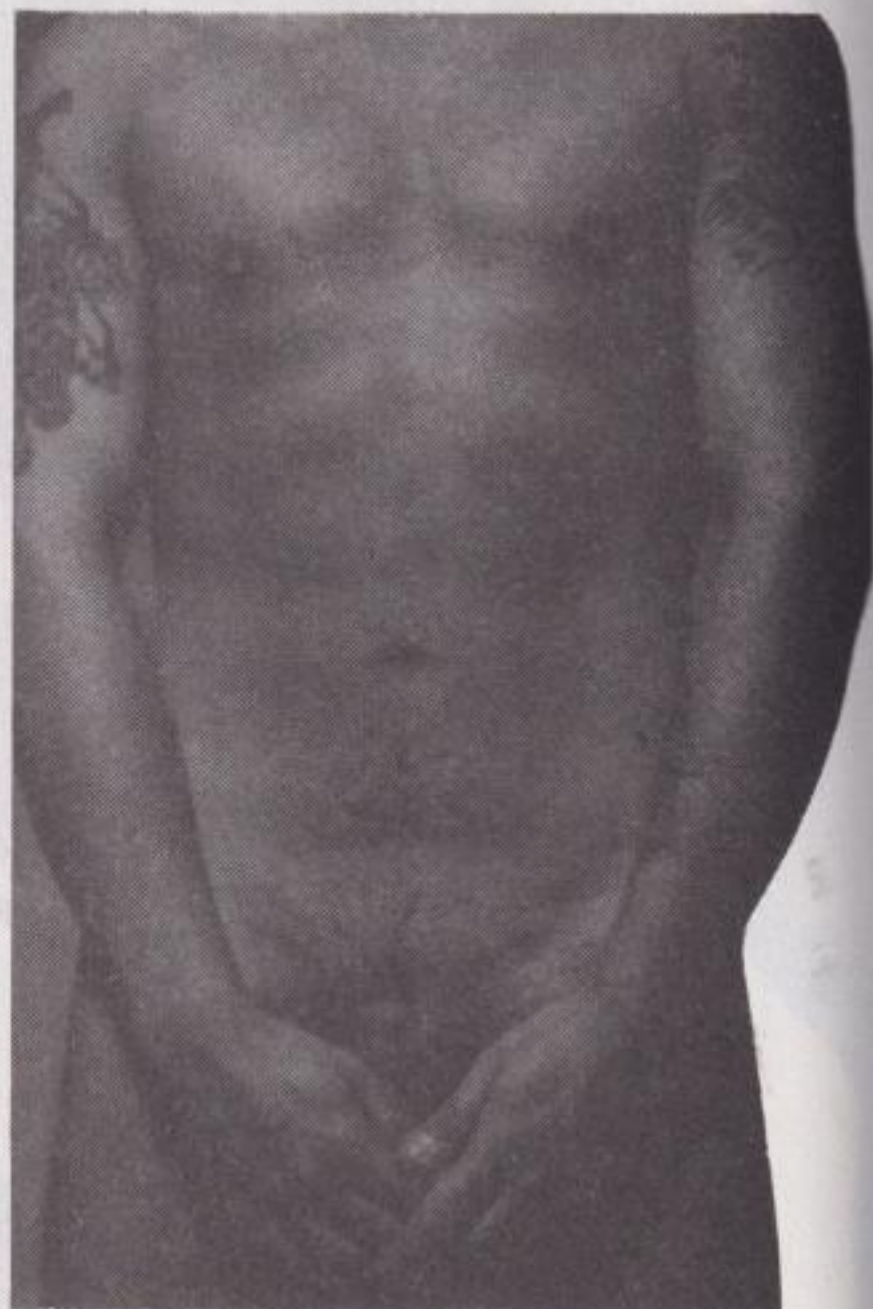
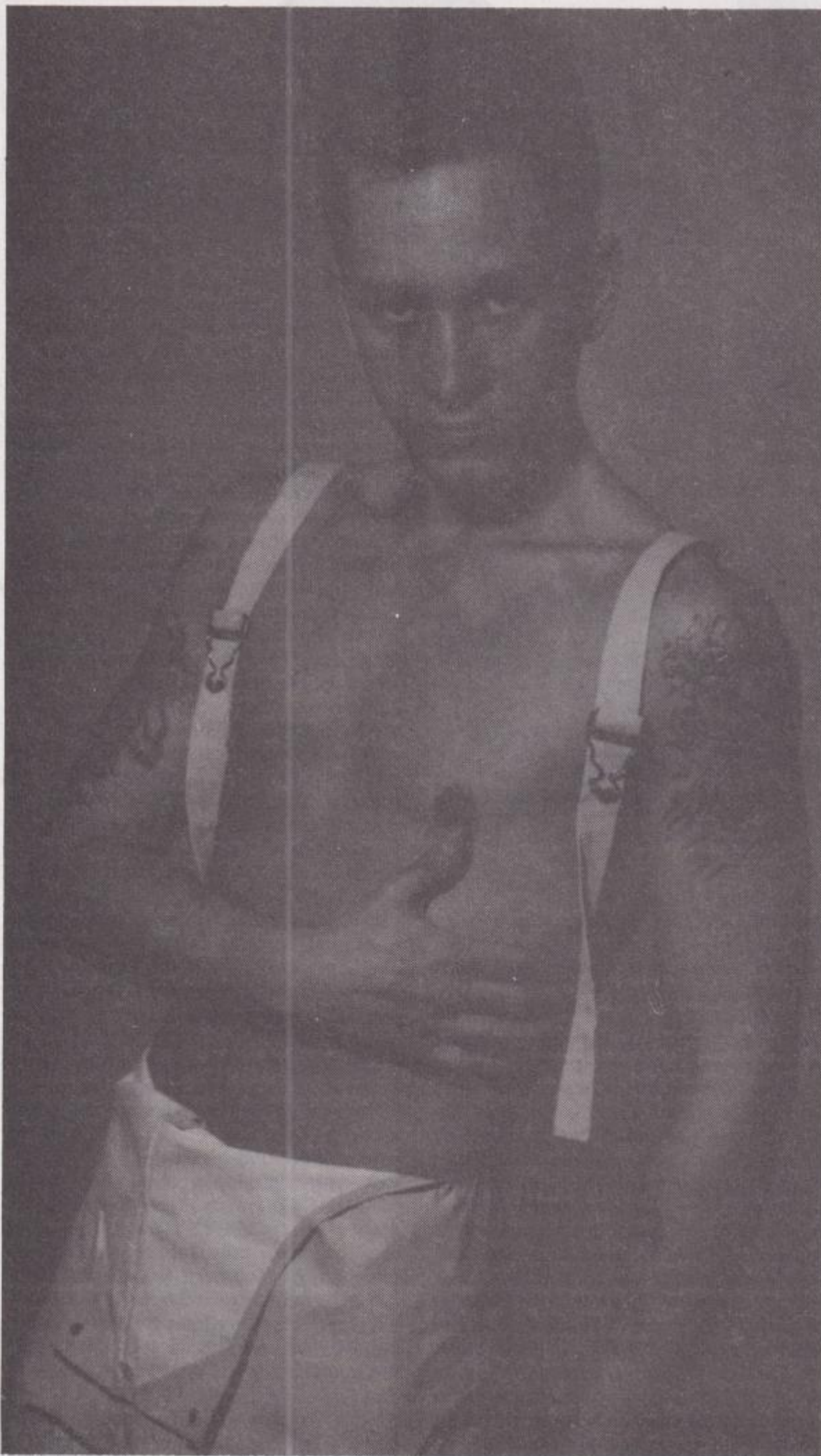
MAD DOG: I'm available by appointment only, at (415) 552-1297. I either go to their house or they can come to mine. Generally I go to theirs. All my equipment is very portable; I arrive with two little cases, set it up in about twenty minutes and we're ready to go. Or you can contact me by mail at 584 Castro Street, Box 112, San Francisco, CA 94114.

REX: What do you dislike the most about being a Tattooist?

MAD DOG: Cleaning up the instruments.

TATTOO

TOUGH CUSTOMER

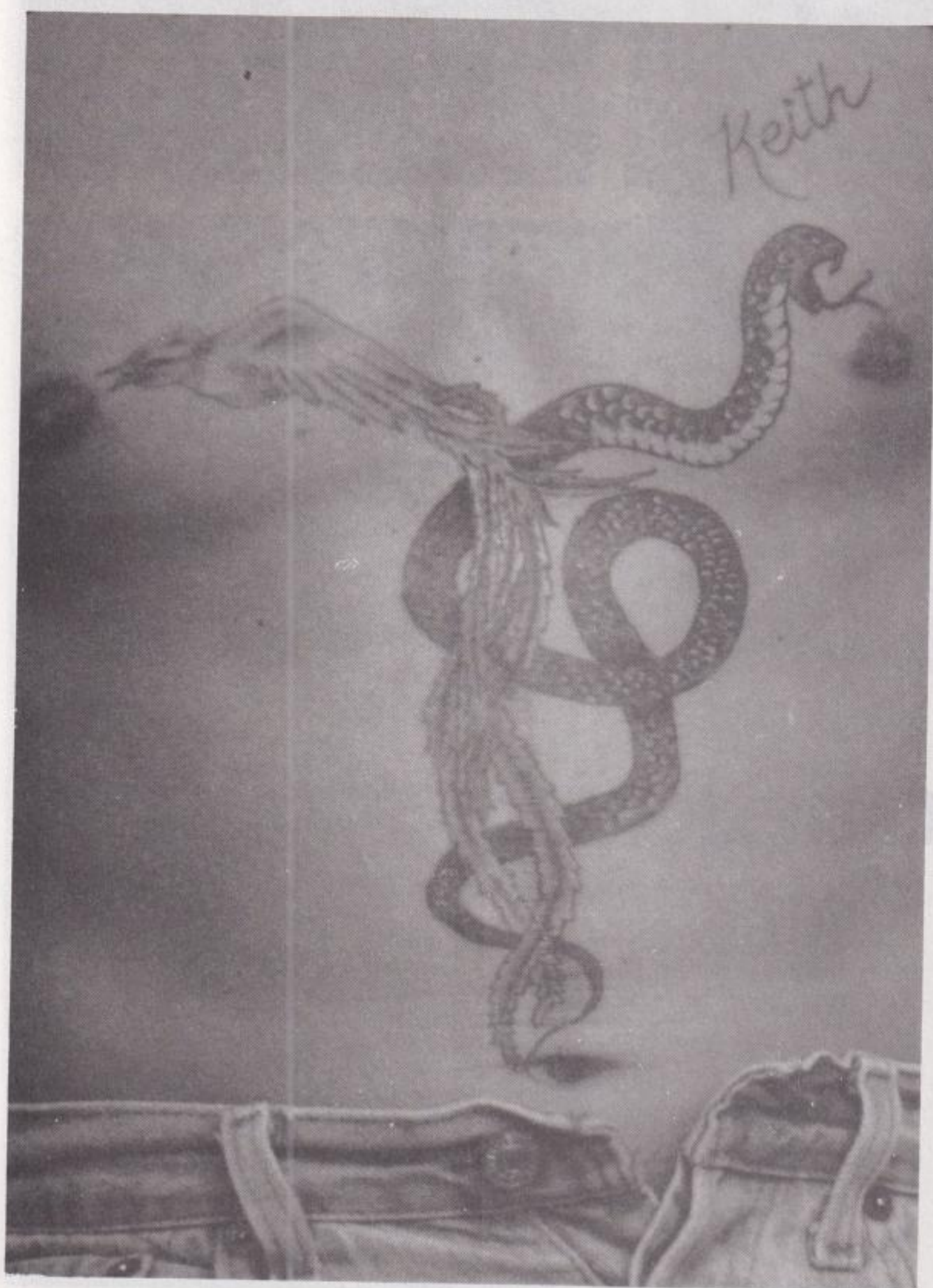


A TOUGH TATTOOED PAIR TO PLEASE

Top buddy has brown hair and eyes. He is 5'9", 150 lbs. lean, well-defined and very tattooed, and 25 years old. You should see the snake running down the middle of his 8" dick! Bottom buddy has blond hair and blue eyes, 5'10", 165 lbs. with beefy tattooed butt that loves to get fucked. If you live in or visit the San Francisco area and have a huge cock (send nude photo) and are man enough to help snake dick double-fuck blonde boy, they'd love to hear from you. Tops only, blacks very welcome. Write to TC 1250.

COLORFUL TOUCH-UP

Photos by Scott O'Hara



Keith Hughes, the superhot co-owner of Sparks Tavern in Seattle, Washington, already had his tattoo but decided to add color to the "snake and bird of paradise" design. The flowing color was expertly completed by tattooist LaMar Van Dyke of Seattle. □



BOSS TATTOO DESIGNS

by Robin Steel

I needed information about tattoos, so I looked around the house and found a ragged set of the 1947 Encyclopedia Britannica. The set was old but the printing was quite clear—refer to *Mutilations and Deformations*. I leered at the page and sourced the proper book. I've got tattoos, they aren't ugly or demeaning, nor did I have them done to reflect rebellion or a repressed self-destructive nature—I like 'em!

In New Zealand a seafaring civilization called the Maori, so named after a famous chief circa the 14th Century, began designing and executing elaborate tattoos to be sported on their faces. This was seen by

world rompers and admired by many as the "art" of this quaint little people. Tattoos were soon discovered to be prevalent in China, Borneo, and India.

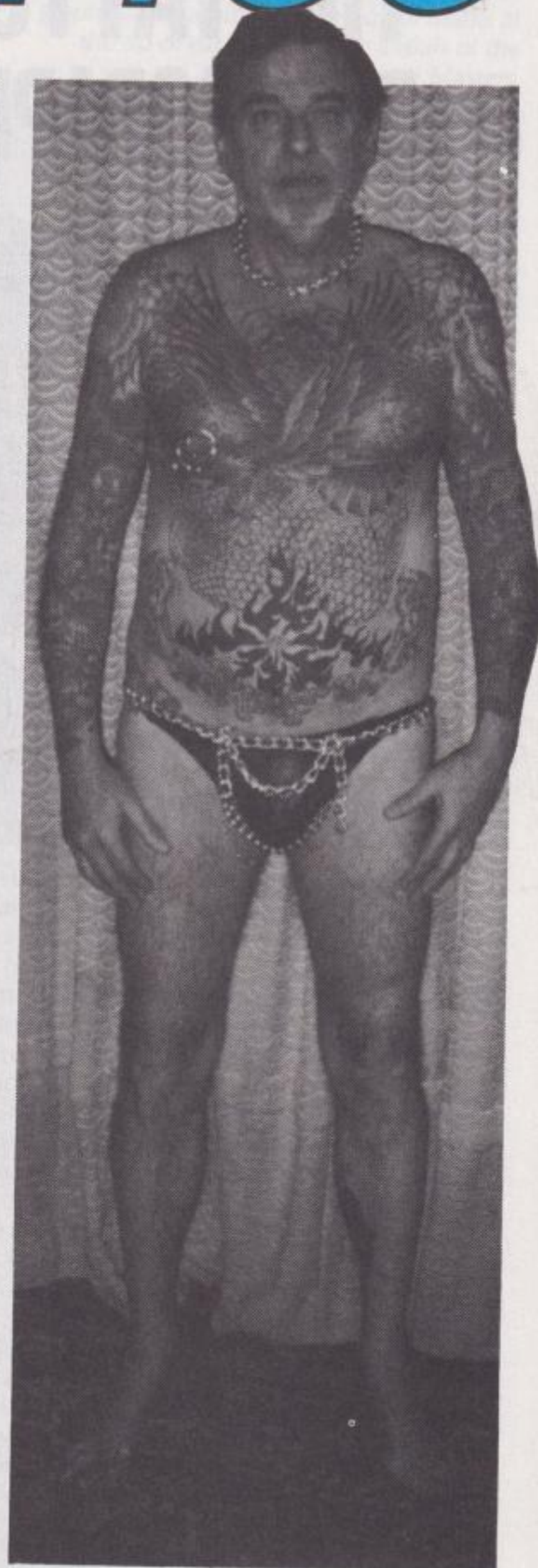
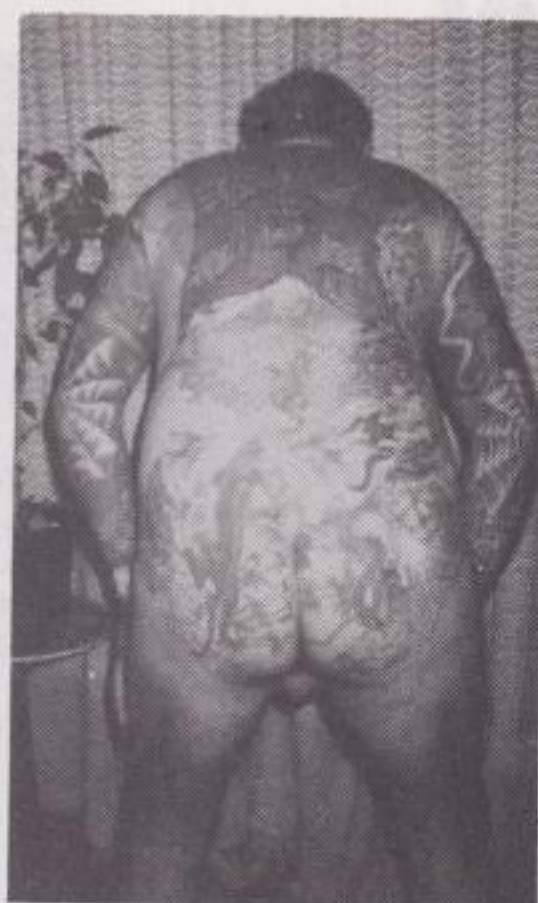
Those who "discovered" tattooing mutilations were mainly sailors who, either drunk or on a dare, invariably took samples and souvenirs home to Europe. At first viewed as repulsive, tattoos became the "new wave" look and gained a dark admiration. The bearer of a tattoo was often thought of as a "tough guy" or the frilly "debonair rogue."

Today tattoo parlors are abundant upon

almost every continent. The tattoo has become a form of self-expression, a conversation piece or "body art." I got tattoos because I liked 'em at the time I got 'em, and I haven't ever liked 'em any less. That's good, because I've got to keep 'em for a long time!

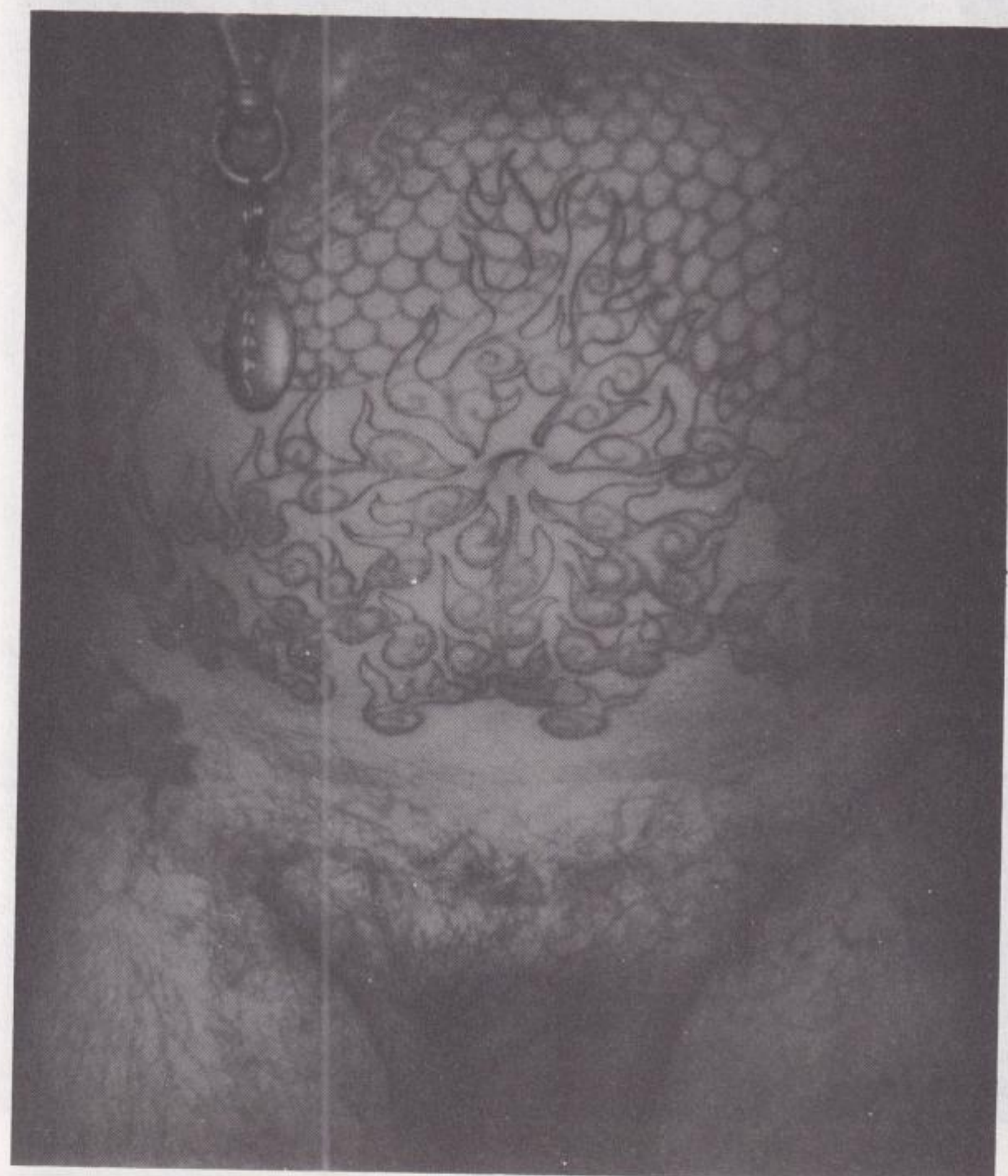
I'm going to get more tattoos, and I'm fortunate to be able to have my next tattoos designed by a guy who really knows his art. There are many great tattoo artists, and you've probably already heard of most of them. Now let me turn you on to the BOSS!

TATTOO TOUGH CUSTOMER

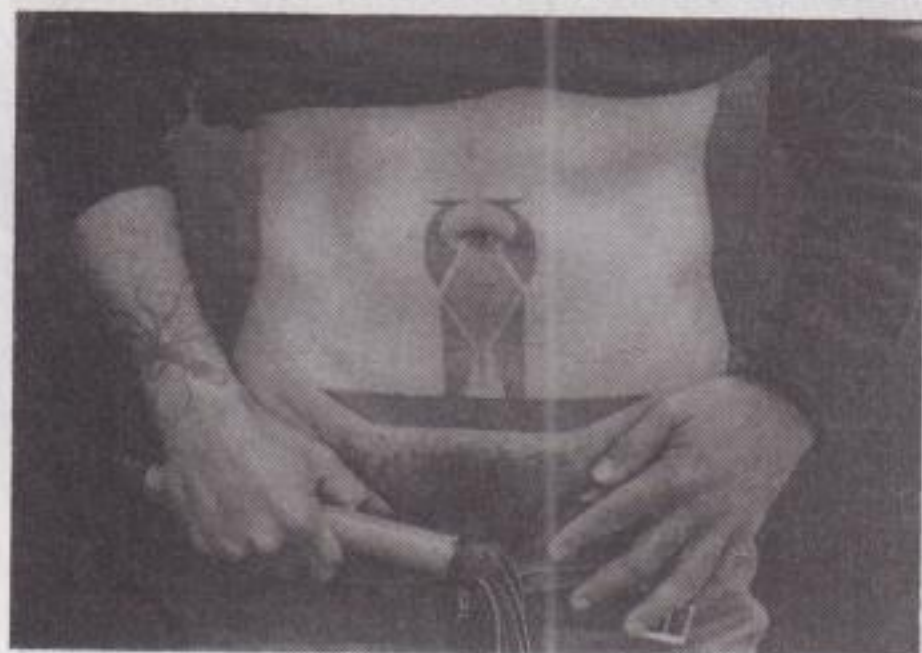


SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED MAN

This ex-New Yorker has recently begun having his collection of flash tattoos coordinated into a complete body design by Cliff Raven and Bruce Lee. He has multiple piercings and has begun genital modification. He is interested in contact with men into similar trips and has a curiosity concerning electricity. Contact TC 1248.

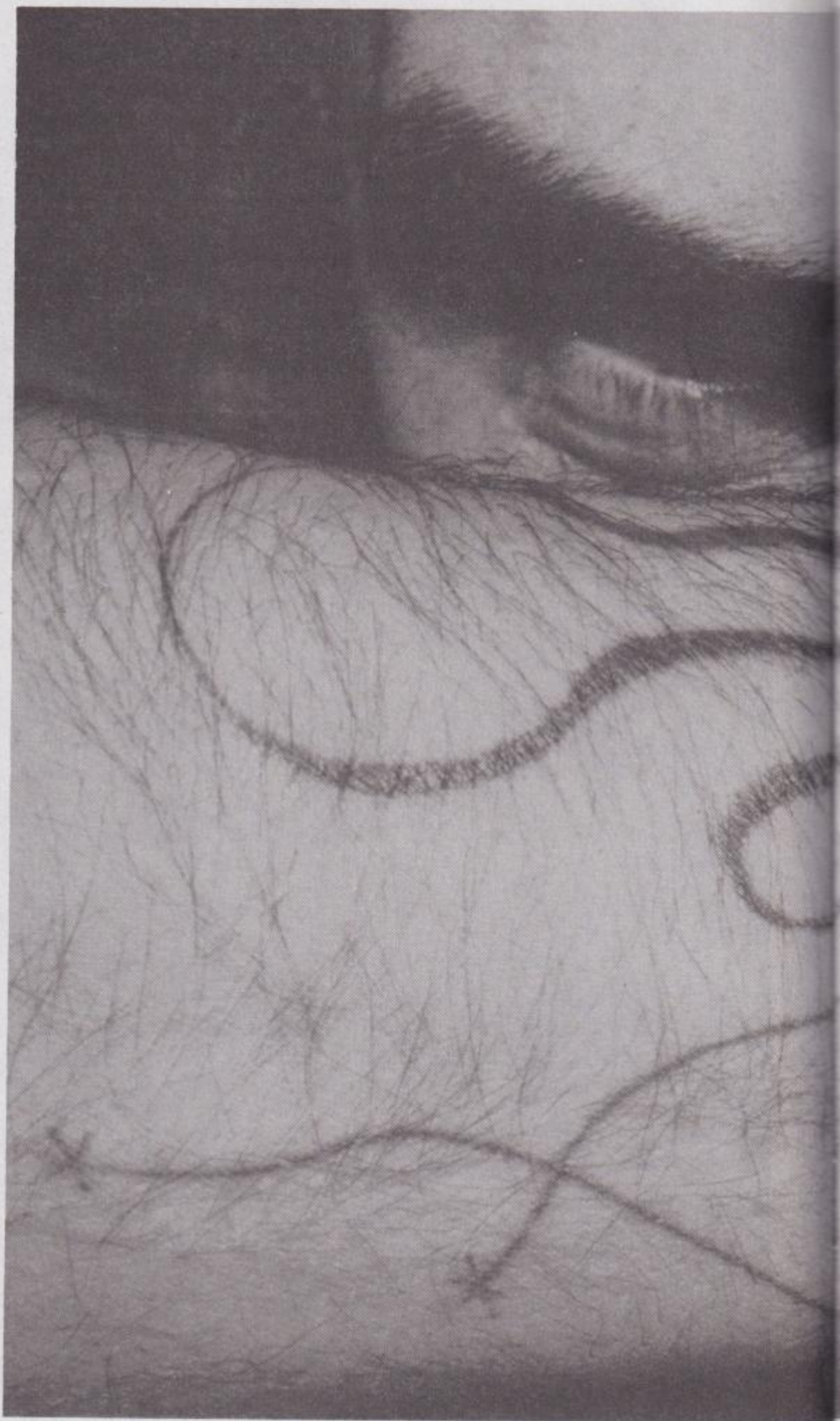


The TATTOO PHOTOGRAPHY of Charles Gatewood



Charles Gatewood is a sociologist who has chosen to study the fringe cultures of the US instead of traveling to Samoa or the Amazon. Tattooing is a central theme that runs through his work. Bikers predominate, and many of his videos and still photos are filled with Harley riders and their mamas, but he also makes quite significant journeys into the world of erotic tattoo enthusiasts, gay, straight, and bi. From there, he has been led by tattoo people into the body piercing scene and on to the fringes of S/M.

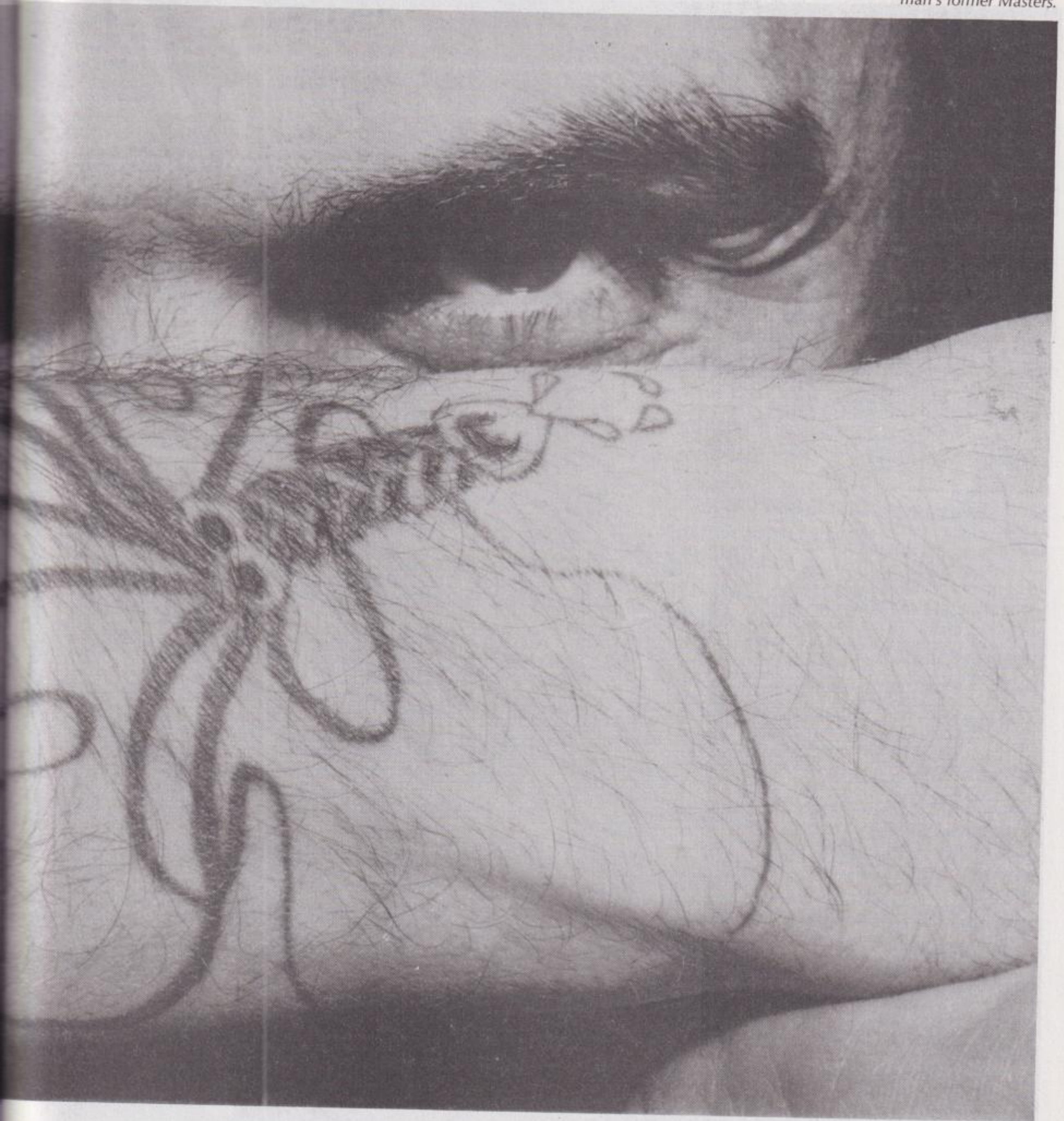
Dances Sacred and Profane is a remarkable video about Gatewood's work. It explores his interests in tattooed people, in Mardi Gras revelers, in bikers, etc. But it reaches its climax with his documentation of Fakir Musafar's rituals of pain-induced transcendental experience. In the commercial movie *A Man Called Horse*, we witnessed an Indian religious ceremony in which a man was suspended by pins run through the flesh of his chest; in that movie's sequel, *Return of A Man Called Horse*, several men participate in a ceremony in which a hook is inserted in the flesh of the chest and they dance and blow whistles as they pull against the tethered piercing for hours until it rips free. Fakir Musafar repeats both of these rituals, the latter (with the assistance of Jim Ward) as prelude to the former, as Gatewood watches, interviews, and records.



TATTOO

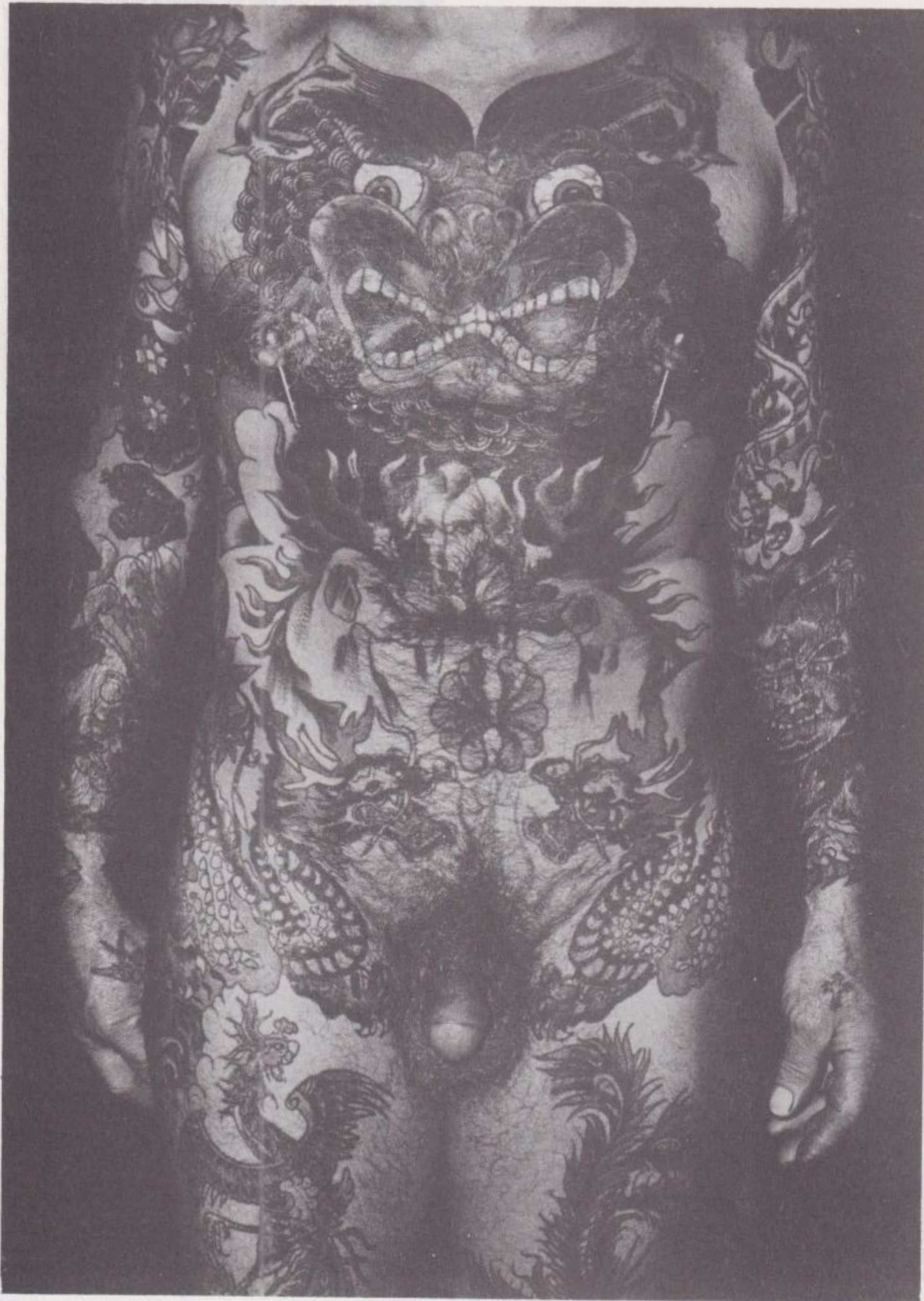
PORTFOLIO

COMPELLING: This has always been one of our favorite Gatewood photographs. The eyes and the squid-whip-spurting cock tattoo combine for great power. But we like it even more since watching Forbidden Photographs and learning that the small marks at the tip of each tail are the initials of the man's former Masters.



TATTOO

PORTFOLIO



TATTOO PORTFOLIO



Erotic Tattooing and Body Piercing is a documentary by Gatewood which centers around a special meeting of the Tattoo and Body Arts Society of New York, a gathering of over one hundred piercing and tattoo enthusiasts. Featured speaker Jim Ward, of Gauntlet Enterprises and *P.F.I.Q. Magazine*, presents an astounding slide show of body piercing around the world. Afterwards many heavily tattooed and pierced men and women share their feelings about the special magic, ritual, and fantasy of body arts.

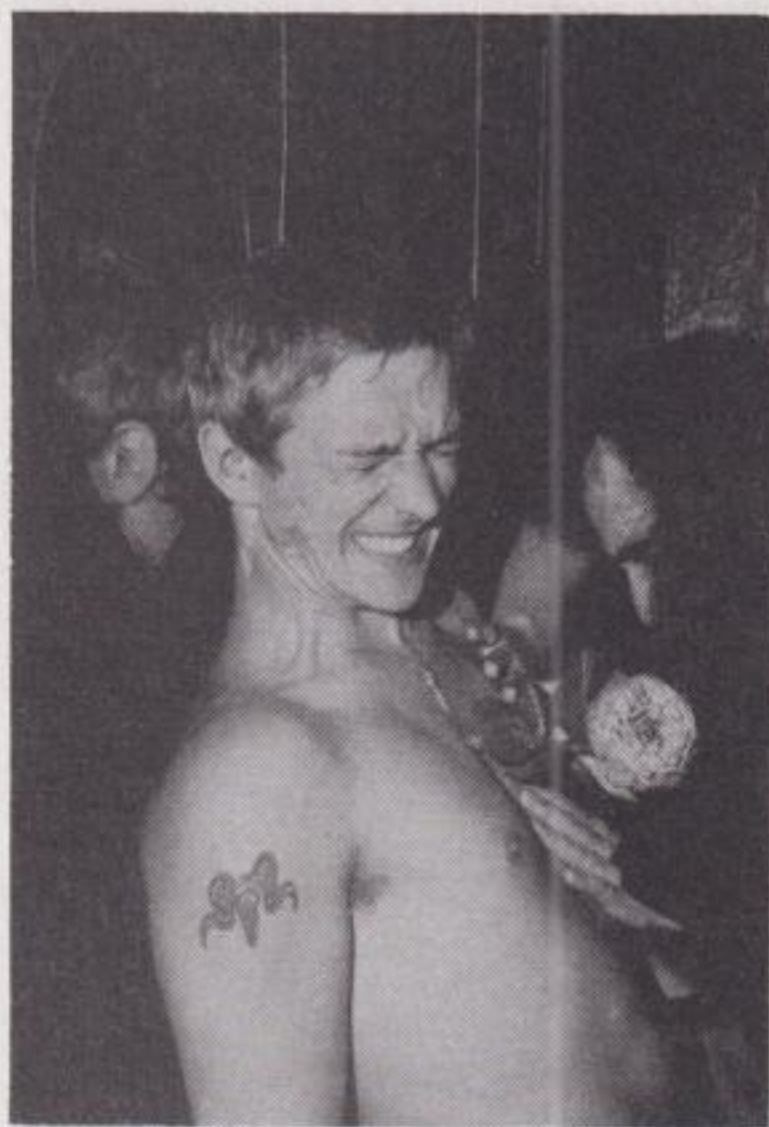
Forbidden Photographs is a guided tour by Gatewood through his vast photo collection, often breaking from a still photo into a video clip of the same subject. The tour leads from the Hellfire Club of New York through Forbidden Tattoos, Pierced Genitals, Naked City, Mardi Gras Madness, and various scenes featuring Annie Sprinkle, Spider Webb, Fakir Musafar, and Gatewood himself. The photos themselves are fascinating, and Gatewood's commentary brings them even more to life.

Tattoos for Bikers is a documentary shot at the Daytona Beach Harley-Davidson gathering, the world's largest Biker Bash. It concentrates on the bikers' tattoos while showing snippets of bike contests and other activities. Gatewood gets these real-life bikers to strip off their shirts (and occasionally drop their pants), and talk about what their tattoos mean to them.

Charles Gatewood's company, Flash Productions, sells these and other videos and books about tattooing. *Erotic Tattooing and Body Piercing* is 60 minutes for \$49.95; *Forbidden Photographs* is 100 minutes for \$49.95; *Tattoos for Bikers* is 56 minutes for \$39.95. Include \$2 per tape for S&H. Flash Productions, Box 745, Woodstock, NY 12498. Tell them Drummer sent you. □

TATTOO

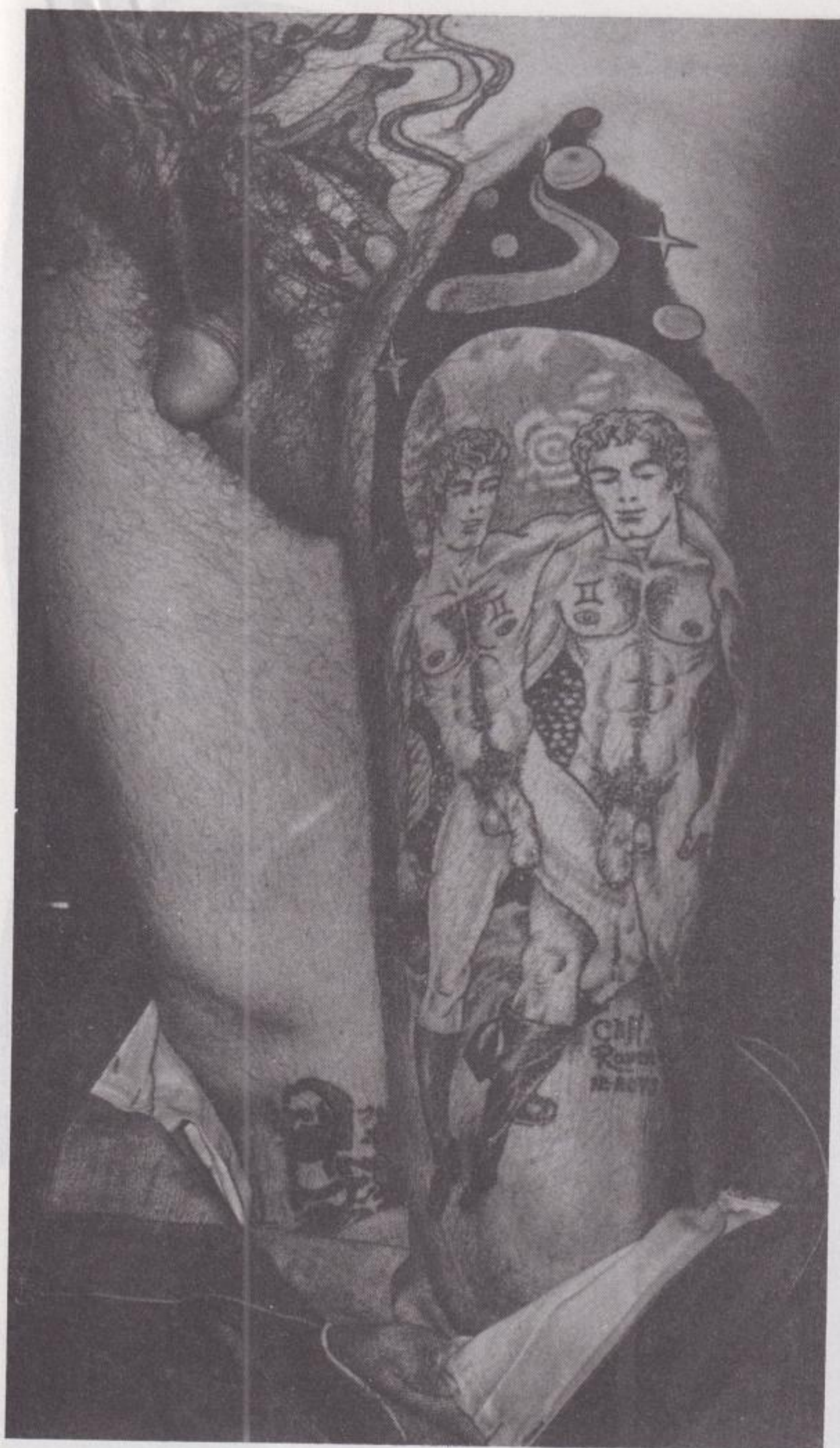
PORTFOLIO



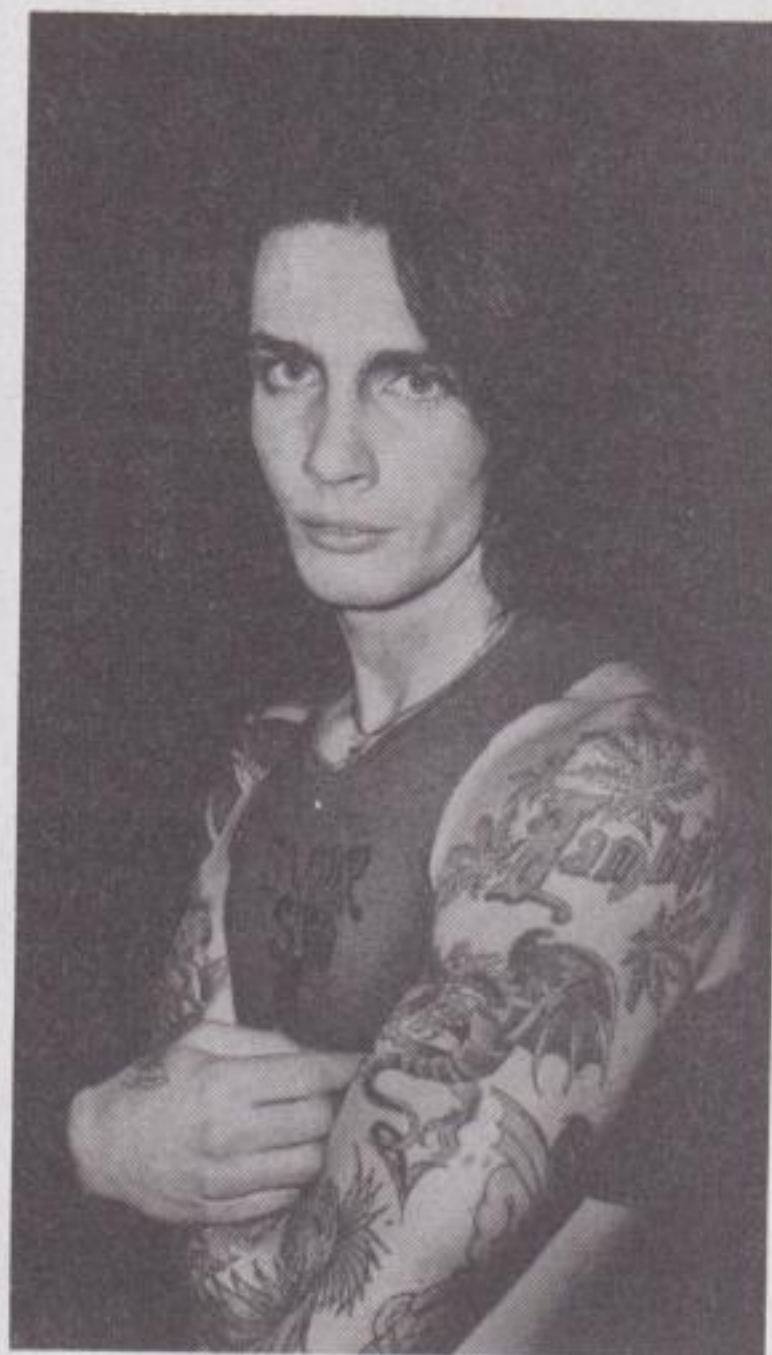
THE ROSE TATTOO: In the photo above renowned tattoo artist Spider Webb administers a tattoo using the thorns of a rose as his needle. The wonderful look on the subject's face makes it obvious that the thorns hurt more than regular tattoo needles.



TATTOO PORTFOLIO



CLIFF RAVEN: One of the best known, if not THE best known, tattoo artist in the gay community is Cliff Raven. Many of the tattoos in this issue were done by Cliff, or by one of his specially selected associates at his studio in Los Angeles. In fact I would wager that most of the tattoos you have seen in Drummer over the years have come from the Cliff Raven studios. Drummer #8 featured Cliff decorating Val Martin's body with a magnificent temporary tattoo.



TATTOO

PORTFOLIO



TATTOO RESOURCES

Based primarily upon a list prepared by Rick DiOrio, Thor Stockman and others for a GMSMA program on Tattoos and the men who wear them.

General

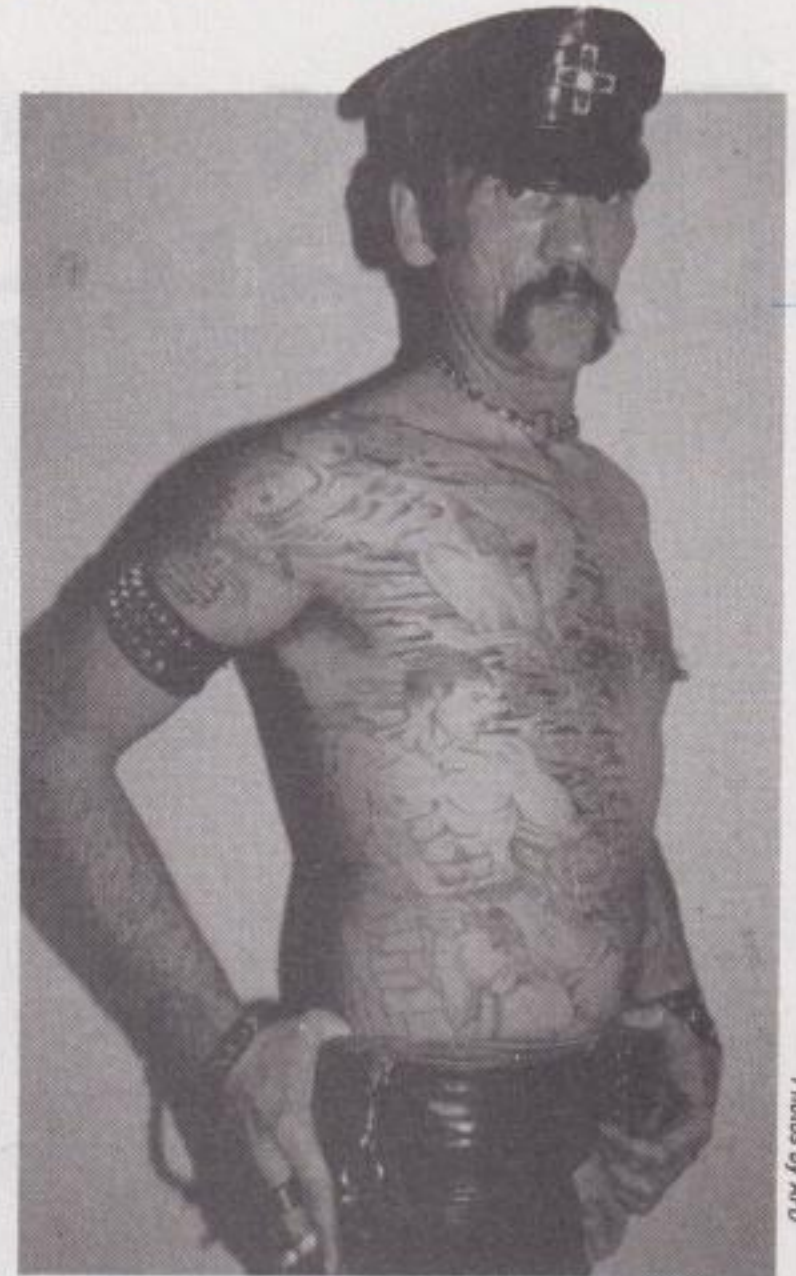
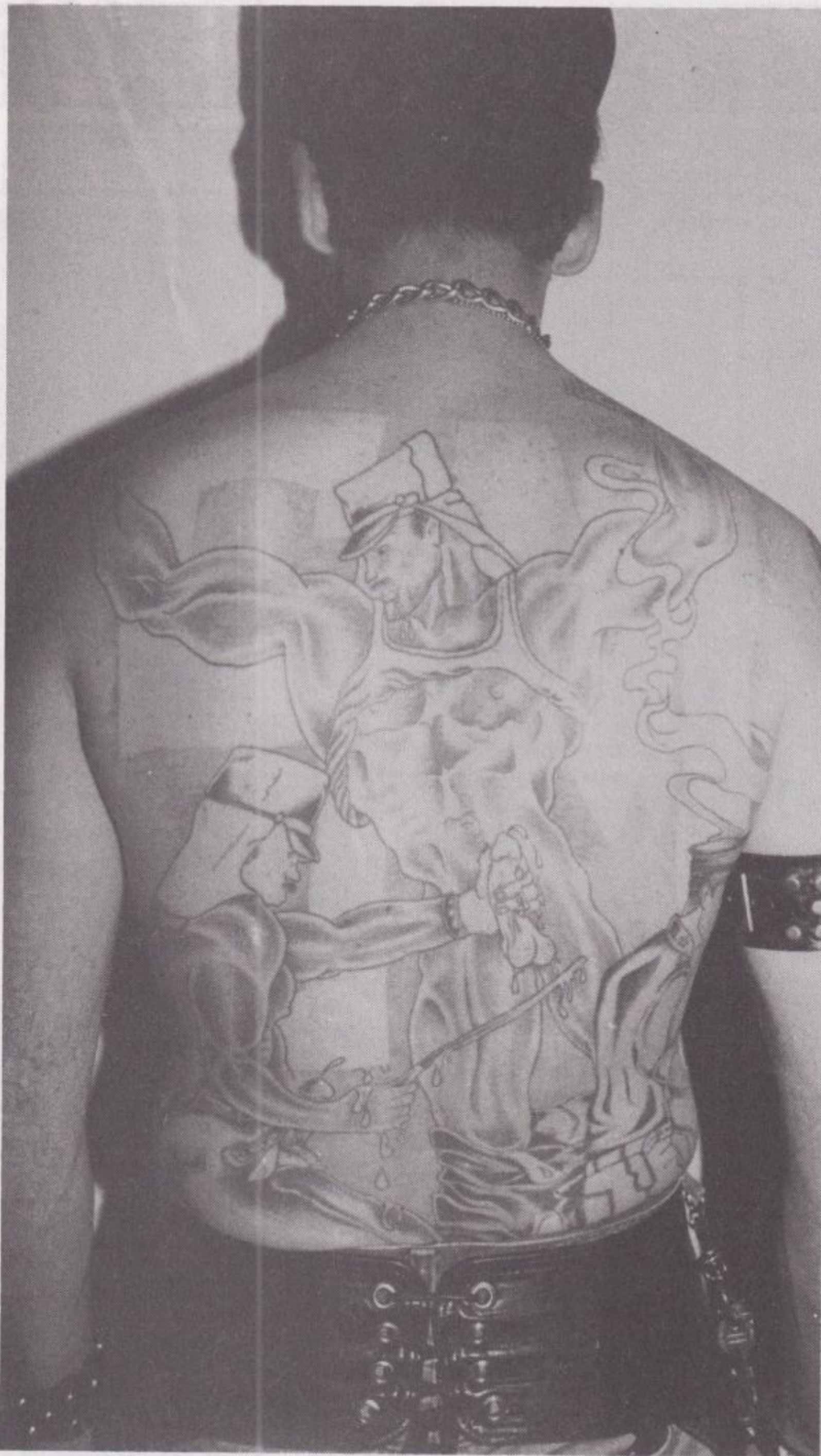


Spaulding Rogers: THE supplier of tattoo paraphernalia: books, equipment, flash, inks, etc. is Spaulding Rogers, Rt. 85 New Scotland Road, Voorheesville, NY 12186. 518/768-2070.

Flash Productions: Videos and Books. Charles Gatewood's company. See info on previous page.

(Continued on page 56)

TATTOO TOUGH CUSTOMER



Photos by AFD

CAVELO IMMORTALIZED IN LIVING FLESH: Completely covered with renderings of various Cavelo drawings, this TC was showing off his body art at the 1985 "Rites of Manhood" run jointly sponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild, Knights Templar, and VASM. Cavelo's drawings originally appeared in the Cavelo Portfolio published by Zeus.



Drawing by Cavelo

TATTOO

FETISH FEATURE

RICK DIORIO

Photos by John Kenny

My first experience with tattoos was with my first lover. He had been in the Navy but had never been tattooed. We often got off on having scenes with tattooed guys. On a trip to Halifax we had seen a tattoo shop while on tour. We went back there on our own. It was an old place and the walls were covered with all kinds of "flash" (predesigned tattoo stencils) of hula girls, eagles, "moms," etc. He chose an old ship. The artist cleaned his arm, put a layer of vaseline on, and laid the stencil on it. Rubbing it with ink left the outline of the ship. My lover was scared shitless by now. The artist drew the first line and turned to dip his needle in the ink. I told my lover he could stop if he wanted. He said, "What? And go through life with one line across my arm? I'd rather have a whole tattoo." The final tattoo was a beautiful large clipper with big sails and small seagulls all around. My lover was very relieved when it was over. I asked the artist which was the most interesting part of the body he had ever tattooed. He said he had done a butterfly on the head of someone's dick. Coincidentally, that guy worked at a bar nearby! We went there, had some drinks, and tried to convince him to show it. He finally said, "I don't show my pecker to just anybody!"

When my lover and I would go cruising together, he would roll up his sleeve so part of the tattoo would show. It was very effective for meeting people. I doubted then that I would ever get one. That was 15 years ago. My lover and I broke up after a few years, but the tattooing interest persisted. Tattooing is illegal here in New York City, and knowing few people made it difficult to get information. Finally, as a 35th birthday present to myself, I decided to do it. My plan was to get two fish on my arm, representing Pisces, about the size of a quarter. On the fateful day, the first design was sketched, and we decided to make it a bit larger. Halfway through, I knew this was only the beginning. I was hooked! Both the tattoo and the act felt erotic and sensual. The process of letting someone put their mark on you and enduring the pain was part of what led to

the final goal.

I was now with my new Daddy/Master (we've been together for 2 years), and with his approval we added water, then a carp and coral to my shoulder. I like the Japanese style of very bright colors and fine details. Then came a large backpiece with a lion fish and two Japanese fighting fish. Still later, down the other arm, we put a sea horse and other bits of sea life. Finally (for now!), a dragonfly was placed skimming the water on my back.

I get off very much on showing my tattoos when asked. Most people who are seriously into tattooing, whether they are gay or straight, don't think twice about showing their tattoos, wherever they may be. I've developed a strong friendship with my tattoo artist, and feel proud to be wearing his art on my body. For me, being tattooed has been a great ego booster and conversation starter, and represents a rite of passage. My Daddy really enjoys my tattoos too. I have no regrets and intend to keep going. I'm only sorry it took me 15 years to get started! □



TATTOO

FETISH FEATURE





MOVIES

CELLS AND CAGES IN THE "NIGHT ZOO"

Stick's answering machine says he's out of town for a while, but he's actually in prison. There he receives a "singing telegram" in the form of a body-builder who rapes him violently with the help of a guard. Cowering and listening in another cell is a blond American who looks something like George ("I Want Your Sex") Michael. He seems to be feeling Stick's pain.

Night Zoo (Un Zoo la Nuit) is gay Canadian Jean-Claude Lauzon's first feature. It has enough good moments to have been shown in festivals from Cannes to Boston to Mill Valley to Toronto, and to be Canada's entry for this year's Best Foreign Language Film Oscar; but it suffers from familiarity, especially when everything it copies has been done better elsewhere.

Gilles Maheu, who plays Stick, looks like Anthony Quinn approaching middle age. The sleeveless black t-shirt he wears through most of the picture reveals adequate musculature but nothing to die for.

Marcel—Stick's real name—is paroled after two years with a goodbye kiss from Blondie, and goes out looking for trouble. He finds it in a cafe where Georges (Lorne Brass) tries to pick him up. Marcel goes with Georges to the toilet and beats

the shit out of him at gunpoint.

As luck would have it, Georges turns out to be not only a cop but the new partner of Marcel's old partner-in-crime. Stick owes them money from the drug deal he went up for—the prison rape was just a gentle reminder. They follow him all over Montreal and hassle him constantly, supposedly only on their lunch hour.

Just so we don't get the idea Marcel's queer or anything, he picks up his old girlfriend. They slap each other around a little, then ride his bike to a dock where he fucks her standing up. That's the last we see of her—the movie's met its hetero quota.

Stick goes to visit Blondie, who's on the verge of getting out. They whisper their plans, and we hear Blondie saying, "No fag will be able to resist me." He speaks in English with French subtitles while Marcel and the cops do the reverse.

Later the blond, looking hot in black leather, picks Georges up and leads him to a planned ambush at the Hotel Bangkok. Georges gags him with a necktie and kisses him. By the time Marcel arrives Blondie complains, "That pig tried to fuck me twice." (But which verb does "twice" refer to, "tried" or "fuck"? Everybody gets one shot?) Blondie goes back to Nebraska—the movie's met its homo quota.

The sex and violence described above is the meat of a subplot that makes up less than half of *Night Zoo*. What it's really about is the reconciliation between Marcel and his father (Roger Le Bel). Dad is always argumentative or self-pitying, and Marcel has pretty much ignored the old guy all his life, so we don't feel much for either of them. For no apparent reason—maybe it's Father's Day or maybe it's because Pop found the money and cocaine he had stashed—Marcel agrees to fishing with Dear Old Dad.

This brings them closer together. They get closer yet when the father, now hospitalized, wants to go hunting. Marcel gets him high and takes him to the zoo to get a shot at an elephant. At last, having done with normal gay and straight sex, the movie's final image suggests incestuous necrophilia.

Fathers and sons who feel guilty about their own relationships may want to see *Night Zoo* together, but they'll be embarrassed by the rough stuff. Thrill seekers can find better action pictures at any drive-in.

That leaves the gay content as the only reason for seeing this movie, so a little bit of consensual, nonexploitative sex would have been nice. If your fantasies run rugged, the jail-house rape and tearoom scenes will give you a momentary kick.

—Steve Warren

(Continued from page 52)

TATTOO RESOURCES

Based primarily upon a list prepared by Rick DiOrio, Thor Stockman and others for a GMSMA program on Tattoos and the men who wear them.

Books

Art, Sex, and Symbol: The Mystery of Tattooing, by R. W. B. Scutt and Christopher Gotch, revised 2nd edition, Cornwall Books, 1986. Covers every aspect—historical, sociological, technical, psychological and physiological—of tattooing practiced worldwide. Includes illustrated chapters on sexual aspects of tattooing, genital tattoos, and how tattooing has been used as a torture and punishment in history. If you purchase only one book for information about tattooing, this should be it.

Chapters from an Autobiography, by Samuel M. Steward, Grey Fox Press, 1981. Not a book solely about tattoos, but recommended here for Steward's fascinating account of his years as a tattoo artist (under the name Phil Sparrow), in between lives as a homosexual literary starfucker (in Gertrude Stein's circle) and a gay S/M porn writer (under the name Phil Andros).

Forbidden Photographs, by Charles Gatewood, Flash Publications, 82 pages 41 plates. Published in a limited edition of 1,000 signed and numbered copies, this book is nearly out of print. It is now available only from Flash, Box 745, Woodstock NY 12498. \$49.95 + \$2.00 S&H.

The Japanese Tattoo, by Sandi Fellman. A collection of tradi-

tional Japanese tattoos accompanied by enlightening, well written text. Now available as a trade paperback, \$19.95.

Tattoo: Pigments of Imagination, by Chris Wroblewski, Alfred van der Marck Editions, 1987. Not for the squeamish, it includes some of the most imaginative and individualistic work done on the cutting edge of tattooing in the last 10 years. Also includes some authentic tribal and "new tribal" designs. Paperback \$15.95.



Tattoo, by Stefan Richter, Quartet Books, 1985. A stunning and expensive coffee-table book of modern tattoos, beautifully photographed in surprising contexts and poses.

The Tattooists, by Albert L. Morse, Albert L. Morse, 1977. A good general view of American tattooing, structured around portraits of and statements from most of the major tattooists in the US as of the mid-70s.

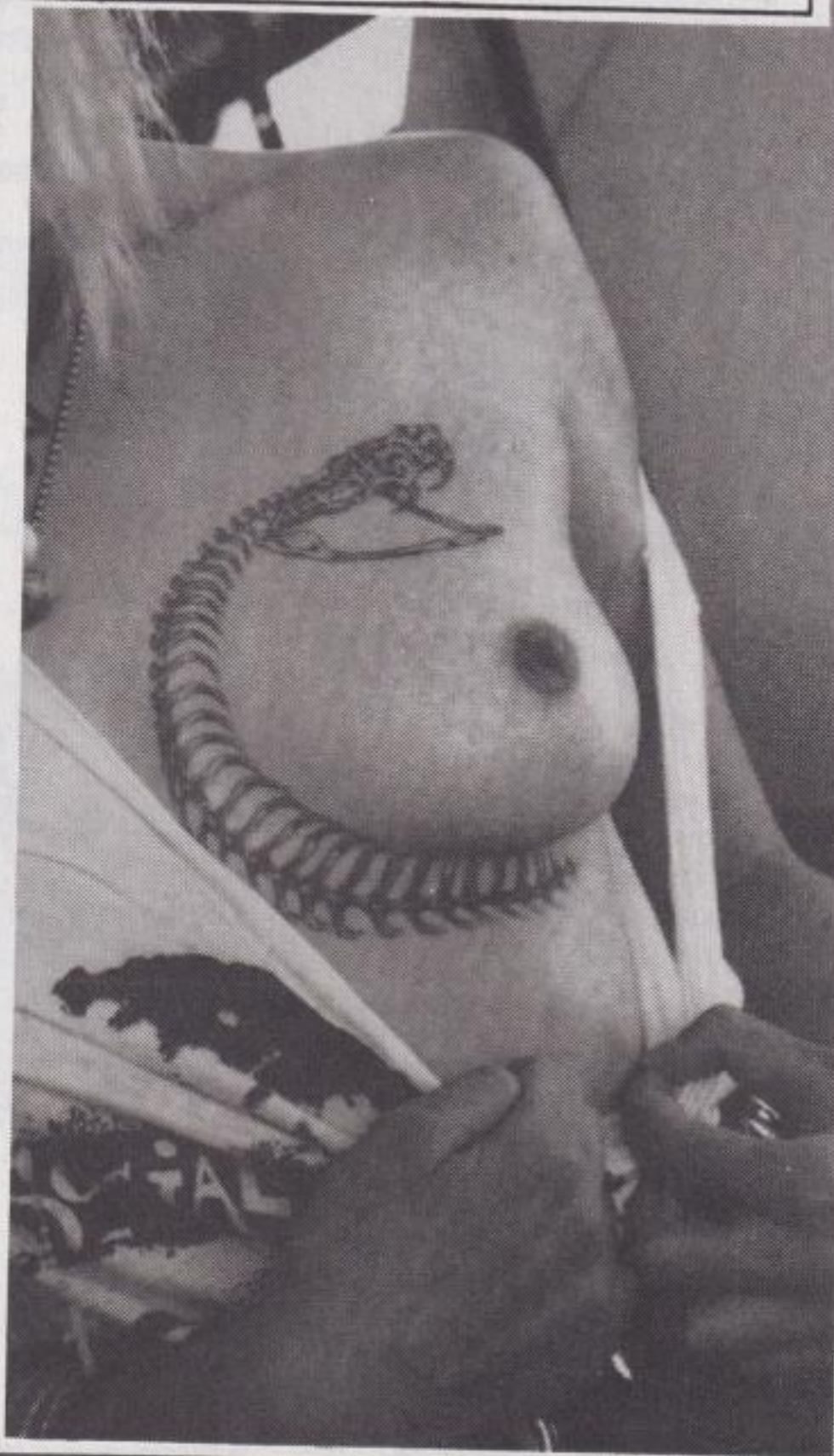
Magazines

Tattoo, the magazine of dermagraphics, PO Box 15107, Santa Ana, CA 92705. Published quarterly by *Biker Lifestyle Magazine*.

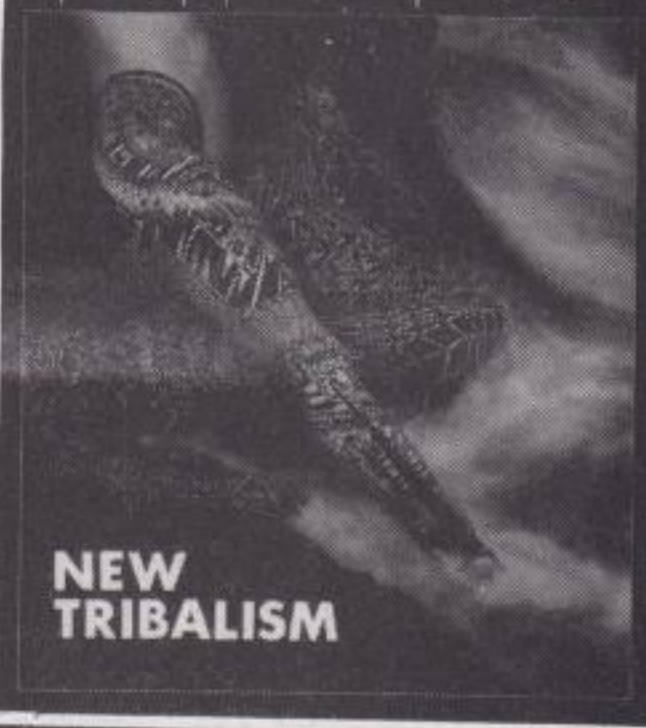
Tattoo Life, Rt 8, Box 44 L 48, Winchester, VA 22801

Tattootime, Tattootime Publications, Honolulu, HI. An annual now in its fourth year. Each issue contains excellent articles and photographs, from classic tattoo subjects and styles to newest work being done today. #1 is now out of print. #2 "Tattoo Magic" is \$10. #3 "Music & Sea Tattoos" is \$15. #4 "Life & Death Tattoos" is \$15.

Items listed above with prices are available from the Sandmutoy Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA. 415/978-5377. MC, Visa, AmEx accepted. Allow \$1.50 per book for S&H. □

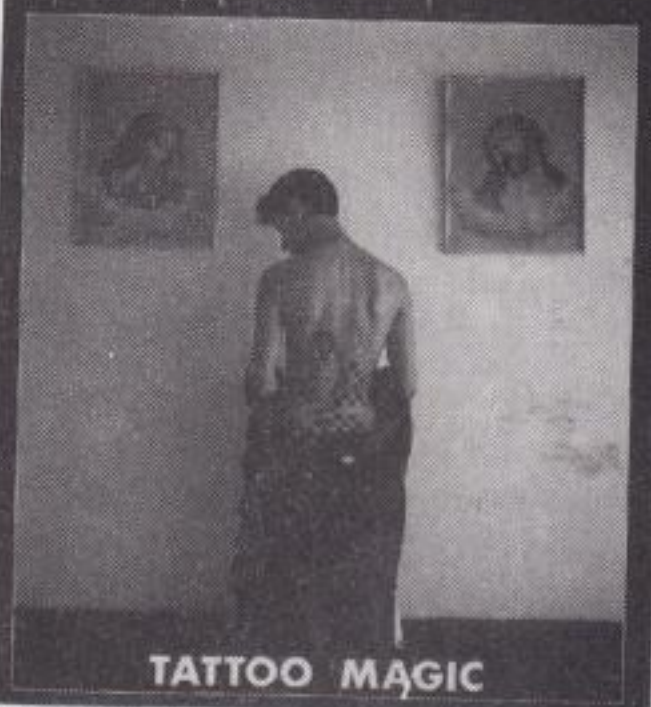


TATTOOTIME



NEW
TRIBALISM

TATTOOTIME



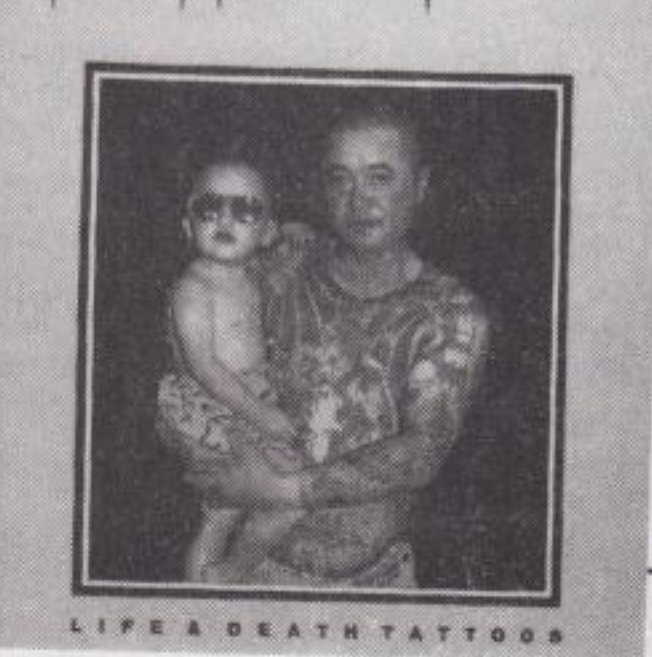
TATTOO MAGIC

TATTOOTIME



MUSIC & SEA TATTOOS

TATTOOTIME



LIFE & DEATH TATTOOS

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I read your column regularly, as well as most of the other major gay publications, and I am frankly puzzled over some of the cautions you (and others) give re: keeping your toys free of the AIDS virus. You tell us to take all of these elaborate measures to clean anything that might draw blood, even down to the prickles on some cock harnesses. Yet the best authorities seem to indicate that the virus can't survive for more than a few hours outside the body. Is all this nonsense really necessary?

Alex, Los Angeles, CA

Dear Alex,

Put yourself in the place of someone who is trying to give responsible advice, and maybe you'll understand why we recommend all these precautions. We are not advising on how to avoid a dose of clap that can be cured by a shot in the ass, or a bout of crabs that can be knocked off with flea spray. This disease is both deadly and incurable. If you take extraordinary measures to avoid it, that is far preferable to running even the slightest risk. I, for one, am not about to advise people "not to worry about it." Besides, the extra precautions should be observed, anyway, because there are all sorts of microorganisms that may be transmitted by dirty toys. If my advice helps someone avoid hepatitis or herpes, I don't think I'm doing him a disservice.

Dear Larry,

One of my greatest fascinations is with impalement. I know that you are knowledgeable on this, because I saw several stories and articles that you wrote a number of years ago—also noted somewhere that you had done a novel on Ivan the Terrible, when this sort of punishment was fairly common. AIDS considerations aside, is there any safe way to actually have a

scene involving impalement? Since I would like to be bottom in this situation, the safety factors are of particular concern. (And by "impalement" I mean being put up on a greased pole, or stake, so that you have to stand with the end up your ass, high enough that you can't lift yourself off, balancing yourself on tiptoes.) Shit, I'm getting a hard-on just writing this!

Pete, Dallas, TX

Dear Pete,

Since impalement was invented, apparently by the Mongols, as a punishment intended to result in a humiliating and painful death, it is not a game that is going to be safely played. I suppose you might lessen the odds by constructing a blunt-ended pole with a "stopper" on it, which would prevent it from entering your gut beyond 6" to 8". However, the entire situation is going to be fraught with peril, and I do not recommend it. Of course, I get a bit squeamish when I see some of the heavier electro-play and warm-weather mummification, as well; and these bottoms always seem to survive their ordeals. I am simply concerned that we not negate our own assertions that SM play can be safe and sane by engaging in foolhardy experimentation. Read on.

Dear Larry,

I have been around the SM scene for longer than I'd care to admit, and in the last few years I have attended a number of "runs" and parties put on by clubs in various parts of the country. In the course of this, I have seen a number of "exchanges" which I felt were downright dangerous, even though both Tops and bottoms seemed extremely competent, and no harm resulted from their behavior. I don't want to condemn what any other men may do, but it all makes me begin to wonder about your past assertions that the "ultimate" in SM is something other

than death. Isn't there a heavy "death wish" on the part of: (1) an elderly man who submits to a whipping that would test the endurance of an 18-year-old; or (2) a guy who permits himself to be sealed in a plaster cast with just his nose and genitals protruding, on a day when the temperature exceeds 90°; or (3) a middle-aged man who enjoys being suspended by his ankles and left hanging upside-down for half an hour or more? I could mention other examples, but I think these should be enough to make my point. I would really welcome your comments.

(Name and area withheld)

Dear Withheld:

Although you may be right in projecting a death-wish mentality onto a bottom who skirts disaster in some of his scenes, I can't help but compare his mental set with that of other guys who involve themselves in any number of asexual adventures which also expose them to deadly peril. Take, for instance, the case of a race car driver, or a mountain climber—to pick just a couple of the most obvious examples. Are these men exposing themselves to mortal danger because they subconsciously wish to die, or are they doing it to prove their own skills—perhaps their own immortality? I have a very ambivalent opinion on this subject, but in this I am certainly not alone. The psychological literature is full of diverse opinions. I'd say that whichever side you choose to take, you would have ample academic company.

Dear Larry,

Maybe I'm an old-fashioned, male chauvinist fairy, but it seems to me that the bastions of male-male exclusivity are being invaded by women—the very things we try to avoid in our gay lifestyles. Why do our "spokesmen" seem to be so willing for this to happen? I note in a recent meeting at GMSMA

in New York, there were women on the panel of speakers. (And one of them was an honorary member, I think.) When your *Leatherman's Handbook* was reviewed in the *Advocate*, it was a woman who did it. I go into one of our few remaining leatherbars, and what do I see? Cunt in leather! I think it's disgusting, and I know most of us feel the same way. I suppose the next thing will be a pussy tent at Inferno. (Better not print my name and address or some bull dyke will beat the shit out of me.)

Anonymous, Midwest

Dear Ano,

We are living in a changing world; there is no denying it, and if we don't accept the changes that we can't do anything about, we only make ourselves miserable. I know the women who were involved in the GMSMA meeting (one of whom was the gal who reviewed my book), and I have great respect for their knowledge and understanding of the SM scene. They are certainly not our enemies. To meet with women, particularly SM women, in either a social or academic setting should not bother any of us. (And to a large extent our bar hours are now more social than sexual.) When you go out into a public place, you always run the risk of exposure to people who affect you negatively. Since the women who seem to upset you are undoubtedly included at the invitation of other leathermen, your argument is really with them, not with the women themselves. The next time you run into a woman in a leatherbar, why not go up and talk to her? You might find she has something to offer.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.)



HI,
BARNEY!
HOW YA
DOING?

I GOTTA ASK A
FAVOUR, DRUM.
I'M NOT WELL,
EXHAUSTED IN
FACT! WOULD YOU
TAKE OVER MY
DELIVERIES FOR
TODAY SO I CAN
REST UP?



BARNEY RUNS HIS OWN
BUSINESS...A ONE MAN SHOW.
SO I'LL HELP OUT AND TAKE
OVER FOR HIM WHILE HE IS
SICK-GOT TO KEEP
THE SERVICE GOING!

A BIT OF
CAKE, THIS.
A FEW PARCELS TO
DELIVER-AND IT IS
DONE FOR THE
DAY... DON'T KNOW WHY
BARNEY MAKES SUCH
A FUSS ABOUT HIS WORK-
LOAD!

DRUM



RIGHT!
PACKAGE
No.1. MR LARGE
AT...



...MUSCLES
GYM...

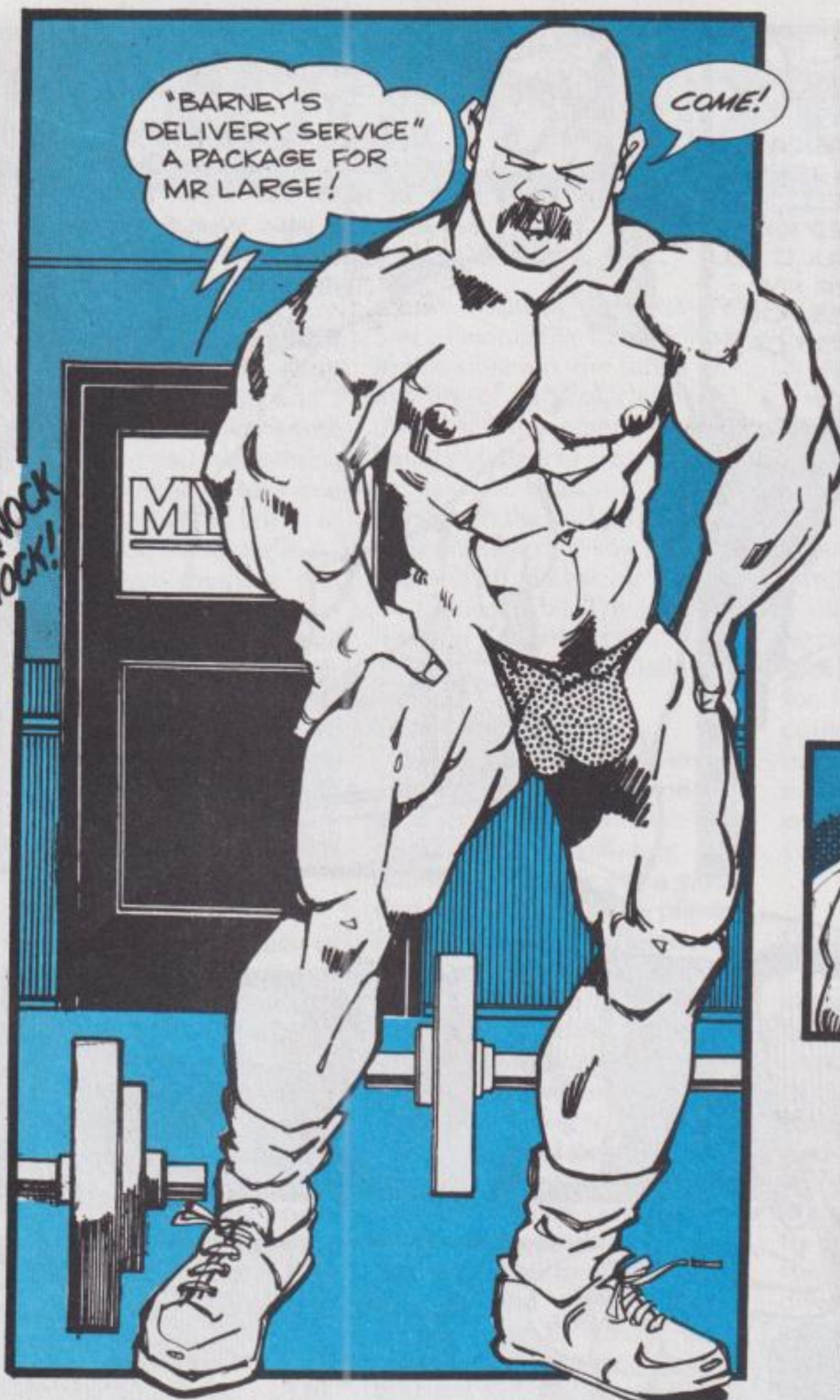


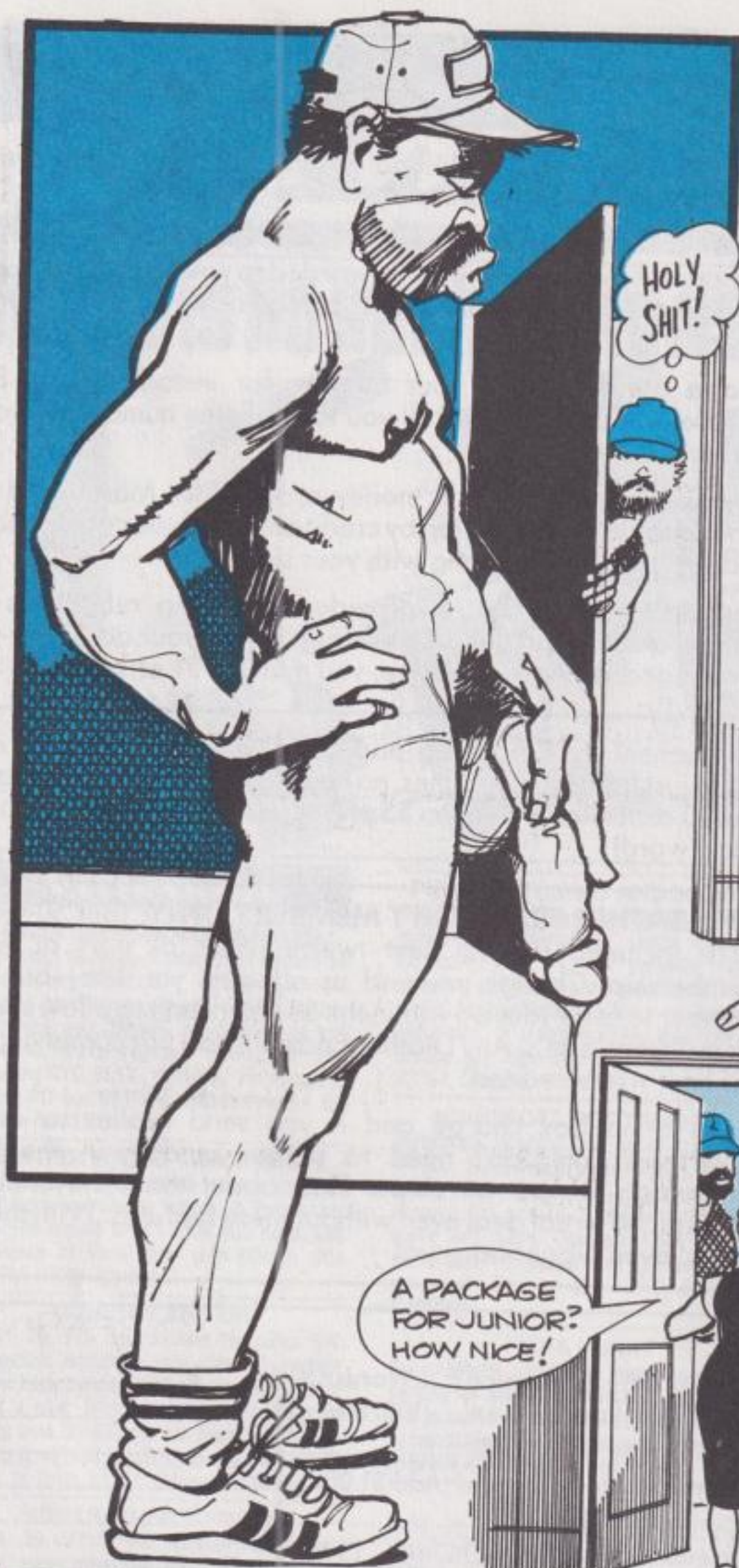
BARNEY'S SERVICE?
YOU'LL WANT THE
CHAMP, THEN! HE'S IN
THERE...I'LL SEE
YOU'RE NOT
DISTURBED...



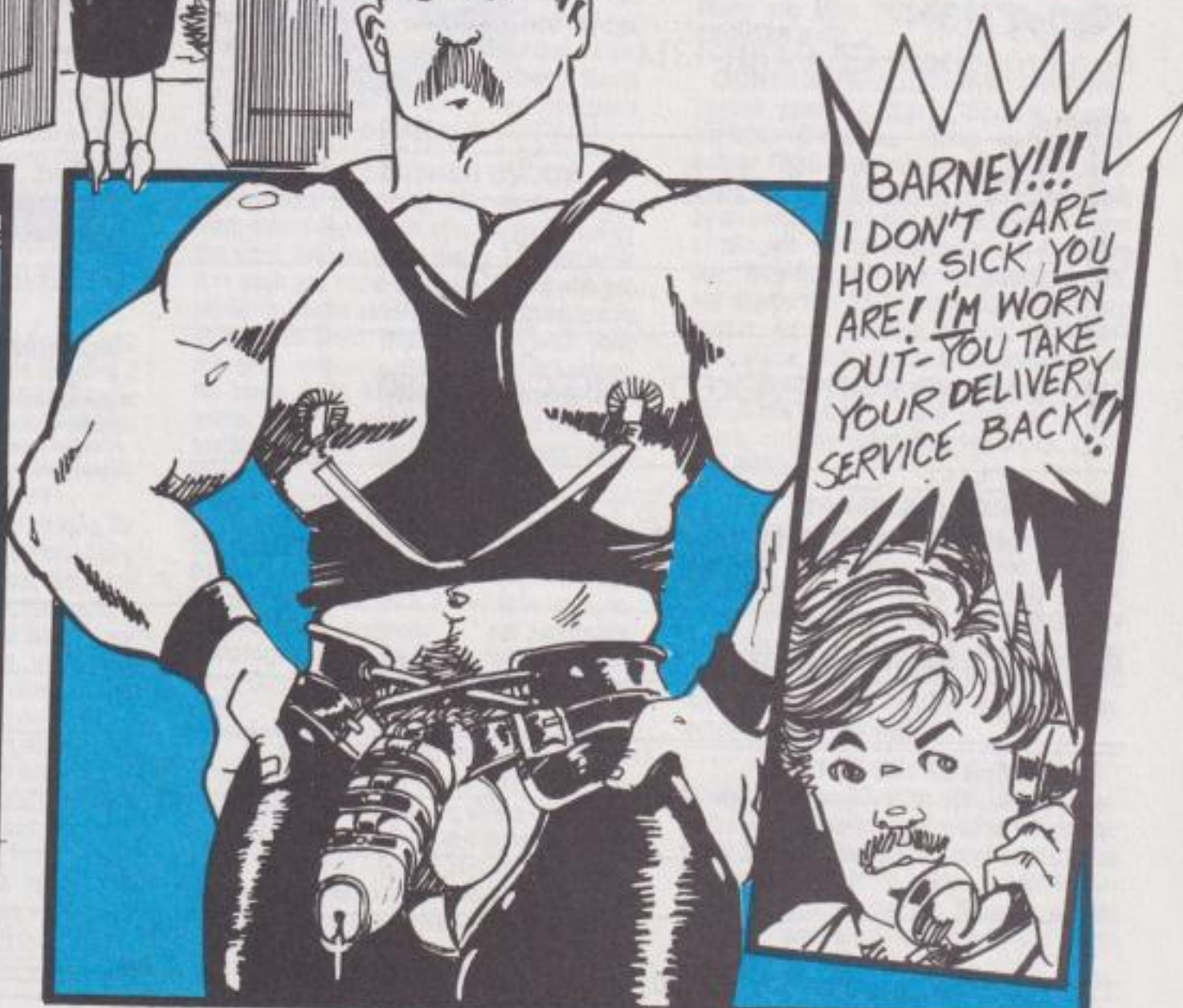
OH,
THANKS

KNOCK
KNOCK!





A PACKAGE FOR JUNIOR? HOW NICE!



We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads *only*.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or *else*. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose fifty cents (50¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words×50¢)..... \$ _____
Additional Insertions—×____(10% discount) _____
Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... _____
Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Please make checks payable to: **DESMODUS, INC.**

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____ (I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmondus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.

DEAR SIR:

There is no such thing as an old issue of

DRUMMER



NATIONWIDE

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF (619) 723-8481

MUSCLES AND OIL

GWM, 36, 175 lbs., looking for other GW, masculine, muscular real men to explore heavy body contact with oil. Aroma, videos, hairy a plus. Serious replies only from in-shape men 30-45 who can meet in Chicago. No reply without photo (returned with mine). 2421 W Pratt, #1181, Chicago, IL 60645.

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No feds/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

THINK YOU'RE HOT SHIT?

Arrogant son of a bitch sought by hot bottom for serious body worship. Pain and humiliation for your meat. I'm 30, 6'1", 145, blond. Pictures get priority. Travel possible. PO Box 157094, Irving, TX 75015-7094.

SLAVE LOVER WANTED

Surrender topless photo of slim body with descriptive letter and relocate. Be submissive, obedient, loyal, honest, AIDS free or safe sex. Your new Master is 47 and 300 lbs. End your problem today. Mr. Jones, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. I'll be squeezing you within days!

S/M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system, kinky message base, private mail, matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713, modem only. System password is DRUMMER.

PIERCED, POURED AND SCORED

GWM, 43, hairy, (c)hunky, tattooed biker seeks challenging experiences. Limits explored/expanded. CBT, TT, WS. Versatile. Cigars, uniforms and shaving are specialties. Raunch a plus. Wetter/Better! Outdoor opportunities welcomed. I travel—prefer midweek. All photos get mine and juicy letter. PO Box 32392, Oakland, CA 94604.

MINNESOTA BOOT MASTER

Immediate opening for live-in boot slave 18-35. Slave must be willing to relocate—today. Slave can expect bondage, shaving, T/T and CB/T. Master is 34, handsome and hairy. Obedience and devotion demanded—discipline and guidance given in return. Serious only. (612) 559-1062. (LF6093)

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

INDIAN TORTURE!

W/M, 32, lean, muscular, masculine, tough, seeks savages, other prisoners for capture, bondage, torture games. Tie me to the stake and keep me writhing, sweating, and groaning as you test my manhood with slow, diabolical torture! Safe and sane only. Other historical torture scenes too. Come on! Box 6129LF

MIKE C

Remember those wild nights in S.F. with Jack Daniels in 1983? Saw you last in Redding 2 years ago. I'm back in California. Please write: Bruce, PO Box 8207, Salinas, CA 93912-8207

ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, break-neck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular), Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

NIPPLES/LEATHER

Handsome, muscular, imaginative GWM 38. Six feet. 170 pounds. Brown/blue. Moustache. Seeks outer well-built uninhibited men for extended nipple sessions, and more. Let's safely and slowly explore our mutual fantasies especially body and nipple worship, leather, uniforms, B&D, and S&M (particularly verbal and mental). Your masculine good looks, moustache or beard, leather and uniforms, and experience in S&M are pluses. But insatiable nipples, a good body, and red-hot sexual imagination are more important. Letter and photo: Box 53, 712 Wilshire, Santa Monica, California 90401. I travel frequently to East Coast and Europe.

WANT A LEATHER BUDDY

Leatherman, GWM, 40, tall, wants to hear from others like myself who are turned on by the sight, feel, smell of Leather. I cannot wear it enough and know there are others who get off being around another MAN also clad totally in glorious Black Leather. Write with your thoughts, fantasies, photo of you in Leather. No heavy S&M, no drugs or smoking. Into boots, heavy j/o, just two buddies in head-to-toe Black Leather sharing that and each other. Box 6168

HAIRY, YOU'RE WANTED

Top GWM, 36, seeks hairy, sugar-brother bottom — 26-46. I'm 5'11", husky, nonsmoker, gentle but firm Gr/A. Prefer taller men, no fats, no drugs, muscular "+" not necessary, spanking to light S&M. No weekend sex. Long-time mate. Photo gets answer. Box 6162

COLLEGIATE SPANK

Bl/Wm college student seeks WM, 18-26, to receive bare-assed spanking with a very large and enduring hand. Safe sex possible afterwards. Can travel from Virginia through Connecticut with occasional road trips south to Florida. Prefer no facial hair. All mid-Atlantic states. Box 6145

YOUNG HANDSOME COP

My uniform and great body hide an eight-inch downward-bent hook dick which needs a masculine man to humiliate, twist and deform it further while I worship your healthy penis. Attractive, endowed and macho only. Send raunchy letter and photo for same. PO Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

OBEDIENT SON WANTED

Dad, sixties, good physical shape. Son 30 plus. Into S/M, W/S, shaving, spanking, some household duties. Phillip, (617) 367-3498, anytime.

HOT NASTY PHOTO SWAPPING

Two lovers, 31 and 32, good-looking, are seeking nasty exhibitionists who love showing us what turns you on. We love to show buttocks, play with dildoes, and some FF. Love to look at hot cock and asshole shots. If you're man enough to show it, we're men enough to appreciate it. Also have video camera. Only letters with photos answered. Marty and Mike, PO Box 66135, Houston, TX 77266-6135.

GUNFIGHTER/OUTLAW/TOPGUN

Leather stud, 34, 5'11", 165, into horses, Harleys, bike-leather, horse leather, gun-leather. Other tops who get off thinkin' about being fucked in the saddle or across my bike by an outlaw with a pair of Colt .45s are prime candidates for enslavement. All-American boy "Billy-the-Kid" stud, full leather, armed, and deadly. You: 21-35, clean-cut, healthy, into leather, guns, bondage, fuckin', bootlickin', pain, abuse, piss, slavery. Gotta show me you want this more than any fuck you've ever had. I'm gonna outgun ya and bring ya to your knees, cowboy. Have gun, will travel. (703) 690-6962.

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt., TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

**BRUTAL HORSEMAN**

43, 6'2", 170, in spurred boots and breeches/leather, applying unmercifully the whip and spurs to both men and horses, is looking for a riding-slave or another brutal horseman for exchange of letters. Visits possible. Peter Stockbauer, Derfflingerstr. 17, 1000 Berlin 30, West Germany.

HIGH INTENSITY

Slave training administered to serious slave by WM, BB, 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. You should be in shape, under 40 and into BD, C&BT, TT, shaving and servitude. Send detailed application and photo to LF4883

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sire. Box 5660LF

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blu/brn. Box 2702LF

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY*. No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred, but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being tied down and TORTURED. Electricity, hot wax, needles, piercing flesh, whips, truncheons, fists probable. Urethral probes, cigar burns, hot irons, razor blades/knives, possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks (unless you want them), but lots of "contusions & abrasions." Interested? Tell me why. Travel often & widely. Gene Hall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind and will. Become my property, to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265.

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy; dominating; tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat; police; jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisex themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, successful, educated, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, bodybuilders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos & letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to Box 5304LF.

EXPERIENCED TOP NEEDED

Slut-fuckhole bottom into heavy asswork, submissive body. WM/35/5'10"/152 lbs./7" uncut/big balls, HTLV-neg, Fr-a/p, Gr-a/p, fucking, dildoes, FF, slings, C&BT, stretching, weights, chains, TT, watersports, shaving, wax, B/D, sleaze, boot service, leather, spanking, groups, "smoke," poppers, booze, playroom. No prejudice/safe sex. No scat, blood, drugs, damage. Serious Tops w/pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy/slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate, and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF.

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn. & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather, S&M, for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated.

CRUISING THRU

Leather top: good looks, stamina, experience... looking for new summer sunsets, scenes, slaves, dungeons, safe-sex partners and buddies. Traveling SW to NW USA. 38, 5'8", bearded, 150; SM, CB FF, kink; artist/weaver/photographer. Send photo/fantasy... all considered/answered. Box 5413LF

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.

NASTY GANGBANGERS NEEDED

Plug my face and ass with hot meat. Submissive, masculine, boyishly handsome pussy-boy, 31, 5'9", br/bl with clean virgin ass seeks big built macho muscle studs into rough, tough, hard-drivin' sex with heavy verbal abuse. Hairy, leather, football player types, military or bluecollar a big +. Dig noisy, grunting, animalistic fuckers. Travel the USA and Canada. Will travel to you. Go for it. Box 6219

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WKRS

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for coffee, drinks or... Convenient to I-95 (25 & 8 connector). One 5'9", 160 WM, 40s. Second 6'1", 185 WM 50. Both nice meat and into different but safe trips. A place to explore your desires or potential limits. Box 6225LF

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. (213) 669-1765. Box 6232LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 37, 6'8", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner — openminded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786. Daddy-Son.

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or—into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monong. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

HOT SMOKERS WANTED

If you're a hot, masculine, facial-haired man who knows how to smoke a cigarette or cigar to turn another man on, and you'd enjoy appreciation for your talents, then please write to this tall, slim, mustached, well-hung, versatile (31 yr. old GWM) novice, who can thrive under the leadership of an imaginative, sane, smokin' Daddy-Topman. Live NYC. Some travel poss. No fats. Box 6218

SEX — NO FANTASIES

Hot 40, 5'10", 145 lbs., seeks weekend of slow, nonstop hot, uninhibited sex. Will travel. No hangups. Love cock, booze, buddies, amyl, whatever. Box 6212

MILITARY BOY SEEKS DADDY

Looking for man who is confident. Not a Master, just an average guy. No bullshit, no games. Can travel. Am 30, 5'6", 127 lbs., boyish, good-looking. Letters with photo get response. Box 6213

SHAVING/COMPLETE CLEANING

Professional body builders will be cleaned and shaved prior to competition. Photo and measurements included with application: Two Bits, PO Box 7445, Richmond, VA 23221.

YOUNG MAN 25

5'9", 145, brown, blue, nice face, real straight looking, in shape, hot, healthy, almost smooth body, sound mind, emotionally stable, financially secure, pro carpenter. Seeks permanent place with reasonably in-shape, hot, humpy, healthy, demanding, insatiable, dominate Topman a little older, a little wiser who is physically larger than myself. I believe in hardworking, sweaty, rewarding days during which I will be your best friend and partner and hard-fuckin', hot, real kinky, real heavy, experimental, obscene, perverted, fleshy, sweaty, raunchy, no-holes-barred, no safe word, hard-on, trusting, understanding, romantic? man-sex nights during which I will be your trusting, worshipful, grateful, helpless, obedient, hot-for-it little man. Your looks are not as important as your integrity, honesty, beliefs, attitude, ability to function in the real world, and true desire for a permanent relationship and the good, bad, effort and hard work it takes daily to maintain it. It is an effort that is not always easy and doesn't occur overnight. I will relocate for the right man or couple. If interested, take the time and write with a photo and you will get the same for starters. Serious inquiries only. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Box 6208

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

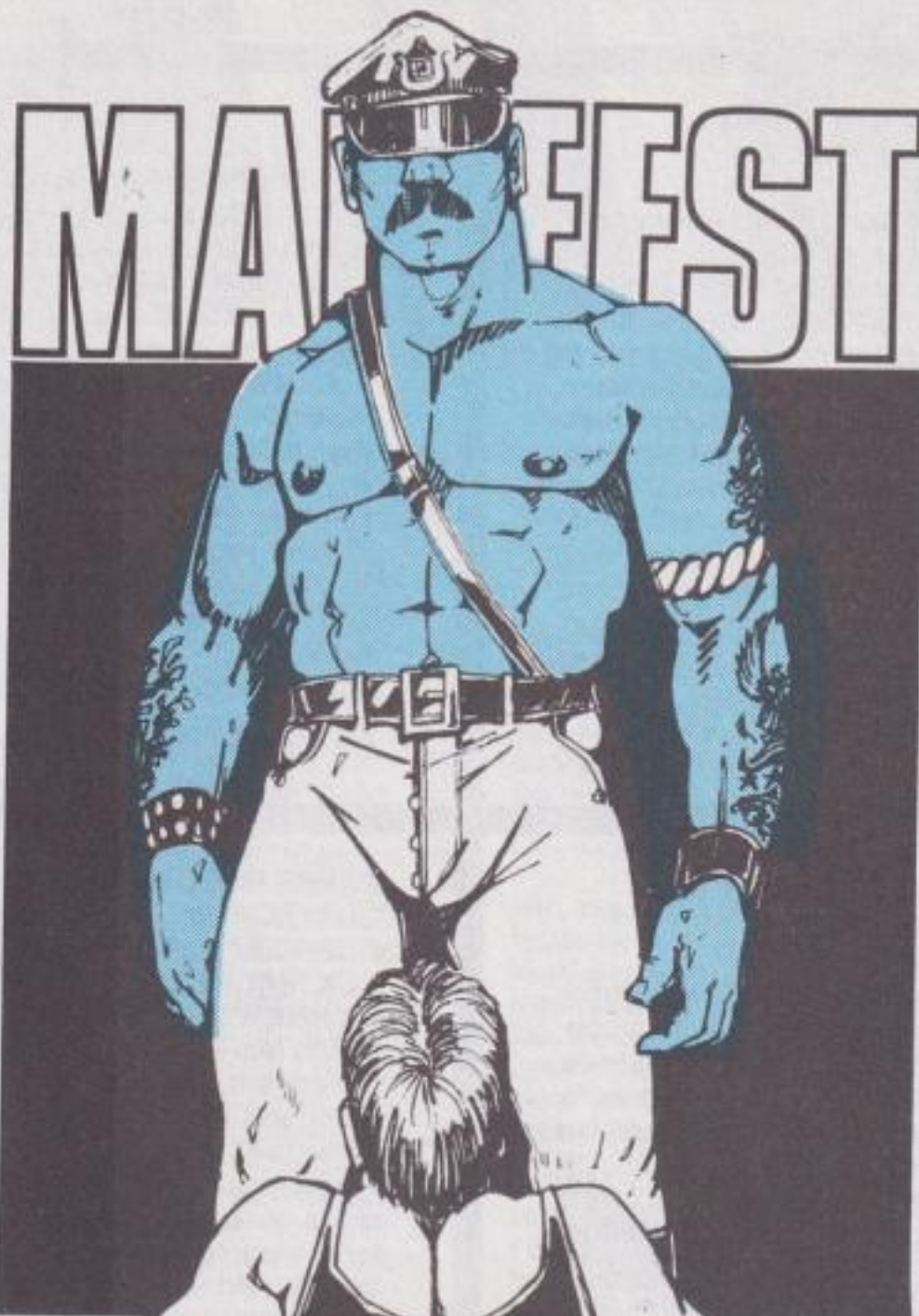
HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into boots, leather, Levis, uniforms, S&M, B&D, VA, CP, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Deutsch wird gesprochen. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia, 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60640.

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cln shvn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

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COME
TO LIFE
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A COLLECTION
OF THE
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HOT-AS-
A-PISTOL
PAGES OF
MANHOOD
RITUALS!

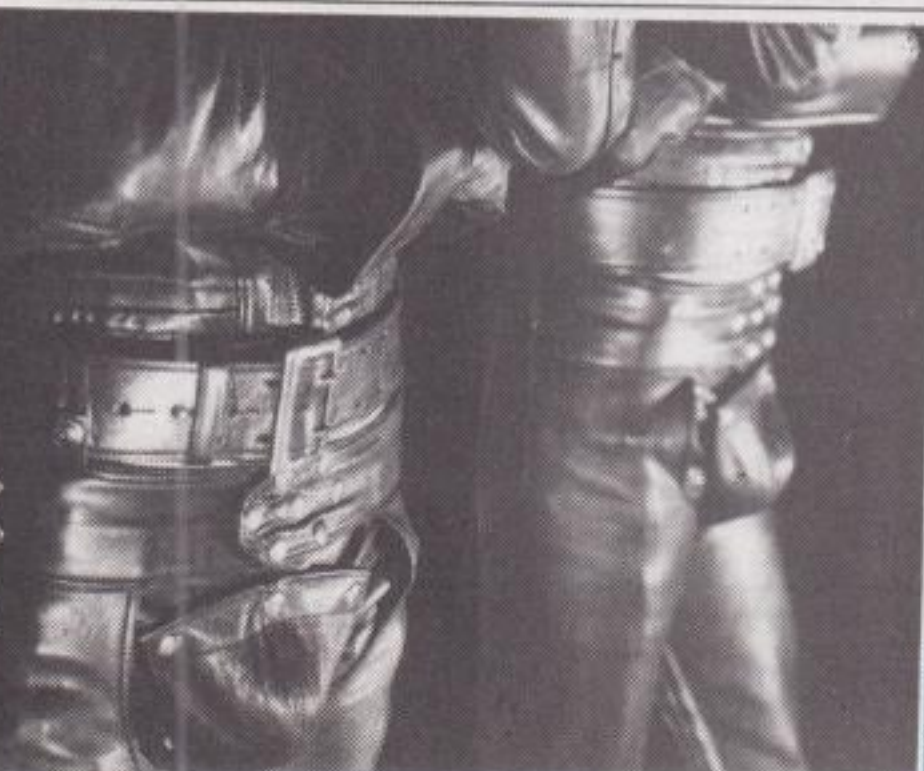
Artwork / BILL WARD



MANIFEST

READER

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ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

PO Box 1069 / Forestville, CA 95436

QUICK! SEND ME THE NEW MANIFEST READER

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE

6⁹⁵

ZEUS BONDAGE FOTOSETS



SORE NIPPLES/FEATURING: SCOTT ANSWER/ZEUS & DRUMMER MAN

Bondage fotoset champ Scott Answer just may have the hottest, horniest set of nipples in the country. In private-file fotos loaned to us by Scott's "Daddy", Zeus has selected 8 totally different bondage session(s) shots showing Scott's nipples "beaten, bitten, branded, chained, chewed, dogtagged, lashed, manhandled, massaged, oiled, padlocked, painted, pierced, plucked, pulled, pumped, photographed, ringed, shaved, stretched, studded, sucked, tanned, taped, tattooed, tied, tugged, twisted, washered, weighted, and whipped". Nipple freaks, your (suction) cups runneth over. Get a grip on Scott's "control knobs" compliments of Zeus.

ZZ-208/Sore Nipples (8 5x7 B&W)
.....\$10.00

SCOTT ANSWER/ZEUS COVERMAN/ FEATURED IN: LEATHERMAN IN FORKLIFT BONDAGE

Blond, blue-eyed, bodybuilder leatherman Scott Answer is taken to a deserted warehouse where he is stripped to his chaps, boots, collar, heavy chrome cockring, and a padlock through his cock piercing. With his chest shaved and nipples tattooed, pierced, ringed with washers and dogtagged, Scott is leather gagged, wrist bound and led to a forklift for a heavy equipment bondage session. Final shot shows Scott strung up to forklift... arms pulled tightly above his head with eye contact that promises to "Answer" your every hot blond bondage fantasy.

ZZ-201/Answer (8 5x7 B&W)\$10.00



GREGG STROM/BODY BUILDER/ FEATURED IN: CONSTRUCTION MUSCLES IN BONDAGE

Massively muscled super hunk Gregg Strom strokes his giant rock hard cock on a construction site. Relieved of his sun glasses, then peeled out of his ripped and raunchy 501's, Strom gets his beautifully muscled body spreadeagled against an extension ladder. Worked over, then rolled over, Strom is rebound spreadeagled facing the ladder with his sweat-streaked, muscled bubblebutt begging for your attention. Final shot shows Strom stretched, flexed, sweating, eyes closed, with a huge hard-on waiting for more.

ZZ-202/Strom (8 5x7 B&W)\$10.00

POW'S IN BONDAGE/FEATURING: CLAYTON MCCLOUD/MR ZEUS CONTEST RUNNER UP REX MACKEY/MR MUSCLE BEACH RUNNER UP

POWs McCloud/gagged, and Mackey/blindfolded, are dragged from solitary confinement and force marched into the prison's "exercise" courtyard. Roughly stripped to their brogans and shredded camouflage T shirts, our bodybuilder GIs are tightly tied up for a long, hard, hot and sweaty interrogation. But Privates McCloud and Mackey will divulge only their names, ranks, and serial numbers. Think you could make them talk? POW beefcake in bondage... jack-off foto fantasies from Zeus.

ZZ-203/POWs (8 5x7 B&W)\$10.00



HARKER WADE/ZEUS LEATHER STUD FEATURED IN: MR HANDSOME IN BONDAGE

If handsome is close to the top of your check list of prerequisites for bondage subjects, Harker Wade is "Chippendale's" caliber. He's also very hot, very humpy, and very into showing off his muscles in tight restraint. Stripped down to chaps and boots, we gagged him, tied off his cock and balls, and put him in a nylon webbing "pec harness" to which his wrists were hoisted up and tied high behind his back. "Now work my nipples" he begged. We bit deep into his pumped tits with a pair of heavy duty industrial clamps. Once secured, Harker began flexing and straining against his bonds. This bodybuilder works hard for you in bondage, and they don't get much hotter, humpier, or more handsome.

ZZ-213/Handsome (8 5x7 B&W)...\$10.00

CORD BRIGGS/ZEUS, COLT, DRUMMER MODEL FEATURED IN: MR SAN FRANCISCO IN BONDAGE

Spectacularly muscled competition physique title winner Cord Briggs possesses probably the most perfect fantasy body ZEUS has ever photographed in bondage. Stripped down to his laced, knee-high logger boots, Cord's wrists are tightly bound behind him to a ceiling hoist. Nipples clamped and chained; balls harnessed and weighted; cock pierced and ringed then stretched up to his nipple chain by leather thong. Retied seated on a stool, Cord is collared, ball gagged, blindfolded, cock and ball harnessed and weighted with his cock and nipples thonged to his collar. Ever watched a physique contest and fantasized the winner in bondage? Well, buckle up, only ZEUS gives you a Mr San Francisco in bondage.

**ZZ-212/Mr San Francisco (8 5x7 B&W)
.....\$10.00**



PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ ZZ-201 ANSWER\$10.00 \$ _____
☐ ZZ-202 STROM\$10.00 \$ _____
☐ ZZ-203 POWs\$10.00 \$ _____
☐ ZZ-208 SORE NIPPLES\$10.00 \$ _____
☐ ZZ-212 MR SAN FRANCISCO ...\$10.00 \$ _____
☐ ZZ-213 HANDSOME\$10.00 \$ _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**GLORY HOLE ADDICT**

wants to be trained & chained at a busy raunchy public suck hole to expand limitations. Big thick cocks especially needed to widen throat muscles. Contact the cock-sucker at (907) 276-5016 or write PO Box 200594, Anchorage, AK 99520-0594. Travel frequently. (LF6121)

AGING HOUSEBOY

Will drudge-grovel-serve as maid for (yuppie/collegiate/high tech) Master(s)/owner(s). An adorably demanding, demeaning superior(s) desperately desired. Old victim expects mere toleration—confining, low-profile servitude. Likes being protected, controlled, emasculated—teased, tortured, abused. Slave is body-shaved, displayable, orderly—white, 5'7", 155. Has photos, phone, references. Will travel/relocate. Secure, discreet environment essential. Old queer loyalty, gratitude, worship assured. Box 6014

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos; Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

FOOT SLAVE

Hot, good-looking GBM, 31, 6', 180, solid build, moustache, wants to worship and service your bare feet. Travel extensively—want to hear from guys throughout U.S. Big, dominant feet a plus. Phone, photo if possible. Box 6023

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and no fem. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF.

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant, smooth, boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut, swim team captain in panties, younger brother's shaving revenge, crying boystuds as pissholes, butt lickers, cum lappers, self-suckers, etc. Let's talk/write. Paul. Box 6113

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison raps, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, CB&T, TT. Box 6080

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fem. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more—to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 pm for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

GERMAN LEATHER DAD

5'8", 152 lbs., mid-40s, tall, uncut, hairy, moustache, very hot, in leather, Levis, rubber, uniforms. I like it dirty and sweaty, pissing in pants, on body and in ass, drinking it out of boots. I ride Kawasaki-Ninja. Looking for a black or white son. I'm often in the States or Canada. Write with photo, all replies answered. Box 6220 (international postage required).

ARE YOU MY BOY?

Don't want a boy, but a *man* who wants to be my "boy." Professional, discreet 50-ish WM, good bod and looks admittedly fading with time but sensational talent and expertise enhanced with experience, appreciates younger (21-40) handsome well-built men who understand the pleasure of submission to a mature authority figure, men who groove on flexing and struggling in exotic bondage while their he-man body is fondled, tweaked, stimulated, dominated, worshiped, challenged with exotic devices and expert techniques, aroused to a fever pitch of throbbing ecstasy and finally released in the explosion it is allowed to share with its compassionate but demanding tormentor. No slaves, no "punishment," no "pain" beyond the erotic little "hurts" that make you feel like the real man you are, and of course no unhealthy activity. Add to this a beachfront location for your total enjoyment. Don't write unless you are highly qualified, and you deserve and want it all. Jeff Brennan, PO Box 21772, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33335.

HOUSTON MASTER

Military minded/oriented Master, 40s, seeking young permanent live-in slave. Must be totally submissive, an M, intelligent, serious, employed, good natured with swimmer's build, wanting life commitment. Photo/phone & detailed application to WB, PO Box 980066, Houston, TX 77098-0066.

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

MASCULINE MALE SLUT

Attractive GWM, 37, 5'8", 150, wants to serve as girl slave/male maid to dominant Master. Needs strict discipline, verbal abuse, forced femininity. Photo and phone, please, Sir. Box 6203

LEATHER JOCK

needs clean-cut butch dudes who are hot, horny and covered in black burly bike leather. Man-to-man wrestling, masturbation, and kink. Will travel all Northeast. Safe sex and attractive leathermen under 40, reply to PO Box 4081 U.F.A., University of Richmond, Richmond, VA 23173.

BONDAGE BRO

WM, jock, 6'4", 195, 34, wants masculine bro/buddy into heavy, creative bondage. Mean, playful, funky torture/endurance/manhood challenges to tits, cock and balls, pits, feet, etc. Give and/or take slow j/o, discipline, punishment. Safe, sane, hot. Send ideas and phone (photo?) to your bro, PO Box 659, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.

DEADLY SERIOUS MASOCHIST

seeks the ultimate experience. All I ask is that it be done my way, but that's negotiable. If you have the desire and think you can grant such a wish, please write. Age, race, looks of no importance. I'm white, 40, 5'5", 186. PO Box A3704, Chicago, IL 60690.

SLAVE WITH HUGE TITS

Total slave bottom, masculine appearing, straight image, but large female breasts and nipples, needs to serve masculine Master into T/A, V/A, T/T, leather, body service. I am 45, 5'8", 185, stocky, healthy. Can travel or host. Photo. M. Duncan, PO Box #1, Powderly, KY 42367

SKANDINAVIAN MASTER

seeks buddies. Blond, moustached, 42-year-old Master from Northern Europe wants contact with slaves from the southern parts of U.S. Interested in SM, leather, boot service. Any race and age. Friendship and safe sex. Box 6235

DROP YOUR PANTS, SON

Quiet, slim, 5'11", bearded WM, 44, strict dad, wants truly submissive son. You are in shape, look good stripped down to your silky briefs or fully clothed. You want to please your dad and accept his discipline when you get out of line. PO Box 3042, New York, NY 10008.

HUMAN DOG:

38, 5'10", 180, brown hair, hazel eyes, "M," seeking serious healthy leather master & sadist who wants and is able to own a guy and turn, collar, tag, treat & keep him only as a dog. Am HIV-neg. Photo/phone to "Kai," PO Box 980514, Houston, TX 77098-0514.

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Muscular B/M Top, 36, 5'10", seeks slender bottom (21-40) any race for heavy SM, prolonged restraint, immobilization, torture, crucifixion, etc. I'm experienced, sane. No fluids exchanged. Only detailed letter. Photo & phone will merit response. Jim Will, PO Box 20990, Oakland, CA 94611.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

CITY BOY

white, 30, 6', 175 lbs., blk/brn, bearded, lost in the country. Seeking mentor/father-figure/friend. I need contact with aggressive, determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

25-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable, dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS DOMINANT

6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P, F/A, giving body worship; lite S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksize, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

DYNAMITE KID

Man-boy pyroerotic into cigars, explosives, handguns, police, gasoline, fireworks, matches, firecrackers, bikers, firemen, moustaches, paramilitary men, demolition experts, beards, Viet vets, violence, torture, ammo dumps. Things that go bang and boom. Firebugs. Burning hard-ons. Leather. Safesex S/M. DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011. (718) 789-6147. (LF5652)

DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER

Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather, boots, Levis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 21-30, with good body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

DEAR SIR:



LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 yo. GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Us: Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsack a turn-on; heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electrostimulation, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5654LF

FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs. up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 39, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger, but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. (LF5668)

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

You must enjoy heavy CB&TT, bondage, S/M. Training, rules, discipline, punishments, chores will be routine. Rewards are earned. I have leathers, restraints, tools, dungeon equipment. I'm tall, lean, hung, 36, stable. You're younger, trim, hung. You give me total submission, dedication. Want a happy slave-dog serving me permanently. PO Box 146162, San Francisco, CA 94114-6162.

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy. Write with photo. Box 5877

6'3" EX-NAVAL OFFICER

WM, 37, Viet vet, recent Honcho centerfold, muscular, hairy body, shaved head, mustache, sexually intense & dominant. Fetishes include uniforms, S&M, bondage, & exhibitionism. Looking for a special friend. Safe sex (condoms) only. Live in SF; can travel to LA or NYC weekends. Reply with photo. Box 5953

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St., #3B, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

BIKER SON 22

5'10", 143, brown, blue, healthy, smooth, muscular, handsome, straight, hardworking, intelligent, seeks Levis, leather dad, pro-wrestler type body over 5'11" to fuck me up. You won't be disappointed. Photo, phone, letter get same. All answered. PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I loosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

FIRE ISLAND BOOT CAMP '88

"Sanctuary" is back! Safe sex training by experienced Drummer Daddy/Top. A week or weekend to test your limits. Beginners, bisexuals welcome. Camp opens in June. Send photo and background to Master Crane, 3913 Lyme Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11224. Also need houseboy/bottom for entire summer to work at camp.

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

BONDAGE/SCAT

Novice looking for topman to introduce me into bondage/scat scene. Scat, snot, piss turn me on. Dark, 5'5", Middle Eastern, 30 yrs. Box 6186

HANGMAN'S ROPE AWAITS

in readiness for the man, who wholly conceives the all-inclusive meaning, and dynamic power contained in a few feet of thick, strong rope callously fashioned into a cruel, indomitable, formidable hangman's noose. Hangman requires stud prisoner for captivity and torture and the inevitable rope; suffer for his sexual entertainment. Bizarre games executed in safe, sane manner. In addition, hangman desires correspondence from men, captured by eidolons of the hangman, executions by hanging, literature and photos of condemned men, seductively dangling, struggling and kicking from the end of a rope. Box 6174

PENPALS

I correspond in filth. Raunchy shots traded. Box 6176

LEATHER UNIFORM DAD/BUDDY

Wanted by 37-year-old WM, 6', 190 lbs., well built, pierced nipples, handsome. Looking for successful executive well-built Dad 40-60, dominant, intelligent, affectionate, into Leather, Uniforms, boots, S/m, safe sex, top and bottom roles. Interests include tit work, pain/pleasure, J/O, mirrors, spit shined boots. No overweights. Can relocate. Box 6177

IF YOU KNOW YOU'RE HOT . . .

Cigar-smokin' stud looking for those who can take it and give it like a real man. Me: hot, 31, good-looking, bearded, 5'11", 160, 8", hot ass, into leather, true man-to-man scenes, safe only. Cops, military, bi, executives, bluecollar cigar men preferred. Photo and desired to Box 6179

LEATHER/HARD-ON

Asian American, hot in full leather and CHP boots, 5'9", 150, hung, wants to fuck good-looking, masculine leatherman. Looking for leather partner to unleash sleaze/manhood, but am also health conscious, affectionate, professional, educated, cerebral, serious, quiet, inner. Photo required/returned. Box 6182

SUMMER SLAVE

West coast master can use and train apprentice/bond slave for summer. Can expect tough discipline, stiff punishment. Must be intelligent, imaginative and interested in music, art, theatre. Will have own apartment, travel and living expenses. Prearranged emancipation date. Send resume to Box 6184

EROTIC ART LOVER?

Me too! Dig Hun, Rex, Tom. Want to trade super-filthy letters, stories, drawings, fone-sex. Discreet, fantasy only. Send filthy detailed letter, fone. Box 6192

HUNGRY CHEESE FREAK

I'm a handsome, hunky 43-yr.-old dude who craves to orally worship and service big, uncut ripe-smelling cheesy meat. If you're an in-shape, hot top, any race, with a curd-loaded, raunchy foreskin in need of cleaning, cum feed this hungry cheese-pig. So. Calif. area, but will travel for cheese! Box 6194

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6'3", 195 lbs., 27-year-old jock, good-looking, interested in contact with a dominant, aggressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak. Enjoy extensive verbal and physical humiliation. Interested in me 35 yrs.+. Into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bikers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Safe sex only. Serious. Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

RAUNCHY STINKING FEET!

I would like your socks—pictures. Box 6180

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting. Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107 LF

ARIZONA

BOOTLOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245. (LF6204)

HAIRY GWM COUPLE 40s

Need sincere nonsmoking submissive active masculine friend. Interests, titplay, spanking, shaving, dildoes, ball sucking, cock/ball bondage, safe sex (mutual jack-off) only. Age, size of cock not important. Descriptive reply with desires. Photo, phone appreciated. Box 6202

ARKANSAS

GOOD LIFE

GWM, 37, 6', 180, seeking other attractive younger lover, brother or possible son. I am professional, educated, dominant personality, yet versatile. Safety until permanency established. Enjoy working out, traveling, outdoors, reading, sports, and the fine arts. Send any photo with letter from western Arkansas area. Possible relocation for you and myself and can travel within 500-mile radius often. Box 6198

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

BONDAGE BOY

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'8", 145, 31) craves hot, dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint, gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902LF

LISTEN HARD

HOT TALK TAPES

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 1 The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves.

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 2 Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

□ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot — too hot — and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his?

□ MY DADDY WAS BAD The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up,

□ RITES AND RAUNCH There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come.

□ HOT HUNG TRUCKER Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off — then his dirty, greasy jeans.

□ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

□ DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off.

□ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true — mean, dirty, muscular — leaning against his big, black Harley.

□ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's cock?

□ GREASE MONKEYS, STARRING MASTER MARIO Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

□ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

□ MARINES OVERHEARD Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...

□ THE COP, STARRING MASTER MARIO A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force.

□ COP WORSHIP We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to...

□ DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

□ THE COMMANDER SPEAKS "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet."

□ DRUMMERMAN/BE MY CLOWN A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet!

□ TAPE 1—THE INTERROGATION This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental.

□ TAPE 2—THE TRAINING BEGINS Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breath-taking!

□ TAPE 3—PUNISHMENT & REWARD When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense training.

□ FATHER/SON A father becomes his son's lover.

□ MARINE 1716 A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the barracks.

□ PORN CALLS Four jack-off phone calls.

□ SAILING TO HELL Frank O'Rourke relates an original tale of rape and abuse.

□ THE CONFESSION A young priest hears the confession of a gay man and what happens in the booth could do much toward conversions.

□ THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

□ THE HITCHHIKER An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

□ THE HUSTLER He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

□ THE WARDEN The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

□ TV REPAIRMAN A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

□ WHIP FIRE A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

□ INFORMATION

□ BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING The hows and whys.

□ INTERVIEW WITH A TEENAGED MALE PROSTITUTE A young, male whore tells it like it is.

□ MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

□ SM AND LOVE? Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

□ THE ART OF FISTING Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

□ THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE Its values and what it is about.

□ THE MASTER Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

□ THE SLAVE Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

□ TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS

□ CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE BIG COUPON. Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose 9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage/handling if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below:

STALLION SOUNDS

PO Box 42009

San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD Expires _____

No. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CROSSROADS . . .

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

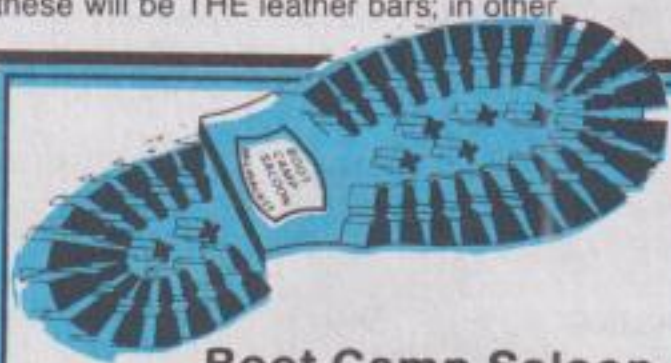
By accepting the ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other

R CROSS ADS WHERE LEATHERMEN MEET



areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fiedermaus



Boot Camp Saloon
209 E. National Ave.
Milwaukee, WI 53204

The Seattle Eagle
314 E. Pike Street
Seattle, Wash. 98122
(206) 624-2612



602 E. 7th **austin** (512) 478-0295

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2509 W. BROWARD BLVD.
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

**BIKE
STOP**

The Best Stop in
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206 S. Quince Street
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DANCE BAR



306
Ponce de Leon
Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA
30308
404 876-8818

POWERHOUSE

1347 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94103
861-1790

LEVI/LEATHER



1026
N. Highland Ave., NE
Atlanta, GA 30306
404 872-8685

Yes Sir!



Where Fantasy Becomes Reality

BOSTON-RAMROD

1254 Boylston St 617-266-2986

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The place to be South of Market

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the DOCK

CINCINNATI
603 WEST PETE ROSE WAY
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"Where Portland Parties"

3 Spring Street
Portland, Maine 04101

207 773-3315

THE
TRESTLE

412 S. HASKELL
(214) 828-4959

DALLAS

SHADES OF GREY

LEATHER IN BAR

DEAR SIR:



SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

SLEAZE SESSIONS

Sore nipples, spent dicks and used assholes, tweaked-out, burnt-out, spaced-out sleaze, watching porno flicks for hours and pounding our puds, waiting for you to cum to our South of Market pad for J/O, cocksucking and safe anal play. We're 2 hot buddies, handsome, well-built 30s. Want to meet hotguys 21-45 Bay Area residents or visitors. Call (415) 864-1825 7 PM-10 PM only, or reply with photo, PO Box 5921, S.F., CA 94101-5921.

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

BRUTAL TORTURE

from 37, 6'2", 180-lb. executioner. You need it, I've got it. Under 40 northern CA men. Private country detention. Submit foto, application. PO Box 563, Forrestville, CA 95436.

MUSCULAR LEATHER DAD

seeks son willing to serve and work-out with Dad. Long-term, live-in situation possible for right son. Dad is mid-40s, masculine, healthy and muscular. Leather and safe sex. Send photo and letter. Box 4944LF

WANTED:

Chubby chaser into total body worship, tongue baths, massage, expert cocksucker. This 280-lbs., big-bellied, uncut Topman lives in N. California but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOPGUT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

LOVE WITHOUT ILLUSION

Illusions without delusion, lust without limit, liberating limits and depravity without deprivation. Fabulous fabrication, consenting contractual conjugal consideration, explicit exhibitions, discreet deceptions. Champagne, chaps, ferns, fists, paradoxical exquisitely genuine agony of sharing unknowing loneliness. What's the difference between temporary and false, and you've seen something permanent on which planet? (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

SEX BUDDY(S)

35, 5'11", 165, moustache, trim beard. Pierced tits-PA. Mostly bottom. Seeking fun-time realizing and expanding limits and experience (CBT, nipple work, assplay, WS or ?) Let's hear your interests. Box 6191

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I! I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, any time... SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!! Box 5150

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated, Sir! Box 5650LF

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Bootlicking, pain-craving cocksucking GWM cut neg prof S.F. masochist, 44, 6'2", 200, seeks GWM cut neg sadist wearing 501 button-fly Levis and black leather military boots who truly turns on to his slave's sweating, moaning, screaming and writhing in sessions of bootlicking, whipping (bare back, ass, belly, crotch) and ball torture (weights, vices, spreaders, slapping, whipping) and SS Fr. Not into FF, scat, piercing, WS, rimming, damage, or Gr. Travels now and then around CA, NY, IL, GA and TX. Also seeking S.F. Nautilus workout buddy. Box 5989

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Tie me up and ?? Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration. Am extremely healthy and financially secure. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576

SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Must be monogamous, respectful, honest, healthy lifestyle, committed & sensitive to my needs. You must enjoy, need & want to be totally controlled. I enjoy a variety of different scenes involving the giving of pain, safe & sane. I'm WM, 43, 5'10", 163 lbs. No drugs. Reply with letter, photo, phone. PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Masculine, white, 30-yr.-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Cln-Shvn, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

Ugly old troll seeks knight in shining armor. Are you Prince Charming, built like Conan the Barbarian, hung like a horse, filthy rich, with MA or better? Then I may have some use for you. Send nonreturnable studio portrait, resume, and financial statement. No groupies! Box 5956LF

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

SEEK DOMINANT SON MASTER

Average-looking, financially secure, executive, professional 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks younger, 18 to 36, smaller to 5'9", masculine strong, boyish, horny jock ass master stud who commands servility, body worship, hole service, rimming, watersports. This submissive slave eager to please with hot butt craves to serve and receive verbal abuse, taunting, training, humiliation, mild ass beating, TT, CBT, body shaving, piss, bondage, smelly armpits, enema sessions, cock sucking. Teach me to serve you while expanding my limits to give you total pleasure. No scat, FF, or brutality. Call (415) 929-7124. (Box 6062)

CASTRO COUNTRY BOY

Deep throat and tight end—versatile! Find a need and fill it! (415) 431-4293.

S.F. SHAVED BOTTOM

Tom Selleck type for special arrangement—will satisfy top man who loves to fuck, into tits and ass. Box 6188

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

MUSCLE DAD LOOKING FOR PLAYER

Muscle Dad, 41, beefy muscular build, great chest and arms, masculine, good-looking, seeking masculine Dad/Buddy/Son, 25-55, for mutual good time. Pec work, muscles, J/O, Leather. Open to suggestions. Married/Bi OK. Reply with photo to Boxholder, Box 486, 584 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

BOY NEEDS DOG

Good-looking, athletic, 30-year-old boy needs mature dog to train. Dog must be masculine, good-natured, affectionate and obedient. No puppies or poodles need apply. Box 5994

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, TT, ET, paddling, suspension, etc. in roughly that order; however, limits can be set in advance. S is tall, early 40s, cut, non-smoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious, and relationship-oriented. M must be neg, non-smoker, cut, 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into fisting, scat, damage. Box 5996

DADDY'S BOY

Good-looking 23 yr. old, 5'10", 140 lbs., br/br. Seeks Big Brother/Daddy for friendship, possible relationship. You 25-40, good-looking, hunb, dominant, and into light S/M verbal abuse. Me: good-looking, hung, submissive, into light S/M and into motorcycles and uniforms. No fats, fems, or drugs. Box 6095

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gd/kg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L, BM, 38, 6'1", 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent, athlete. Needs training in B/B, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF

**SUFFER SLINGS**

Assholes of outrageous fortune; take up arms. Two tall, headstrong Tops play with heavy-hung, hard hairy men whose brawn, brains challenge our bodies and imagination. Phone in audition with scene, acts: Give us a reason to give you our parts. We'll work the piss out of you. (415) 923-0501.

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

WET AND DIRTY WALLOWIN'

Gdtkng W raunch pig, mid-30s, 5'7", 135, wants young-lkng sweaty jock-types, punks, construction workers to piss down my shirt and in my 501 fly, dump hot shit on my crotch, chest and face or with my cock up his ass. FF a possibility. Mutual heavy rimming, wallowing in raunchy clothes, mattress. Some restraint, group scenes, Latino, Mediterranean a plus. Photos get first reply. Box 6164

BIND, SLAP, SQUEEZE

Good-looking dude, 30, wants aggressive top/versatile buddy into heavy titwork, ball-work, cocksucking, and/or raunch. I'm 6'1/2", 160, in-shape and healthy, with dark facial and body hair. Open to all types and trips—imaginative, verbal, intense a plus. Box 6143

BOTTOM SEEKS HUNG TOP

Experienced, hairy, x-hung, masculine Top needed to 'enlarge' my sexual education. WM, 27, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, moustache, healthy, need training in SM, FF, TT, condoms, assplay, deep throat. Mike McG., PO Box 13314, Suite 286, Oakland, CA 94661.

THE PUNISHMENT ROOM

You shall receive. POB 4622, SF, CA 94101

STRICT DADDY 45+

needed by cute, young black boy once raised on woodshed discipline: verbal abuse, firm hand, and razor strap to mend my ways. Seeks no-nonsense daddy. Write 408 13th St., #455, Oakland, CA 94612.

DEPRAVED DIRTY SOX FREAK

Clean sox too! Body worship, ass sniffing, sneaker licking, boot kissing, penis adoration. Seeking cool but totally uninhibited tops/bottoms/mutual guys into exploration of incredible fantasy trips. Verbal, tit play, jocks, underwear, toilet games, leather, groups, much more, including total narcissists who demand complete service from one or more bottoms. Am 34, white, 170 lbs., seeking good-looking, insatiable guys 21-40, for ongoing sex relationships, mentally intense vulgar games. No drugs, heavy drinking, poppers, satanic or religious trips. Respond 584 Castro, Box 239, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

YOUNG SON

Needs experienced, sane, muscular body builder dad/master over 6', for training. Son is totally inexperienced, great looking, 23, 6', 165, tight, muscular athlete. Dad is totally butch, demanding but caring, looking for one on one. I've only fantasized about my limits. Help me explore them. Photo please. No scat or FF. 584 Castro St., Suite 151, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

ATTENTION MASTERS

YOU: Master. Top. Handsome. Special. Dominant. Experienced. 28-48. Seek perm. live-in slave to teach obedience thru B&D. Serious in ownership and training of your animal. Sex and leather daily. Compassionate. Happy. Trustworthy. Clean. ME: Medium. Good-looking. Bottom. Novice 32. 5'10 1/2", 155 lbs. Dark Hairy. Cut. Good attitude and eager. New to SF. Work M-F 9-5. Love my dog, theaters, mountain streams, traveling, sun, watermelon, laughing. INTERESTS: Collars, hoods, gags, chastity devices, whips, cages, feedings, CB&T, body bags, wrappings, chains, irons, shaving, rope, clothespins, wax, electricity, S/M, leather, etc. NO raunch, fat, fem, BB, uniforms, tobacco, heavy drugs, tattoos, piercing, scat, FF. Safe sex until neg. HIV. Cock piercing and branding after long-term ownership established. Available immediately. Northern Calif. only. Info and phone # for meeting. Box 6170

BONDAGE

Tit Torture. POB 4622, SF, CA 94101

BIG GUY FROM VISALIA

Little Guy repentant. Needs your discipline. Send instructions. PO Box 14693, San Fran. 94114-4693.

HARD AND HANDSOME

WM, very good-looking, 33, 6', 174, muscular, into safe, creative action including A/P F, JO, VA, WS, uniforms, cigars. Letter/photo to: Al, 370 Turk St., #16, San Francisco, CA 94102.

WRESTLING LEATHER MASTER WANTS FIGHT SLAVE

Tough mean hairy bearded studmaster wants permanent slave into wrestling and bare-knuckle fistfighting. Weightlifting workouts every morning; mat fights every night. Slave must be tough, hairy man into fighting, fucking, S&M, B&D, CBT, and service. Application w/photo to Box 54, 1475 Polk Street, S.F. CA 94109.

BALL STRETCHING PARTNER

wanted by handsome novice. Size not important, but commitment to heavy real stretching and results is. Let's encourage and compare progress. Box 6172

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**SON WANTED BY DADDY**

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

JOCKBOY PIERCING

Athletic 26 yr. old slaveboy desires part-time master to pierce his tits and 8 thick cock head. Safe but kinky sex also to possibly include bondage, flogging, shaving, womens clothes, photography, hot wax and CBT. Box 5997

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

SHORT GUY—BIG NEEDS

Me: W/M, 32, 5'3", overweight, not hung or macho or strong. You: W/M, 18-35, ready to submit to S/M, B/D. I am seeking a long-term relationship, not a one-night stand. also like theatre, travel, dining out, quiet evenings at home. Box 177, 1800 South Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90035. None answered without photo, phone, name and address.

DEEP/WIDE ASSHOLE

FF versatile, TT, CBT, W/M, 42, 6', 170 lbs., clean shaven. Palm Springs. (619) 321 2819. Before 12 PM

ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangfucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

WANTED EXPR. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

HAIRY/BEARDED TOPS WANTED

for aggressive sweaty sex. Join me, GWM, 27, 5'9", 175, 6" in using my buddy, 32, 6', 190, 8", as a fuckhole. TT, WS, VA, dildoes, spanking to push him to the limit. PO Box 988, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

MASTER BILL

wants to meet subservient bottom into wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm good-looking, 5'9", 150 lbs., good shape. Write: Bill, Box 76, Ste. 109, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046. Pix?

GOLDS GYM MUSCLE FRATERNITY

Openings for fuckin' huge, overly aggressive, roided-out, muscle machines only! Iron-pumpin'-bull tough ape on campus, 6'4", 250 lbs., muscle into rape! Dig bashin'? Huntin' in packs? Gang fuckin'? Got some unwilling mouth in mind? We'll jump 'em. Tease gets cuffed, punched, stripped, and fucked full of cum! Ya! Let's do it! Box 6189

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry, White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

CONVERSE FREAK

Massage me all over with your black hi-top Converse all-stars. Lace them together, top to toe around my face like a hood. Drown me in the smell, touch, and feel of your sneaks. Box 6086

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

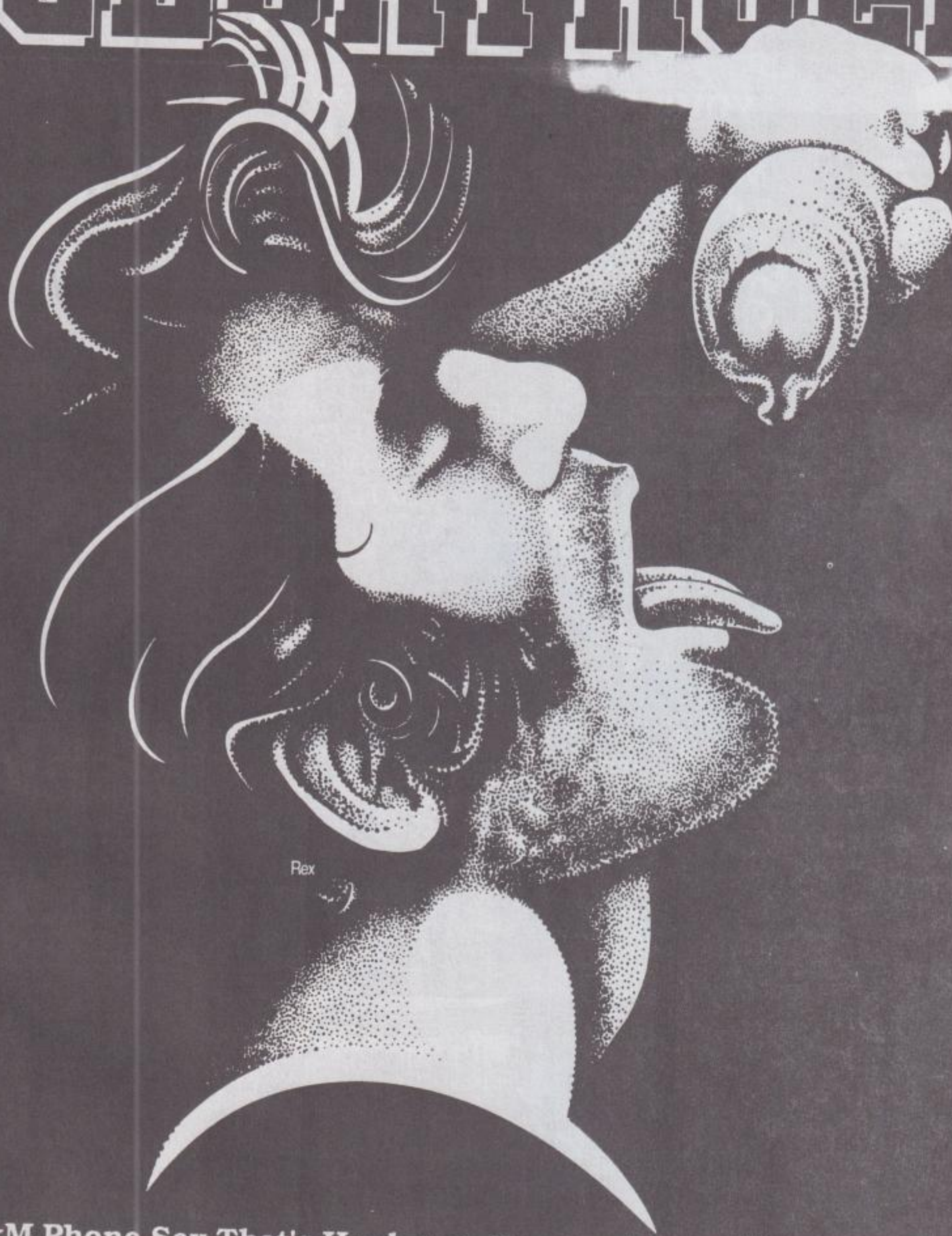
STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

SADISTIC MASTER

28, 5'10", 180, seeks dog or pig into heavy V/A, beatings, TT, humiliation and degradation. I want you kneeling at my feet like the piece of shit you are. Facial hair, hairy body a plus. Write with groveling letter, phone and photo. Box 6161

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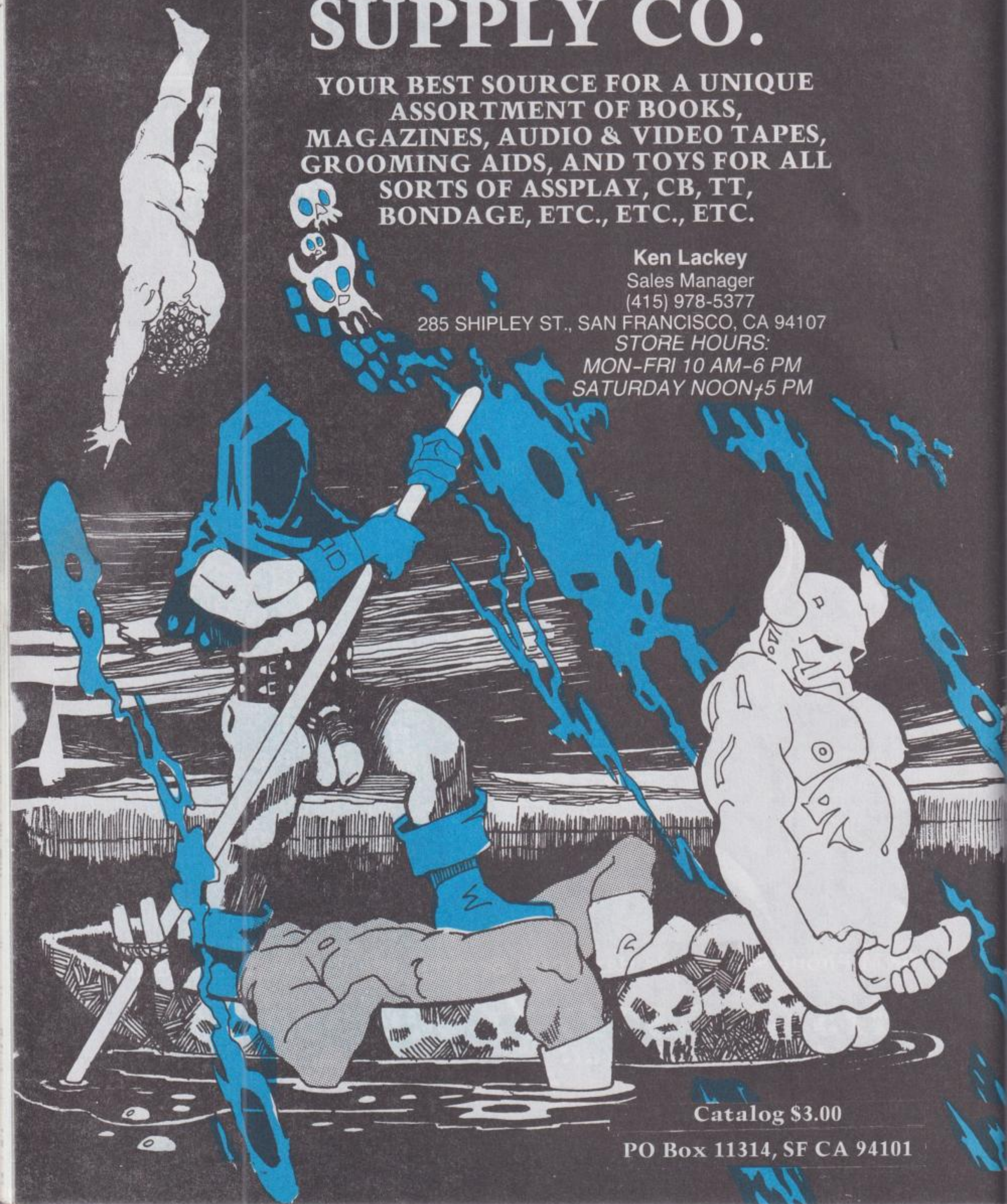
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**NASTY DADDY NEEDED**

Big man 6'2", 200 lbs. needs discipline, CBT, TT, pissed on, and shaved from neck down. From hung, hot Daddy. Box 6151

S&M RELATIONSHIP

Good-looking, 5'10", 165# brn/brn mid-30s (look 28) bottom/slave seeks more than hot times with good-looking Superior TOP/MASTER (18-37). S&M adventures plus intimacy, caring, and sharing friendship + fun. Can we go camping in the mountains, Sir? Tom, 11020 Ventura Blvd. #271, Studio City, CA 91604

DAD SEEKS SON

Dad, 41, 5'11", 180 into S/M, B&D, TT, CBT wants to share life with son. Dad has well-equipped playroom for light to heavy action. Your loyalty and trust will be rewarded by firm common-sense Dad. Novice OK. No drugs. If you want a real commitment, write D., PO Box 512, North Hollywood, CA 91601.

STRICTLY BOTTOM ITALIAN

Bodybuilder seeks strictly mental dominating top into verbal abuse, doggy training, body and smelly clothes worship, ridicule, put-downs and humiliation. No Greek, French or physical pain. Must be into total top mental control. Make me grovel, beg and behave like an animal in awe of you. (213) 850-6598.

HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

COLORADO**FIT TO BE TIED**

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

YOUNG WHITE OR ASIAN

Lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 49, top, hike, tennis, run, camp. (303) 972-4177.

LEATHER AND BONDAGE

Masculine, good-looking, clean-shaven WM, 26, 5'10", 150 lbs. Looking for good-looking hot tops under 40 into leather, WS, VA, C&BT and B/D. No scat, FF, heavy pain, fats or fems. Uncut and hairy a plus. Photo/phone nice but will answer all. Box 6197

CONNECTICUT**QUEER**

wants straight guy into using a fag as a means to abuse. Use me as a human urinal and toilet. Must be into fucking and being sucked. Must like fist-fucking too. Lure me through verbal deception into the above. You do not like queers, you use them. No one-timers, no master-slave scenes. Must be willing to commute. Complete discretion assured. No photographs exchanged. Screening through meeting only. Write: BOXHOLDER, PO Box 899, Deep River, CT 06417.

DRUMMER—LEATHER'S FINEST**LIVE-IN**

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soloflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909, I-78 and I-287S. (LF5982)

DC-METRO**BODYBUILDER SLAVE**

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker, use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR**DADDY'S BOY**

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

TOILET DUTY

Attractive, slim, 38, 160, 6' wants to service you and your buddies. Photo gets immediate response. Box 6132

I'LL BUST YOUR ASS, BOY

GWM, 5'11", 170 lbs. will bend you over and paddle your butt and make you count each lick. Also swap lickings. Box 27082, Washington, DC 20038.

NO-LIMITS GUY WANTS TOP

GWM, Washington, DC area, hairy, uncut, lives to service another hot, imaginative guy. I'm into smelly pits, filled nursable pecs, throbbing cum-filled cock and especially rear French. Love my tongue deep in a pushed-out asshole for hours. Other interests include travel, large dogs, horses, friendship, Satanism, W/S, cigars, scat, piercings, spit, snot and total raunch and kink. Call Dick (301) 948-4157 or 961 Clopper Rd., Apt. B-3, Gaithersburg, MD 20878. Let's do it!

FLORIDA**MIAMI STUD SON**

23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob, Box 5867LF

TOPMAN/DAD WANTED

You: 30+, hairy, aggressive. Me: 31, 6', 230, black/blue, beard/stach. Into FF, CB/T, S/M, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, and uniforms. Stable, employed homeowner. Strong will requires heavy hand. HTLV-3 neg. Beginning BB. History and photo sent upon contact. Send letter and photo to: Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. (LF6058)

WANT BOTTOM TRAINING

Retired college science teacher who loves leather and boots wants safe-sex training as a bottom by someone knowledgeable, careful and caring. I'm ignorant but want to learn. Divide time between Eastern North Dakota and Florida panhandle. AIDS negative and in good physical shape. Correspondence welcome to trade ideas. Box 6156

I NEED A DADDY

to please, obey and work for. Handsome, hung, houseboy is eager, sincere. Please call (305) 525-2043, John.

S. FLA. RAUNCH PIG

WM, 35, 5'8", 155, raunch pig wants good-looking BB studs to treat me like a toilet. Anything goes. I want to suck your filthy shit hole. Piss in my mouth. Tie me up. Send photo; I will exchange letters, soiled articles with other raunch pigs. Box 6169

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, asshole dialation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

SADISTIC CIGAR SMOKERS

wanted, leathermen, truckers, cops who know how to kick ass, fuck butt and feed cock to this Orlando area masochist that is 25 years old, 6'0", 160 lbs. Tattoos and beards a plus. Box 6183

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

TOP THIS OLD DADDY!

Big, bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S/M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

TORTURE VICTIM

seeks permanent relationship with hot sadist. Any scene within monogamy, caring, honesty. I am stable, secure, 46, 6'2", 170, good-looking, hairy, uncut, and can relocate. Write with photo to 2009 NE 22 Street, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305. Share expenses, optimism, and fun.

GEORGIA**ATTRACTIVE NOVICE**

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ESOTERIC

Satyr, 28, hunky, intelligent, imaginative wants similar buddies for mutual, depraved raunch and kink. Safe but expansive exploration of deepest sexual fantasies: shit/piss exchange, ass inspections, shavings, piercings, TT, CBT, floggings, nudism, exhibitionism, tattoos, prolonged JO, et. al. Photos and detailed letters receive prompt attention. Box 6128

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

GOOD-LOOKING BUTCH BOTTOM

seeking handsome butch buddy-dad. I'm 34, 6', 190, blond/brown, mustache, 7", Gr. pas., Fr. act., into titwork, W/S, cigars, wrestling, toilet scenes, spankings. You: 24-45, good-looking, very masculine, at least 5'10", in shape and big enough to handle me. Hairy body, mustache, big pecs/nipples and big equipment a plus. Live in Atlanta, but travel frequently. Reply with recent photo. Box 6193

ILLINOIS**YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS**

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

SIR

Older W bottom seeks young smooth white Top for safe sex in tit work, C&B, leather, shaving, oral or condom training. (312) 262-4102

WANTED: RAPIST DADDY

Son (32) seeks sadistic Daddy (over 35, hung thick) into rape, VA, CP, TT, humiliation, raunch and more. Box 6200

MY HARD BELONGS TO DADDY

I have a good job and a great lifestyle but need a furry bearded daddy to make it complete. Your son is 32, 6', 230, smooth. Like leather, bondage, and making my dad feel good. Looks aren't as important as a loving but firm attitude. Please, Dad, don't keep your son waiting. Box 6221

ASS EATING BOTTOM

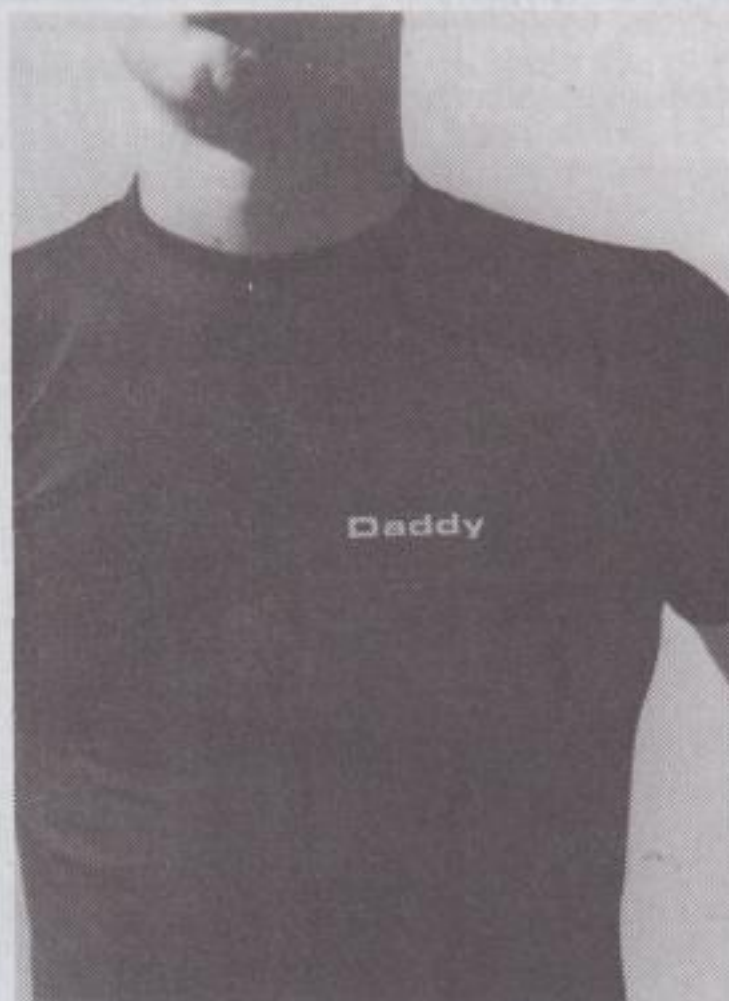
Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

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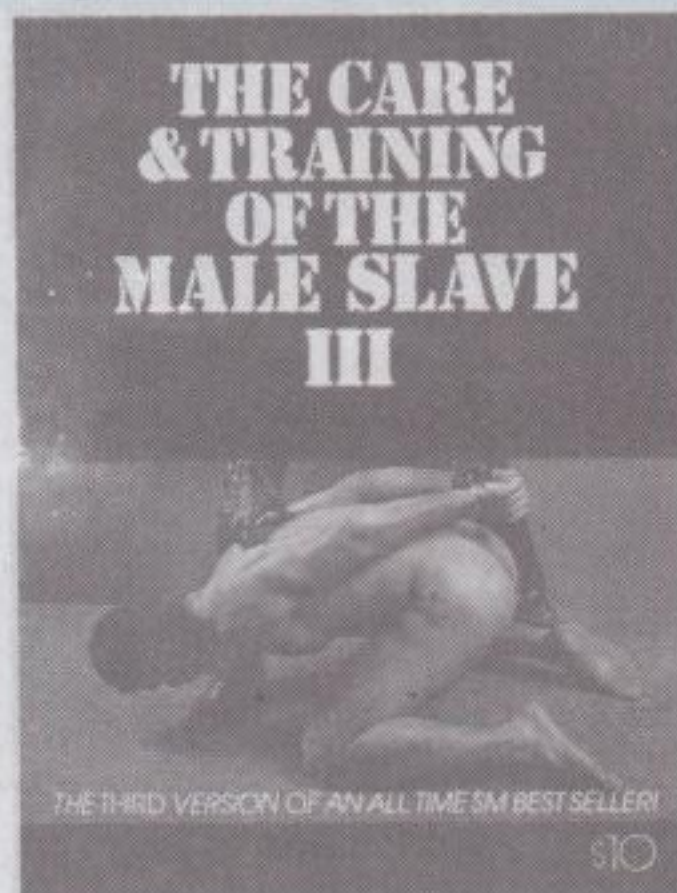
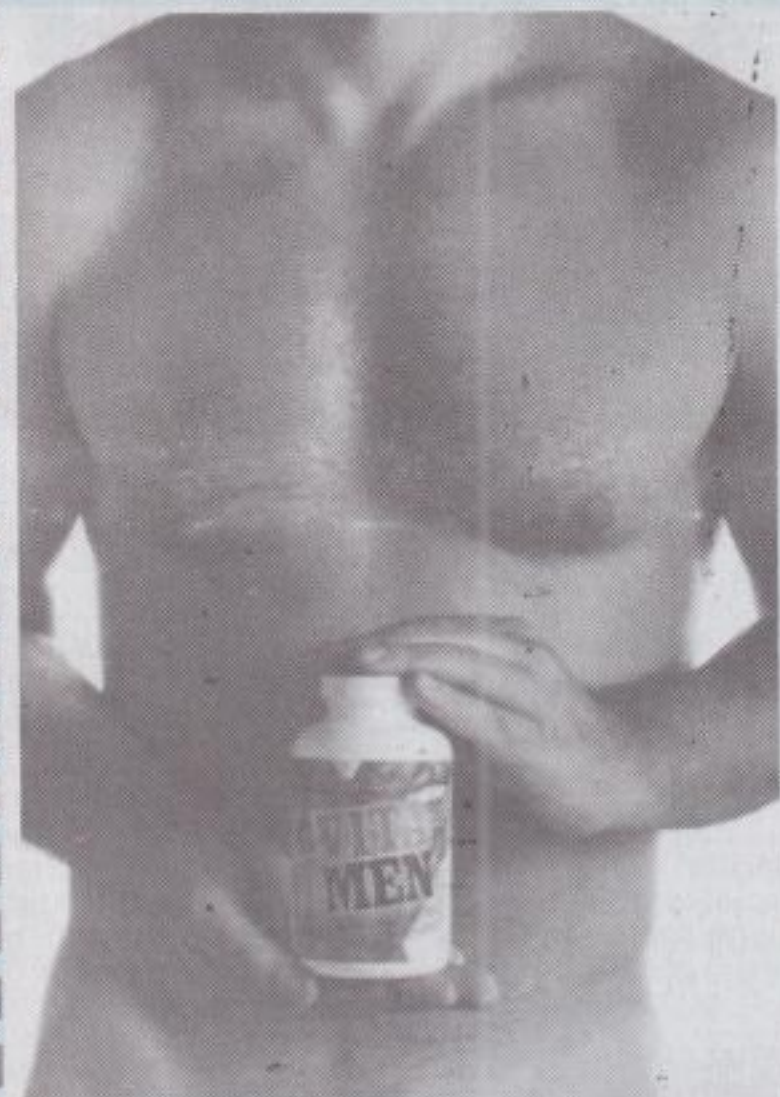
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- ☐ DADDY'S BOY T-SHIRT 9⁹⁵
- ☐ EVEN DADDIES NEED DADDIES 9⁹⁵

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**CHICAGO DADDY**

5'10, 160, 48 seeks BB son 25-35, 5'10 or shorter into leather, dildoes, spankings, TT, oil, asswork, ballwork and CS. Should like to provide to daddy titwork, CS and asswork. Photo is a must. Box 6187

OBEDIENT WHITE SLAVE

to young dominant boy/Master. If you can imagine it, you can try it. Expand my limits, Sir. VA, FF, W/S, B/D, etc. . . I am 36 yrs, 6', 165. You are young, macho stud. Michael Esclavo, PO Box 11703, Chicago, IL 60611

CHICAGO COUPLE

looking for hot cocks. Dad, 6'2", 195, 25 yrs.; boy, 5'10", 150, 27 yrs. We're into heavy tit & ass work, sweat, piss, leather and lots of hard mansex. Men, write with picture and maybe we can cum together. Locals cum first! Box 5569LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27, dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

**EXPERIENCED TOP
CHICAGO SW AREA**

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF.

HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

HEAVY PHYSICAL ABUSE-S/M

needed by Chicago area 36-year-old, blond, mustache, 6', 165 lbs., from women or masculine men who like workin' over a guy with whips, abrasives, clamps, cigars, other torture gear, marks ok. No sexual contact. Write Drummer Box 6007

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

CIGAR SMOKING LEATHERMASTER

expecting leatherboy's care/lust of boots/leather. Varying degree S/M. No drugs. MASTER: 46, 197, 6'1". MCP, PO Box 233, Plainfield, IL 60544

INDIANA**LET ME HELP**

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

S O R M

38 yr. very muscular, well hung needs partner for hot sex & possible relationship. Box 6201

V/A, ASSBEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. Dicksuckers: you'll crawl and your boydick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233

IOWA**YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCKBUDDY**

22, 6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

KANSAS**MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE**

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY**SUBMISSIVE SLAVE**

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

PUT ME IN MY PLACE

Good-looking 23-year-old needs muscular Daddy/Master to reduce my mind and body into total submission. PO Box 54772, Lexington, KY 40555-4772.

LOUISIANA**MOTORCYCLE COP**

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

MARDI GRAS TOILET

Attractive, 160, 6', 38 toilet wants safe master to take me to bars and parties and force me to recycle your beer drinking friends. All fantasies lived. Photo gets immediate response. Box 6190

MARYLAND**ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE**

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir. I am 174, 6'3. Box 6153LF

MASSACHUSETTS**TOTAL SLAVE AVAILABLE**

30-year-old GWM available to healthy masters for forced feeding with bondage, smearing, urinal service. Need to be humiliated and forced to eat my own. Box 6147

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-y.o. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

CREATIVE BOTTOM MASTER

GWM, butch, muscular, hairy, 28, into everything but scat, spankings, enemas, shaving, fantasy scenes. Box 79, Boston, MA 02101.

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

NOVICE SLAVE

33, 5'6, 130 seeks proper intro to bondage, discipline, servitude. Boston-Providence area. Box 6211

SON SEEKS DADDY

Young 30-yr.-old, 5'8", 140 lbs., hairy body in good shape. I am ready to serve you (any scene: spankings, W/S, S/M, bondage, dildoes, etc. Name your scene). Safe sex. You, Sir, are 45 y.o. to 60, serious & hairy. Smoker w/hairy gut & ass a +. Thank you, Sir! Send letter & phone #. Box 6199

SPANKING HAZING DISCIPLINE

for bad boys. Tell me what you've done wrong. This 32-year-old hunk's hand and mind awaits to administer proper punishment. Box 6185

CIGAR SMOKING PIGS

WM, 30, Ital., 5'11", 200 lbs., law enforcement officer seeks same into cigars, S/M, B/D, W/S, and scat. Police leathers, uniforms, boots, and equipment of the trade are my scene. Fat hung blacks, redheads, truckers, bikers also a turn-on. Respond with letter and photo. PO Box 8905, Cranston, RI 02920

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

LOWELL AREA SLAVE

6'2", 180 lbs., 7", uncut cock, big balls, large nipples, likes being face-ass fucked. etc. You: dominant, masculine, endowed. If so, put me down, your pain, my pleasure. Phone-photo (returnable), letter of what you expect. Safe sex only. No blood, scat, perm marks. Groups OK. Can travel. Box 6195

MICHIGAN**HOT MASTER**

has openining for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, lt. B/D, Gr/a/c, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me: 40, tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do. Box 5905

MINNESOTA**DEMANDING MASTER**

Seeks total devotion. Expect disciplined lifestyle, gardens, torture, motorcycle, complete obedience to my way. Become partnered to highly alternative priest. Magick, metaphysics, spiritual training. Must take joy in hard labor, believe in criticism/control as Master's right. Give me permanent total control for ownership beyond this life. Box 6060LF

COPS AND LEATHERMASTERS

27-yr.-old boy wants to try on cuffs and gag. Rape me, please, sir! Inexperienced/eager to learn. Box 6137

MISSOURI**SLAVE/HOUSEBOY/SON**

White professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/houseboy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

HUMILIATE & ABUSE

this slim WM, 52, who is ready to submit, worship, service hot horny studs who are fouthmouthed, demanding, lean and lewd. Box 6214



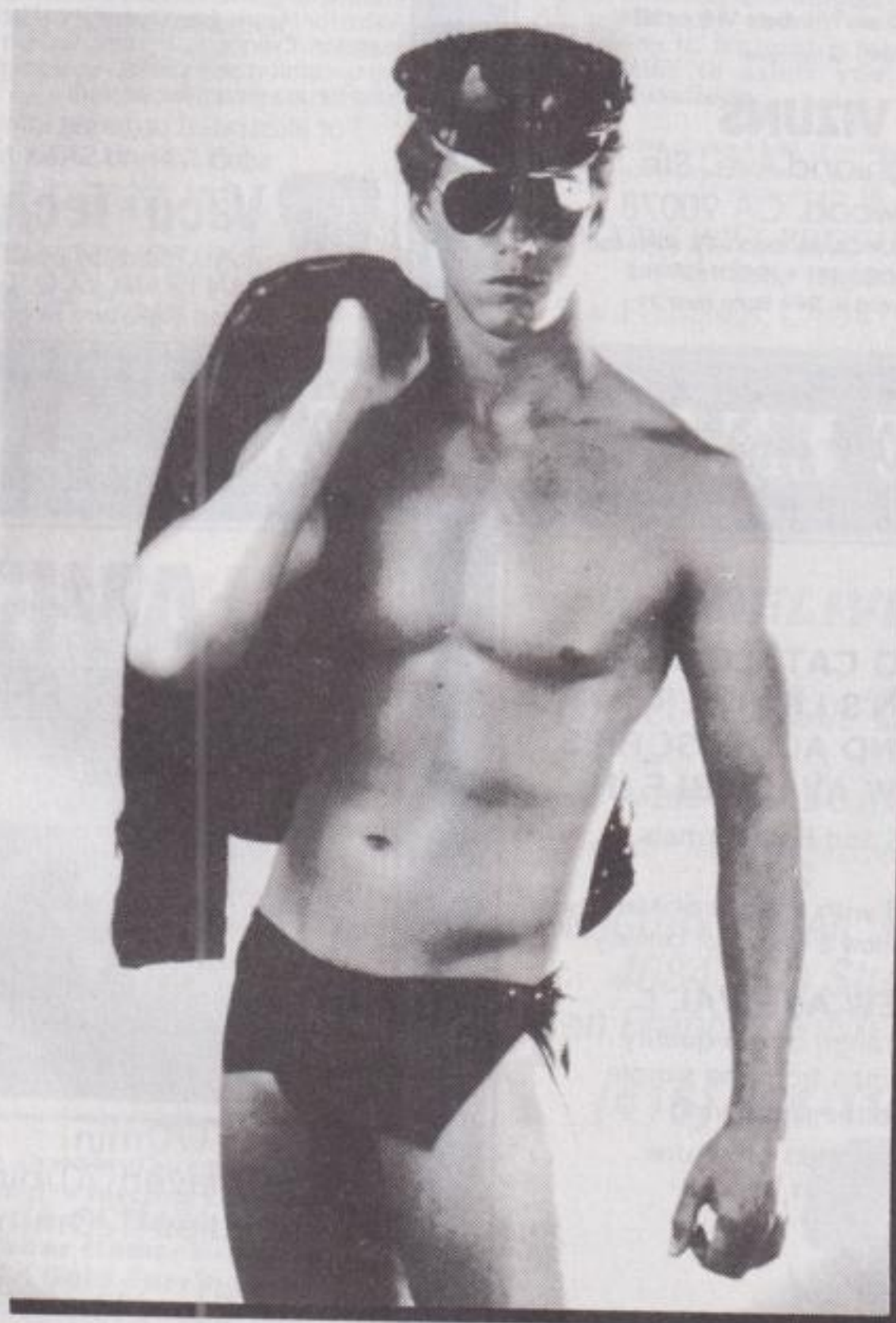
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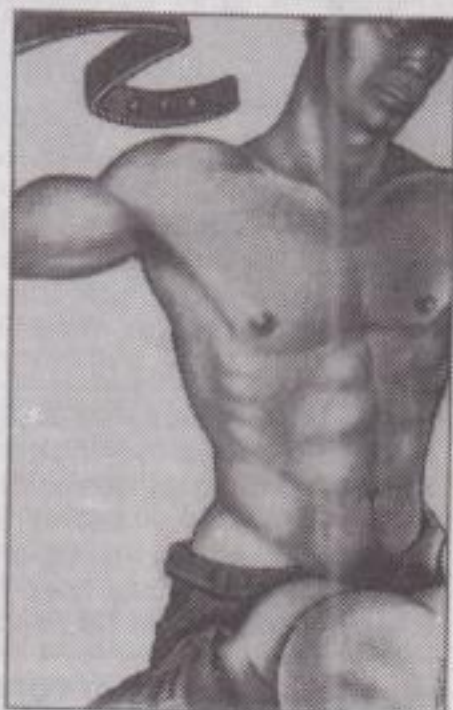
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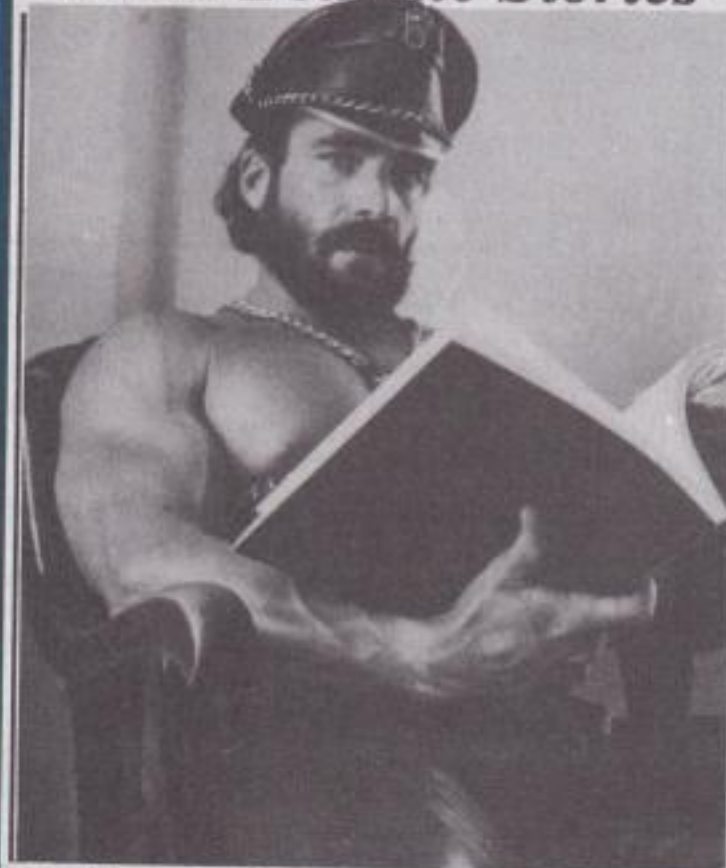
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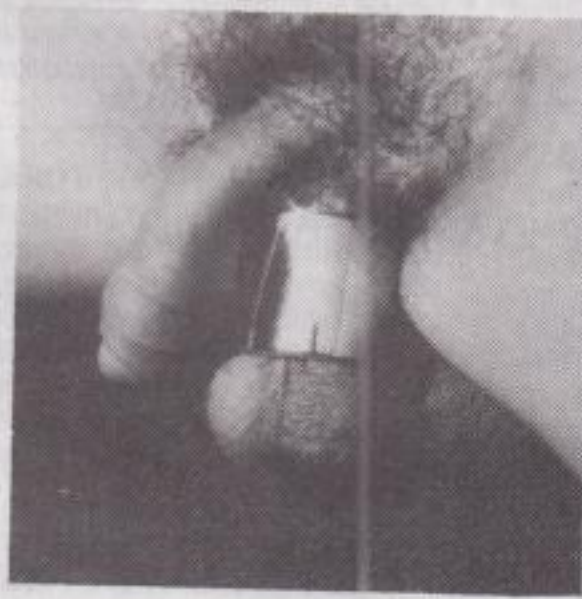
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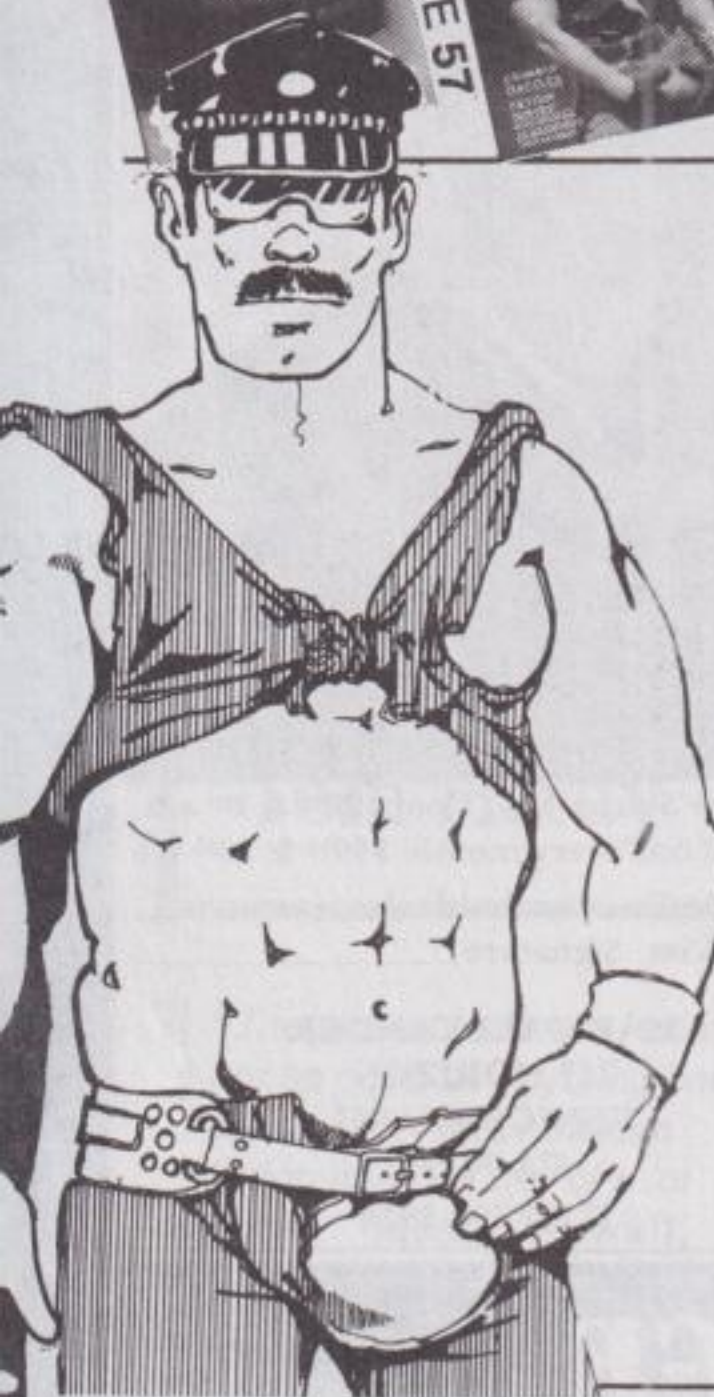


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BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX

WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

NEW JERSEY

NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood, Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures — movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus free non-smoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

HUNGRY EAGER BOTTOM

WM, 37, 160 lbs., 5'10", healthy, muscular, hot, obedient. Seeks demanding dominant top to serve and service. Leather, boots, spanking a plus. Slave potential. Serious only. Box 6222

DADDY MASTER WANTED

WM, 5'8", 32, 160 lbs., good-looking, versatile, hairy, hot Italian son seeks loving, health-conscious, intelligent, dominant, hairy, Daddy/Master into light S/M, spankings, and wild fantasies, for serious relationship. Expand my limits, Sir. Photo helpful. Box 6181

NEW YORK

BLACK RAPIST WANTED

by white male, 42, 6'1", 165, for rough rape scenes. Box 6130

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid. at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 33 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W. 43, Apt. 14-P, NY, NY 10036. Photo gets same. (LF5777)

DIRTY-MINDED PIGS WANTED

by SM Top, 30, Manhattan. Leather, rubber, boots, toys, Spandex, high times. Phone number to: Bud Hughes, Columbus Circle Station, PO Box 20406, NYC 10023.

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF.

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old. 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware, I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves, Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

ANIMALS

Leather Top into scene. Phone to: Bud Hughes, Columbus Circle Station, PO Box 20406, NYC 10023.

COCK SERVICE

by two hot, healthy WMs 29, 5'9 dark hair/beard; 22, 5'7, brown hair/mustache, seeking straight-looking, masculine tops with facial hair who need a tight ass and deep throat. SS only. Send description/phone/photo if possible. Box 6178

WESTERN NEW YORK

Two GWMs, mid-30s, hot, horny, hung and good-looking want to meet, correspond, exchange fotos with singles and/or couples. We are into exhibitionism, voyeurism, dildoes and jockstraps. New to the leather scene. We are anxious to share hot times with others. Truckers passing through are asked to contact. Write soon—you won't be disappointed. Box 6196

23 Y.O. BONDAGE TOILET

Straight construction-biker for singles, groups. Serious only. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6087

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your actt hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306, or call (718) 979-0328. Must be ready to relocate. (LF5674)

BONDAGE

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

**BOTTOM DADDY NEEDS**

Sore tits, asswork, oral service ordered by insatiable Top. No FF, pain. I'm 52, 6', 170, good shape. Make me squirm, Sir. PO Box 81, New York, NY 10011.

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Trim, 6'1", 51, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

NAKED BOTTOM

Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6', 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate. Box 5696LF

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)

MY MOUTH, YOUR TOILET

Need shit, piss, puke, snot dumped in my mouth, face. Need to be fucked simultaneously. Groups only (2 or more plus me). Am 38, 150, handsome. Call (212) 691-6474 between 7-10 PM

COP SHITHOLE SUCKER

Well-built, healthy 28 y.o. WM, 5'11", 165 lbs., European, uncut, wants to suck on your filthy shithole. Special attention given to COPS, construction workers and body builders with huge and beefy butts. I'm masculine, beer drinker and turned on by straight guys. I need a macho cop to plant his butt on my face and let me have a good taste of it. Please, officer, call or write. Box 6124. Tel. (718) 846-0845, Danny. Discretion assured.

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

TUFF DAD SEEKS SADIST SON

I'm 6'1", 195, 51, beard, leather, good-looking, masculine. Seek trim to BB, aggressive, sane but quasi-sadistic for monogamous safe no bodyfluids exchanged. JO, TT, VA, BD, hugging, loving. No drugs, FF, WS. Be educated, successful, aggressive! Letter/phone/photo: Box 6118LF

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

SLAVE SEEKS TRUE MASTER

Hdsm. Irish slave, 33, 6', 185 lbs., seeks Master who will train him to satisfy all domestic and sexual needs. A non-live-in, on-call or scheduled relationship to begin and develop with Master's cock as the center, emphasis on servicing Master's comfort and pleasure rather than heavy pain trips. Leather great, but not necessary. Have car, can travel. Box 6139

OWN, USE, ABUSE & LOVE ME

Tall, healthy, SM/cooked 34 WM masochist offers life to gd-lkng hung, firm Master. No limits. Permanent ownership and control. Please my Master's every need as his naked, hairless, pierced, branded, toilet-trained, B&D'd, F/F'd, waxed, burned, prodded, cock-sucking, assfucked slave. No return. Box 6135LF

HUMILIATE THIS QUEER

who needs to be stripped, fondled, fingered, slapped (face, genitals), laughed at, pegged, spat/pissed on, sniff jocks, socks, heavy VA. Use me as footstool/cardtable. Your ideas? Two or more guys only. Groups? Parties? Photos? Call only when you want it now! All calls verified. No J/O! 34, 5'10", 160 lbs., masc. WM, 6". Box 6234

SHIT BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 35, 6', 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163.

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

FIRE ISLAND WEEKENDS

Private accommodation incl. separate well-equipped dungeon available for rental to SM couples weekends or longer periods at attractive beach front house. References required. Telephone for details: (516) 597-6484

BIND ME, WHIP ME

Need regular unannounced real whippings with razor strop, belt, switch while bound, especially tied over horse or hung spread-eagled upside down. Whip it all (except back), privately or in public. Two or more tops together welcomed. Photo/film me, make me cry, scream, beg. Very serious. I need this. 34, 5'10", 160 lbs., masc., WM, nice ass. Your place only. PO Box 1126, Ansonia Station, New York 10023-1126

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**JOCK SERVICE**

Two guys would like to service bodybuilders and real jocks. After the workout, enjoy a cold beer and our hot tongue massage. Queens, Brooklyn, Bronx and L.I. only! Joe, (718) 762-2544.

LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

22 Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight, muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6', mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F., PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819.

UPSTATE LEATHER

Master/Daddy, WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM, 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF, ass toys, B/D, W/S, CB/T, boots, socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

MASTER/TOP

Experienced, concerned, but a true sadist who will hurt but never harm you. No permanent relationship possible—but friendship via your real submission and commitment the bottom line. Box 4255LF

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., 34 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK. I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, #14P, New York, NY 10036. Photo, if you have one, gets same. (LF5777)

PHYSICAL TRAINING

GWM, 43, 6', 198 lbs., out of shape needs direction from in-shape Coach/Topman. Goal: overcome flab, develop trim, tight body for Coach/Topman's use and enjoyment in extensive sexual training. Coach is thoroughly Top, mature, dominant, extremely well hung, always horny. Awaiting instructions, Sir. Live upstate/travel. Box 5949LF

QUEENS AREA

Nam vet, 39, 6', 160 lbs., Queens area, enjoys servicing mature married exec types. No photos please. Box 4033, NYC 10017

TOILET AVAILABLE

Bottom pig, 37, needs smelly topmen for endless shit, piss, puke, feet, pits, humiliation. Prefer handsome in-shape men to 40. Will serve one or groups. How can you deny yourself this pleasure? Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725

BONDAGE AND TORTURE

Tall, masculine, muscular W/M jock, 34, 6'4, 195 lbs., into serious, creative bondage, tit torture, dick entrapment, foot torture, tickling, pain/pleasure, classic torture scenes, long hard JO. Want masculine buddy for real thing or hot scenes. You get me down or I'll get you. Revenge a turn-on. Safe, sane, hot. Correspond anywhere, meet NYC. Creative bondage ideas a plus. For discreet meet, send photo, photo if handy to: PO Box 659, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

KID BROTHER/WRESTLER

Wanted by dominant WM, 6'3", 210 lbs., 34 BR/BR, clean shaven, gym body. UR u/30, good body, cleanshaven. Into wrestling, man-handling, domination, SM, BD, CBT, LL, smoke, aroma. Jocks, punks, BBs a plus. Role switching possible. All safe scenes. Box 6045

BONDAGE

Beer-gut, tattooed topman wanted. Dig overpowering, cigarette smoking bondage top to tie, gag and work his captive. Safe sex only. Me, 49, 5'5", 160 lbs., 6" cut, hairy chest. Box 6033

SHIT AND PISS

White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

ASS TORTURE

How much can you give me? New York City guys only. Box 6009

INDUSTRIAL SUB-BASEMENT

with headroom and plumbing or floor drain, 24-hour access, needed by maverick waterproofing engineer. Secure storage area for insulated undergear, greasesuits, welder's leathers, tarpaulin overalls, rigger's safety shoes, sleeping bag, on-site contact with tough subterranean jackers, head-drillers + wipers and cool supers. Sample oil deliveries and inspection of sites in Manhattan's manmade caves and tunnels. Have truck. Box 6006

BAREHANDED SPANKINGS

GWM wants playful spankings from man (25-young 65). Accompanying safe sex optional. Uniform helpful but not necessary. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. My place/no parking problem. But write to: L.S.A., 132 W 24th St., NYC 10011.

TAKE A DUMP IN MY MOUTH

Hot blond asslicker needs heavy humiliation from filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 27, 5'10", beard, 150 lbs., good-looking pig. If possible, send photo/phone to: PO Box 468, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

NY director/writer seeks non-actors for theatre production in May. Men living leather lifestyle needed to explore beauty and isolation of this community during the age of AIDS. Serious replies requested for serious project. Box 6163

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

Two hot guys—35 & 45—seek others for mutual ass play. Respond to LRI, Box 447, Huntington Station, NY 11746.

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes—especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND ...

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away. Into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

NORTH CAROLINA**SPANKING ENTHUSIAST**

GWM, 25, cleanshaven, nonsmoker, straight-looking, intelligent, preppy type, into antiques, stock market, real estate, country music or light rock, Levis; looking for preppies, jocks, hunks or cute, young to 30, to give or receive frat initiation, spankings, paddlings, mild to old-fashioned. Massage, military discipline. I travel Southeast to New England. No drugs, fems, weirdos. Sex not necessary. Box 6207

NORTH DAKOTA**WANT BOTTOM TRAINING**

Retired college science teacher who loves leather and boots wants safe-sex training as a bottom by someone knowledgeable, careful and caring. I'm ignorant but want to learn. Divide time between Eastern North Dakota and Florida panhandle. AIDS negative and in good physical shape. Correspondence welcome to trade ideas. Box 6156

OHIO**DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE**

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair and eyes, seeks slaves for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

RAUNCHY UNDERGEAR

WM, 28, 160 lbs., former swimmer, looking for men into brief scenes. Heavy raunch desired. Love piss and shit stained undergear. Older, experienced men welcomed. Let's get together soon. Photos, letters and used undergear exchanged. Springfield/Dayton area. Box 6064

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

CIN/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr.-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

for weekend use. You: 21-35, under 5'8", slim. Will mostly be kept nude. Must like bikinis, loafers, mocs, stocking feet, light SM both top and bottom. No drugs. Cleveland east suburbs. Letter, photo, phone for interview. Box 6154

OREGON**DIAPER DELIGHT**

WM, 32, into the fetish of infantilism. Looking for males into wearing diapers, plastic pants and infantile fun. Masturbation only. Write to Brian, 1430 Willamette, Suite 337, Eugene, OR 97402.

PENNSYLVANIA**BASIC TRAINING**

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

COLD WINTER NIGHT? FIND A HOT MAN IN DEAR SIR**LEATHER MASTER NEEDED**

Slave, 29, 5'9", 155, hairy, moustache, seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spit, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105. (LF5655)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottommen for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

FOULMOUTHED MASTER

Looking for young bottom to abuse. Inexperience a plus. I'll teach you to worship my body. Into verbal abuse, tit torture, golden showers, light pain, safe sex. No fats, fems, drugs. Send respectful application with picture to Box 6175

PITTSBURGH BOTTOM

37, 5'8½", 170 lbs., WM seeks Daddy/Master to 50. Need discipline, safe sex & affection. Hairy men a plus. Truckers welcome—near I-79/80. Write with photo to PO Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

TENNESSEE**NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE**

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr.-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

DEAR SIR:



TEXAS

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

EVERY MAN HAS ONE...

Bondage fantasies! Do you long to tie-up that lonsome hitchhiker and hold him captive? Bind and gag that jack-off student until he learns some discipline? New to Austin—5'10", 160 lbs., 24, blond, moustache, seeks creative masters with imagination. Prefer being bottom, but am versatile. Call Dave, (512) 346-2701.

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

ANGRY

26, 6', 200 lbs., 6" cut, needs to inflict or receive some pain. Novice. Motorcycles, TT, wax, B/D. HTLV-III pos. Will travel. PO Box 2699, Denton, TX 76202

SAN ANTONIO "MIKE"

Thanks for the 5 scorching letters in 1985 responding to my ad. Let's correspond. Jim, Box 27082, Washington, DC 20038.

DOMINATION + OWNERSHIP

Obedient but cocky slave desires complete ownership by master seeking one man to own, dominate and train. Will give respect and loyalty you deserve. No limits for the master to whom I commit. Over six foot and bearded a plus; all answered respectfully. Texas based but could relocate. (713) 526-9557. Box 6205

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

TOP WANTS BOTTOM

Shaving, piercing, W/S, oral sex. Total commitment. Relocate now. PO Box 362, Valley View, TX 72272.

BOY LOOKING FOR DADDY

brother or uncle 21-40 in decent shape. Am 29, 5'9", 150, athletic kid. Into many scenes, especially humiliation, diapers, bondage. No FF, scat, fannies. Bobby, PO Box 27701-216, Houston, TX 77227, with photo.

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

42, brown and blue, 120 lbs., 5'6", needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turns-ons: uniforms, leather, jockstraps, humiliation, slapping ass, cock toys, cops, all law enforcement officers. Would also like to try W/S, T/T. Wayne D. Bannister, RD 2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (802) 462-3173 (LF5750)

VIRGINIA

BB SLAVE

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike, Box 6206LF

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE FF BOTTOM

WM, 41, 6'4", 195, cut, moustache, brown hair. Have lover and looking for weekday activities. Some experience. Need to explore and expand limits. Hairy tops a plus. Box 6116LF

WISCONSIN

SUBMIT

Submit to those desires inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application. Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness. Box 4876LF

WYOMING

HOT HOLES

GWM, 35, 6', 170, blond/brown, hung. Seeks hung stallions, hot fists, deep holes, safe but heavy. Leather, barn scenes. Box 5855

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AMERICANS HOT FOR EUROPE

Black/white, early 30s, attractively nasty and fun guys, anxious to see leatherside of Europe. We'll be on the Continent April/May 1988. Recent photo/phone gets response; to Boxmen, Box 6131

BALLMASTER WANTED

to work my nuts over. Piss-hole exploration a plus. Am 42, moustache, balding, 142 lbs., tattoo, PA. Desire dedicated trim man who likes tit and piss-hole workouts and FF mutual leather photo exchange to G.K. 181 West Sixth St., North Vancouver, BC, Canada V7M 1K4

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE, HEAVY MASOCHIST

50, into leather, military uniforms, discipline, VA, jockstraps, TT, piercing, C&BT, electric prod, shaving humiliation, bootlicking, amy, erotic whipping and bondage, pain trips, arsehole worship, Satanism. Seeks experienced dungeon Master to expand limits as a slave of the empire of Satan by correspondence and/or heavy sessions. Box 5874LF

CANADA

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

QUEBEC!

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois. Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C. Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

ENGLAND

PAIN SLAVE

Begs to enter total service of heavy Master. Mustached masochist, 38, hot, craves intense bondage, heavy whipping, unlimited TT/CBT. Teach me to serve and worship your boots and asshole humbly and totally. Slave need it bad, Sir. Box 5869LF

TRAVELLING SLAVES

Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker. Box 5829

HOT LEATHER GUY

32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncut. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954.

MUSCULAR TOPS

wanted by honest to goodness nice guy who wants to be raped by one or more. 34, 6', 168 lbs., businessman by day. Bondage experts into deep ass-work and S/M, hairy, hung, healthy. Beards, skins. Strong-minded and sociable. U.K., Europe, anywhere write detailed letter with photo. Box 6230LF

NORWAY

BOUND AND GAGGED

Bondage bottom, 28, 160, looking for safe and sensible top for monogamous partnership involving: home, business and being together. Enjoys videos, movies, good food and wine, swimming, traveling, etc. Enjoys being blindfolded, hooded, bound, gagged and other forms of bondage. Safe sex only, no drugs, WS, FF, scat, damage or lasting marks. Limits must be respected and expanded. Your photo and address with your reply in English or Scandinavian ensures prompt reply. Box 5955LF

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 51, 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health. You're 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular, hairy with well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, titwork, FF, dirty talk, mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w/photo: B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

WEST GERMANY

LEATHER & SM

Leather and SM turn me on. German, 41, 6'3", 190, knowledgeable, into experimental and new things, wants to get in touch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world. I am often in the states. Let me hear from you and tell and show me more of yourself. Box 5755LF

BONDAGE TURNS ME ON—AND YOU?

Bottom, GWM, 38, 5'11", 180. Seeking to correspond with others into hot, long-term bondage, hoods, gags, TT, CB/T, dildos in a safe-sex context. Kidnaping, hostage scenes really turn me on. Pic gets mine. Travel to the U.S. once or twice each year. Box 6073LF

MODELS NATIONWIDE

1987 MR. DRUMMER

'Master' Mark Alexander, the nation's hottest leather stud, available for personal appearances and phone fantasies. Call (213) 392-3923 for appointments. VISA, MC accepted. Travel available.

FANTASY MASTERS

Fantasy Masters, the reality of leather sex, is a Psycho Drama Performance Art group of experienced, professional Masters specializing in the complete and intense training of slaves. Novices and slaves will receive instruction in attitude adjustment and the mental & physical aspects of S/M techniques. We provide Masters with custody services for their slaves, either overnight or for extended periods, complete with healthy food, regimented exercise and appropriate personalized indoctrination. We also offer advanced training for Masters in discipline, slave control, bondage, piercing, torture and equipment use. Our well equipped dungeon/training facilities are available to individuals or groups for training sessions, meetings, parties or instructional demonstrations, with or without instructors. Upon receipt of proper request, you will receive a personal questionnaire, description of facilities and service, rate information and further instructions. FANTASY MASTERS! There's been nothing like it since The Quarters! Enclose \$5 for processing and mailing to: FANTASY MASTERS, PO Box 42159, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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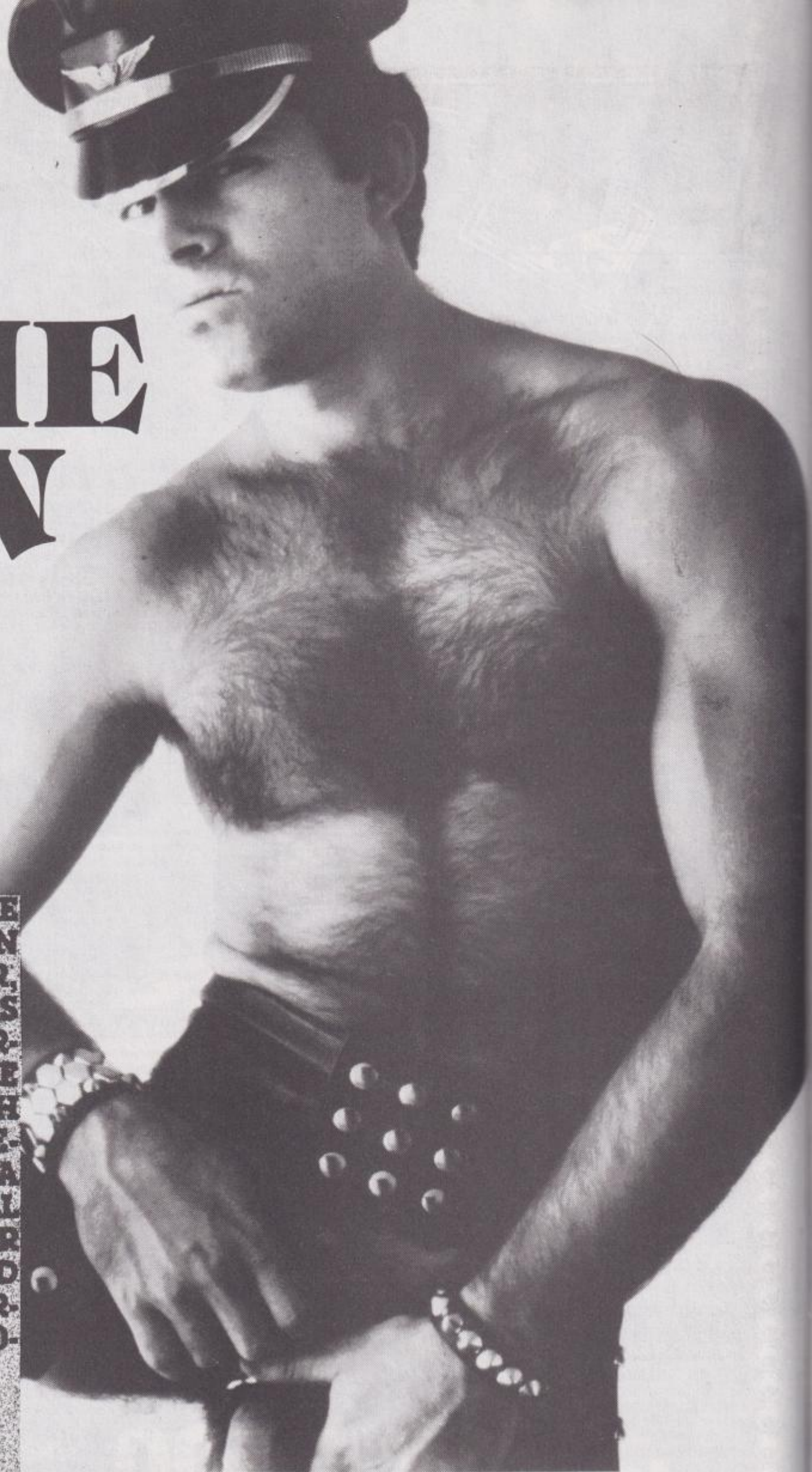
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LEATHER CALENDAR

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DATE JANUARY

EVENT

- 6 •Facing the New Year with Blindfolds, Gags and Hoods—New York Bondage Club; NYC.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 11 •AIDS, a personal view—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 13 •Handcuffs—GMSMA; NYC.
•Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
- 15 •Tit Torture Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
- 15-17 •Leather Weekend '88 & Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Centaur MC; Washington, DC.
•3rd Annual Arizona Gay Rodeo; Phoenix (602) 938-3932.
- 16 •Inferno Night party—Chicago Hellfire Club.
•Rubber/SM Party—The 15; San Francisco.
•Glogg Fest—SLM Copenhagen; Denmark.
- 17 •Anniversary VII: Dinner and Top Auction—GMSMA; NYC.
- 23 •Diablo Deviates Party; Concord, CA.
- 27 •Whipping: the Lash that Leads to Ecstasy—Avatar; Los Angeles.
•Cut & Uncut—GMSMA; NYC.
- 29-31 •Come Rong '88—South Pacific Motor Club; Sydney, Australia.
- 30 •Handshake Affair—Vanguards MC; Phila.
•Annual Meeting and Party—SLM Stockholm.
- 30-31 •Algolagnic Atelier III—Order of the Marquis & the Chevalier; Novi, MI.

FEBRUARY

- 6 •4th Anniversary—California Eagles MC; SF.
- 8 •Shaving as an erotic experience—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 9 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
- 10 •S/M in Cartoons & Animation—GMSMA; NYC.
•M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- 11-16 •Carnival in Cologne; West Germany.
MS Panther's Costume Ball on 13th.
- 12 •Forbidden Fantasies Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- 12-14 •Black Frost Gypsy Caravan—Black Guard 11th Anniversary; Minneapolis, MN.
- 13 •Black Hearts Ball—National Leather Association; Seattle.
•Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
•Daddies/Daddies' Boys Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- 20 •Crisco Wrestling—Tribe MC; Tool Box, Toronto.
- 21 •Anniversary Party—The 15; San Francisco.
- 24 •Black & Blue Ball—GMSMA; Cell Block, NYC.
•Wrestling—GMSMA; NYC.

27

28

- Diablo Deviates Party; Concord, CA.
- 3rd Annual Washington State Mr. Leather Slave Auction; 8 p.m. at the Eastlake, Seattle.

MARCH

4-6

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12

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26

APRIL

8-10

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16

27

- Palm Springs Weekend—Illustrated Men.
- Toga Party—Tribe MC; Hooterville Sta, Toledo.
- M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- Permanent Piercing—GMSMA; NYC.
- How to Live with your Non-SM Lover Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- Psychology of S/M—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- Corporal Punishment Party—The 15; SF.
- Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
- Diablo Deviates Party; Concord, CA.
- Do a Fool XVII—Tribe MC; Detroit.
- Tattoo Bar Party—Illustrated Men; Orlando, FL.
- M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- Small Groups—GMSMA & LSM; NYC.
- Setting the Scene Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- The Art of Discipline Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
- West Coast School for Lower Education—The 15; SF.
- Enemas—GMSMA; NYC.

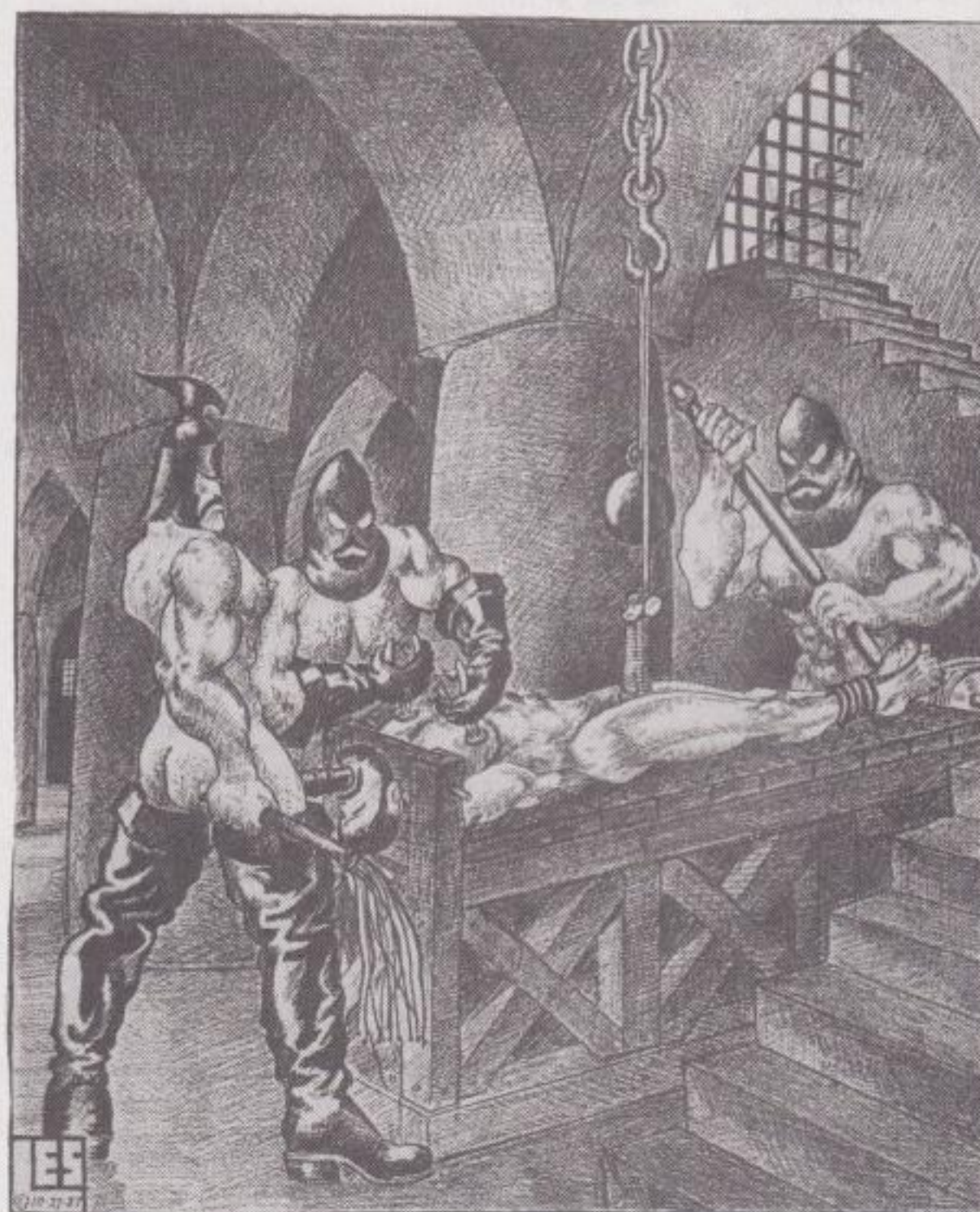


USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Club names marked with an asterisk are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories. If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send information or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations, will be appreciated.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| Academy Uniform Club (FL)
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102 | Black Star MC
c/o E. "Ollie" Stewart
1805 Briarcliff Rd.
Winter Park, FL 32855 | Centaur MC
PO Box 362
Arlington, VA 22210 |
| Ace (W)
PO Box 261
Annex Station
Providence, RI 02901 | Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 233 Main Station
St. Louis, MO 63166 | Centurions LL MC
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd.
Roanoke, VA 24061 |
| Adventurers—Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738 | Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039 | Centurions of Columbus
PO 09208
Columbus, OH 43209 |
| American Uniform Association
PO Box 1037 (FN)
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274 | Boots (FN)
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada | Chicago Cossacks
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690 |
| American Uniform Association
PO Box 86086 (FL)
N. Vancouver, BC
V7L 4J5 Canada | Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111 | Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680 |
| Argonauts MC
PO Box 3331
Los Angeles, CA 90028 | Bound & Determined (W)
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035 | Cigar Studs (FN)
PO Box 14344
San Antonio, TX 78212 |
| *Argonauts of Wisconsin
PO Box 1285
Green Bay, WI 54305 | Branding Iron Club
PO Box 190471
Dallas, TX 75219 | Cin City Cycle Club
PO Box 1151
Cincinnati, OH 45202 |
| Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 13074
Phoenix, AZ 85002 | Briar Rose (W)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081 | City Bikers MC
PO Box 9816
Denver, CO 80209 |
| Atlantis MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308 | The Brotherhood
PO Box 1346
Tucson, AZ 85702 | The Club (S/M)
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292 |
| Atoms of Minneapolis
PO Box 2032
Dodge Center, MI 55402 | The Brotherhood
PO Box 29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029 | Club Mud (FN)
Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471 |
| Avatar (S/M)
7869 Santa Monica Blvd. #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
818-A-IN-LINE | Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022 | *Cocksuckers Club of America (FN)
PO Box 723
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723 |
| Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769 | Brothers MC
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204 | Colorado MC
441 Knox Ct.
Denver, CO 80204 |
| Barbary Coasters MC
PO Box 14251 Station 6
San Francisco, CA 94114 | Buccaneers MC
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Cartier, MS 39553 | Colt 45s
PO Box 66804
Houston, TX 77006 |
| Basic Training
120 S. Pinecrest
Bolingbrook, IL 60439 | Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912 | Committee to Preserve our Sexual
& Civil Liberties (X)
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94101 |
| Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201 | *California Eagles MC
PO Box 280221
San Francisco, CA
94128-0221 | Conductors Leather Levi
PO Box 40261
Nashville, TN 37204 |
| Black Fire (S/M)
Box 354 Univer. Sta.
Syracuse, NY 13210 | California Motor Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101 | Conquistadors MC Inc.
PO Box 5591
Orlando, FL 32805 |
| Black Guard
PO Box 8989
Minneapolis, MN 55418 | California Cyclemen MC
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104 | Constantines MC
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94101 |
| Blackhawk MC
1025 12th St.
Rock Island, IL 61201 | *Castaways MC
PO Box 1697
Milwaukee, WI 54305 | Copperstate Leathermen's Association
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064 |



A YEAR IN A DUNGEON: April from *The 15's* 1988 calendar of drawings by Les. A limited number of copies available from SSCo.

THE 15 SM CALENDAR AVAILABLE

The 15 Association has again produced a calendar of SM drawings by Les. Those who have followed Les' art will notice a further development in technique and "atmosphere" with all of the torture scenes set in architecturally intriguing castle dungeon settings. Again this year the calendar is produced by Xerox, but the reproduction is sharp and a pleasure to hang on the wall. A limited number of copies is available through the Sandmutopia Supply Co. for \$5.00 each.

CAROLINA DRUMMER VIDEO

Queen City Quordinators, sponsors of the 1986 & 1987 Mr. Carolinas Drummer contests, are offering a videotape of the highlights of the 1987 regional contest. Included are all of the fantasies as well as many other HOT segments. The price is only \$25 + \$3 S&H to QCQ Drummer '87, PO Box 221841, Charlotte, NC 28222.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Cornhaulers
416½ E. 5th St.
Des Moines, IA 50309

Corps of Rangers
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Country Men
PO Box 1362
Dearborn, MI 48126

C.S.C.M.S.
1320 N. Stanley
Los Angeles, CA 90046

D.A.D.S. (FN)
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190

Dallas MC
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219

***DC Wrestling Club (FL)**
PO Box 1205
Washington, DC 20013

de Sade and Men
PO Box 71426
New Orleans, LA 70172

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

***Diablo Deviates (S/M)**
PO Box 27672
Concord, CA 94527

Disciples of de Sade (S/M)
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Disciples of De Sade (S/M)
3121 Hamilton Way
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Dreizehn (S/M)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117

Eagle MC
3311 Liddy Ave.
West Palm Beach, FL 33316

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

Entre Nous MC
PO Box 2063
Boston, MA 02106

E.N.I.G.M.A. (FN)
2329 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eulenspiegel Society
(Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163

Excelsior MC
PO Box 31
New York, NY 10113

Falcons MC
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141

**Fall Festival Association,
Miami Chapter (FL)**
PO Box 500
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

FFA Tampa Bay (FL)
1230 East Mohawk Ave.
Tampa, FL 33604

FFA Washington, DC (FL)
PO Box 461
Washington, DC 20044

Faucon MC
C.P. 833 Station A
Montreal, P.Q.
H3C 2V5 Canada

The 15 Association (S/M)
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

The Foot Fraternity (FN)
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124

Gateway MC
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63178

Gladiator MC
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91602

GMSMA (S/M)
Mail: 132 East 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.

Gauche MC
3219B W. Obispo St.
Tampa, FL 33609

Griffins MC
214 N. Market
Wilmington, DE

Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Hartford Colts MC
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06112

Hearts of the West MC
PO Box 674
Santa Fe, NM 87504-0674

Hijos del Sol
3014 Truman N6
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (FN)
AWS
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011

Houston MC
c/o Mary's Lounge
1022 Westheimer Rd.
Houston, TX 77006

***Illustrated Men (FL)**
Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

Interchain (FN)
132 West 24th St. Box 410
New York, NY 10011

International Mr. Leather, Inc. (X)
5025 N. Clark St.
Chicago, IL 60640

International Ms Leather, Inc. (X)
PO Box 421915
San Francisco, CA 94142

International Roadmasters
3146 Grayson
Ferndale, MI 48220

Iron Cross MC
PO Box 1721, Station A
Montreal, Quebec, H3C 3A5

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014

Iron Tigers MC
c/o Jim Goodwine
517 W. Almeria
Phoenix, AZ 85003

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85702

Kansas City Pioneers
PO Box 23025
Kansas City, MO 64141

Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Knights D'Orleans
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 10601
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
1818 P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814

Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9386
Denver, CO 80209

Knights of Malta MC
PO Box 7726
Reno, NV 89502

Knights of Malta MC
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8375
Portland, OR 97205

Knights of Malta MC
Jet Chapter
PO Box 21052
Seattle, WA 98111

Knights of the Second Liberty (S/M)
12226 Victory Blvd., #137
North Hollywood, CA 91606

Knights Templar (S/M)
PO Box 14073
San Francisco, CA 94142-2151

Lancers MC
PO Box 51475
New Orleans, LA 70151

The Leather Guild
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94103

Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054

***Der Ledermeister (S/M)**
PO Box 263
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13201

LFPT (W)
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009

LL Steelworkers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

LSM (W)
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

M.A.F.I.A. (FL)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805

Men of Dungeons (S/M)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805

WHERE EAGLES DARE

It is difficult to maintain an accurate "Clubs" mailing list when one's club does so few mailings or lacks the assistance of a "by subscription" mailing list. Therefore, the members of the California Eagles MC thank you for your service of publishing, in the "Leather Bulletin Board" section of *Drummer*, a current listing for so many of the motorcycle clubs of our community, both in the United States and abroad. With your help, we are able to avoid the unnecessary expense of wasted postage to erroneous addresses. Please note that our return address is a new one this fall. (See Club Listing for updated address.)

Founded in February 1984, The California Eagles MC is a group of men in San Francisco's South-of-Market community dedicated to fostering safe biking and Brotherhood, and to supporting the needs of our community.

Early this past June our Run, "Where Eagles Dare II—Tall Trees and Lumberjacks," was very successful. About seventy Leathermen joined us for a three-day tour of Lake and Mendocino Counties in Northern California. This October we sponsored an overnight ride to the Russian River, taking over one of the more popular resorts there as our headquarters. We also sponsor popular one-day rides on a monthly basis.

Our next planned event is the Celebration of our Fourth Anniversary in California Eagles Hall at the SF Eagle, our home bar, on Saturday, February 6, 1988. Although this is a private party, admission is open to all members of other Motorcycle Clubs wearing Club Colors. Friday, June 3, 1988, will see the California Eagles departing for "Where Eagles Dare III." When plans are firmed up this spring, we'll send you notification.

Again, thank you for providing the community with such a valuable service.

W. B. W., Treasurer, The California Eagles MC

WASHINGTON STATE MR. LEATHER AUCTION

Evan Lozon, 1987 Washington State Mr. Leather, is hosting the 3rd Annual Mr. Leather Slave Auction to be held at the Eastlake in Seattle on Sunday, February 28, 1988 at 8 p.m. Starting the event off will be the traditional slave auction and an auction of donated gifts. Proceeds will go to support the David Morgan AIDS Relief Fund, the Seattle AIDS Support Group and the Northwest AIDS Foundation. Guest auctioneers will be title holders from throughout the West. The slaves may be previewed at a Kegger at the Seattle Eagle on Saturday Feb. 27th beginning at 8 p.m. So... go shopping on Saturday to review the merchandise and be there on Sunday to consummate your purchase!

BONDAGE BUFFS BACK

Recent months have seen both the New York Bondage Club and San Francisco Bondage Club back in action after slow summers. One feature of the New York group's growing activity is its expanded space. The basement of their meeting area is now available and equipped with a variety of bondage furniture, while the upstairs can be enjoyed by those who just want to socialize.

"The Spread Eagle," the NYBC's newsletter, announces the formation of the Pittsburgh Bondage Club (PO Box 8033, Pittsburgh, PA 15216). This, together with the two mentioned above and the Chicago club, bring the number of men's bondage clubs we know of to four. If anyone knows of others please pass on the information.

AIDS-SAFE SM BROCHURES

Several months ago the AIDS Action Committee and Dreizehn, Boston's Gay S/M Fraternity, cooperated in the production of a brochure on AIDS-Safe S/M. This informative pamphlet has been widely distributed around the country. The San Francisco Knights Templar have now reprinted this brochure and are distributing it in the Bay Area. Contact either club for a copy. (Send a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

THE BRINGER OF FIRE

We would like to announce the organization of Prometheus, the only SM club within the State of Oklahoma. We celebrated our first anniversary this past April. In the formative first year, we have been active in events sponsored by the Disciples of de Sade in Dallas, Texas, and Pegasus MC of Wichita, Kansas. We present occasional public demonstrations and have monthly meetings that include learning demonstrations for club members and invited guests. We invite any interested individuals to write or visit us.

E. L. C., Scribe, Prometheus

DIABLO DEVIATES

Another Gay Male SM club has organized in the San Francisco Bay area. Diablo Deviates (named for Mt. Diablo, the prominent erection in the area), centered in Concord, CA, draws its membership primarily from the East Bay area. The DV8s have been going for several months and now have a great clubhouse for parties, etc.

Fledermaus provided an electrifying experience on November 20 with a demonstration of various Electrotorture/Electro-pleasure devices. And "Honcho," serving as the evening's subject, provided eye-pleasing assistance as he jumped nicely just from the jolts of memory anytime a cattle prod came anywhere near him, and screamed nicely when the magneto was wired to his balls for a grand finale.

More will be said about the unique way this club has organized in the next issue of *DungeonMaster* (#34).

A TRIBAL EVENT

Tribe MC will host their 17th annual "Do A Fool" April 8-10, 1988 in Detroit. The unofficial theme for the run will be "A Good Old-Fashioned Leather Celebration." This means that many of the past traditions that have gone by the wayside will once again be an integral part of the run.

This year Tribe will "mount" Ron Worsley's hysterical and risqué adaptation of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* aptly retitled *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Orgy*. Rob Keecee will again be the Music Director and Tribe's good friend, Bob Oris, will assist Ron in the staging of this Stephen Sondheim burlesque spoof of ancient Rome. Any clubs who wish are invited to take advantage of the captive audience and present special performance numbers during the break between dinner and the show.

In addition to regularly scheduled bar nights at the Detroit Eagle, Tribe MC will be on the road for a night of Crisco Wrestling at the Tool Box in Toronto on Feb. 20 and a Toga Party at Hooterville Station in Toledo on March 5.

The TRIBE-UNE

BALL CLUB BASH

The Ball Club, a national fetish club for men into their balls, is planning their second annual "unofficial" convention for the summer of '88. The first was held at a motel in Las Vegas in July of '87. This year they are hoping to find a location that will allow for outdoor play. RF of Anchorage, Alaska is organizing the event but realizes that, while his state has a vast outdoors, few of us could manage to get there. So he is seeking a potential location somewhere in the lower 48. Anyone who could suggest a good meeting place for 50 to 100 men to gather for ball play, or who would like more information on the club/convention, should contact the Ball Club.

PLAN AHEAD

For your long-range planning: We have received notice from the Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club that they will be celebrating their 20th anniversary with a week-long celebration October 17-23, 1988. We'll keep you posted on more details as they are received.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Motorcyclen of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

***National Coalition
Against Censorship (X)**
123 W. 43rd St.
New York, NY 10036

National Leather Association (X)
PO Box 17463
Seattle, WA 98107

New World Rubber Men (FL)
c/o Bill Bailey
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

New York Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Nimbus
c/o Douglas Dunes
Blue Star Highway
Douglas, MI 49406

Nine Plus Club, Inc.
PO Box 1267 Ansonia Sta.
New York, NY 10023

***Oberons**
PO Box 07423
Milwaukee, WI 53207

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

***The Order of the Marquis &
the Chevalier (S/M)**
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48050-5014

**The Original Leathermasters Club
of Los Angeles (S/M)**
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pegasus MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

**People Exchanging Power
(Mixed S/M)**
Washington DC Chapter
PO Box 2308
Silver Springs, MD 20902

**People Exchanging Power
(Mixed S/M)**
Albuquerque Chapter
PO Box 332
Edgewood, NM 87015

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NE 81 St.
Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Coleola
5133 Saltsburg Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Pocono Warriors
PO Box 381
263A W. 19th St. #162
New York, NY 10011

Portland Power & Trust (W)
2605 Woodward
Portland, OR 97202

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Praetorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

***Prometheus (S/M)**
PO Box 57213
Oklahoma City, OK 73157

Queen City Quordinators (X)
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222

**Regiment of the Black and Tans
(FL)**
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

Renaissance Men
PO Box 1001
Trolley Station
Detroit, MI 48231

Riverman
1417 Logani SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Rodeo Riders
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657

Rodeo Riders MC
PO Box 780242
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Saber MC of Florida, Inc.
PO Box 030367
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33303

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Sam Browne Society (FL)
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Antonio Mustangs
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006

San Franciscans
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101

San Francisco Bondage Club (FL)
1800 Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94102

San Francisco Jacks (JO)
2336 Market St. K#127
San Francisco, CA 94114

***San Francisco Precision Whip
Drill Team (X)**
2215-R Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94114

Satyricons MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078

***Seattle Dungeon Guild (S/M)**
918 E. Pike St.
Seattle, WA 98122

Selectmen of Detroit
PO Box 1855 Trolley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231

Shelix (W)
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060

Shipmates of Baltimore
PO Box 13434
Baltimore, MD 21203

SigMa (S/M)
PO Box 30651
Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

Silver Star MC
PO Box 15152
Milwaukee, WI 53215

SMALERS (X)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

***Somandros (S/M)**
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Sons of Apollo
PO Box 7281
Phoenix, AZ 85011

Spartan MC
458 L'Enfant Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026

SPASM (W)
PO Box 77270
Houston, TX 77270

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
H5A 4H8 Canada

Spirit of St. Louis L-L
PO Box 12207 Souldand Sta.
St. Louis, MO 63157

Stallions
c/o The Leather Stallion
2203 St. Clair Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44114

Steel Barons
PO Box 3553
Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Stiletos MC
c/o Phoenix Bar
1440 San Marco Blvd.
Jacksonville, FL 32207

Stingrays MC
PO Box 1643
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

***Sunday Meeting Group (S/M)**
c/o SM Leathers
1729 Maryland Ave.
Baltimore, MD 21201

Sunrays MC
2027 Mayo St.
Hollywood, FL 33020

Sunshine Athletic Assoc.
c/o Robert Price
190L N. Andrews Ave. #105
Wilton Manors, FL 33311

Tampa Bay Blazers
c/o Bear Tucker
51 Flamingo Rd.
Venice, FL 33595



Photos: Phred's Physique Photography

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

T-Bolts MC
c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06850

Texas Cadre
PO Box 1041
Arlington, TX 76010

Texas MC
PO Box 57462
Dallas, TX 75207

Thebans MC
c/o Don Gibson
950 NW 7th St. Rd.
Miami, FL 33136

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

Tucson Knight Owls
PO Box 2332
Tucson, AZ 85702

Tucson Levi-Leathermen
PO Box 1774
Tucson, AZ 85702

Twin Cities S/M Alliance
PO Box 825
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Two Wheelers of Omaha
c/o Tony Zamudio
305 Turner Blvd. #8
Omaha, NE 68131

U.F.O.
c/o Walter Carlton III
1531 S. Madison Ave.
Tulsa, OK 74120

Urania (W)
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 02131-0266

Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM)(S/M)
PO Box 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5 Canada

Vanguards MC
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Vikings MC
PO Box 1323
Cambridge, MA 02142

Warlocks MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Warriors MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Wasatch Leathermen MC
PO Box 11314
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311

W.E.S. (We Enjoy Shaving) (FN)
PO Box 6316
Reno, NV 89513

Wheels MC
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001

Wildcats MC
c/o Boiler Room
111 W. Tazewell St.
Norfolk, VA 23510

Windy City Bondage Club (FL)
PO Box 268767
Chicago, IL 60626

***Womanlink (W/FN)**
2124 Kittredge #257
Berkeley, CA 94704

Zodiacs MC
PO Box 48144
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1N8 Canada

NEW YORK MR. LEATHER

The new New York Mr. Leather, selected at the contest held on 14 November at Tracks in NYC, is a familiar face to long-time *Drummer* readers. Ken Savage has appeared on the covers of *Drummers* 92 and 95 and on the interior pages of several issues during the same time period. A former Mr. SE *Drummer*, Ken lived at different times in Florida, San Francisco, Maine, Florida again, and is now headquartered in Albany, NY. He was sponsored by the Water Works Pub in Albany, where he is a bartender. A trip to the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago is NOT one of the prizes given to the winner of the NYC contest; however, Ken has competed there several times in the past and we expect he'll find a way to make it again this year.

First Runner-Up for the 1987 New York title has also appeared in the pages of *Drummer*. Mitch Davis, from Boston, is 1987 Mr. New England *Drummer*, and first runner-up for the 1987 Mr. *Drummer* international title. He was sponsored for the NYC contest by *Drummer*. Second Runner-Up in NYC is John Scancarella.

Judges were Barry Douglas, Jacques Carle, V. K. McCarty, Michel Rousse, and Louis Weingarten. Fred Katz served as Tallymaster. They had a hard time choosing among the ten HOT men who strutted their stuff for an audience of nearly 1,000. As in the Mr. *Drummer* contests, NY Leather competitors performed fantasy skits which this year included locker room scenes, verbal trips, ass beating, a porn-video star come to life and a very special revised version of Cinderella. In addition to the contestants' fantasies, the audience was entertained by porn star Chris Burns and singer Kecia Lewis-Evans.

This year's contest was organized by Henry Romanowsky and Richard Biernachi of the Artry Foundation, and raised over \$6,000 to be split between the AIDS Resource Center and the PWA Coalition. Videotapes of the contest are available for \$39.95 (+ \$2.50 S&H) and T-shirts are \$10.00 (+ \$1.50 S&H). Both may be ordered from the Artry Foundation, Box 649, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011. Proceeds from the sale of these items will also be split between the two recipients mentioned above. □

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



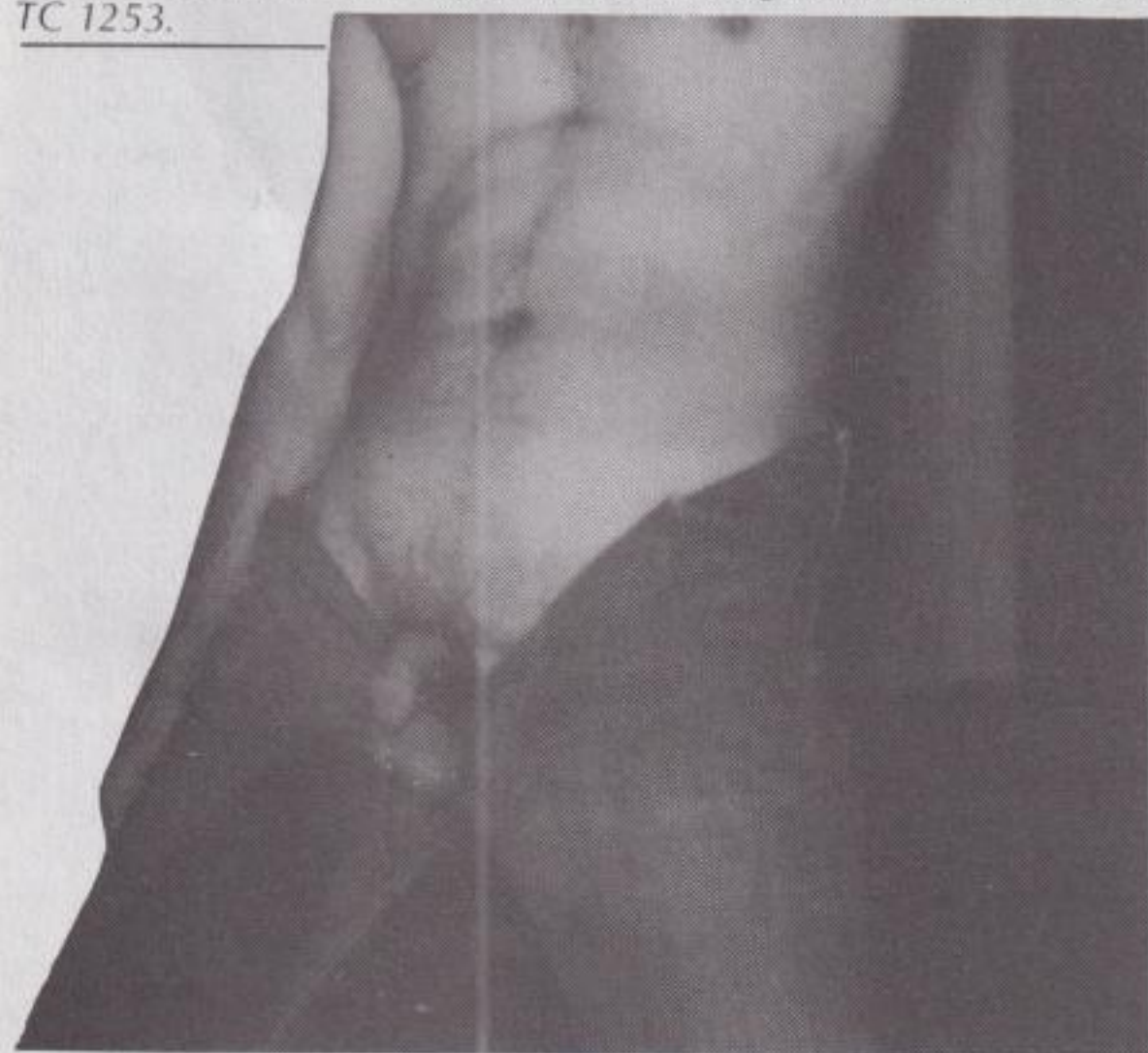
TO SERVICE AND PROTECT: This native deep South law officer is 6', 155 lbs., has brown hair and eyes. He has an eight-inch uncut piece of meat which loves prolonged oral service and worship. He specializes in physical and verbal abuse while being serviced from head to toe by submissive but handsome men who are masculine. Discretion is absolutely necessary, but he is able to receive visitors and welcomes hot correspondence from anywhere. The only requirement: that you have an insatiable mouth and can withstand real masculine dominance. If you think you're man enough for this officer, call TC 1253.



TWO MEN IN SEARCH OF PERFECT BOTTOMS: This hot Tough Customer, 31 years old, 6' and 165 lbs., and his lover, 27 years old, 6'1" and 185 lbs., are looking for some perfect bottoms. He doesn't tell us how he defines perfection, but he does say he needs some deep throat from Illinois or the Ft. Lauderdale area; they are also looking for couples. If this man tempts you, write to TC 1254.



VERSATILE WITH A PREFERENCE: This 40-year-old Illinois Tough Customer prefers the role of bottom but can go Top if you insist. At 5'9", 150 lbs. he enjoys heavy tit, cock & ball work, whippings, non-oral water sports, leather, beards, and sensible S/M. Any race. Beer drinkers are especially welcome. Write TC 1256.



WET, WILD, WONDERFUL WASHINGTON DC: This water sports enthusiast wants to show off wet jeans, diapers and jocks with other slim wet-fun-men to the age of 45. He is 35, 5'9", 140 lbs., smooth and hot. He also can and does get into TT, so send a photo with your letter to him at TC 1255.

THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

IN PASSING



Photos ROBERT ROBERTS

TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT!

Mad Dog, tattooist Robert Roberts, during a visit to Europe created this imaginative "depth gauge" that reads both in inches and millimeters for this hot bartender from the Coo Coo's Nest in Amsterdam.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY



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LIFESTYLE. . .
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The biggest bargain around. Membership in *The Leather Fraternity* includes twelve issues of *DRUMMER*, the only real leather magazine, twelve free classified ads (one a month, naturally) in *DRUMMER's* Dear Sir!, the leader in man-to-man personals, plus free mail forwarding service. Your membership card and distinctive Fraternity pin will be sent with your first issue. The price is right—just \$85 for the whole package! If you would like the speed and privacy of first-class mail, it's yours for only \$100. Canadian Fraternity memberships are also \$100. All other foreign memberships are \$135. Get with it!

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

Send me a LEATHER FRATERNITY membership, 12 issues of *DRUMMER* included, my 50-word ad in 12 issues, and no mail-forwarding fees. Begin my membership with issue ____!

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Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
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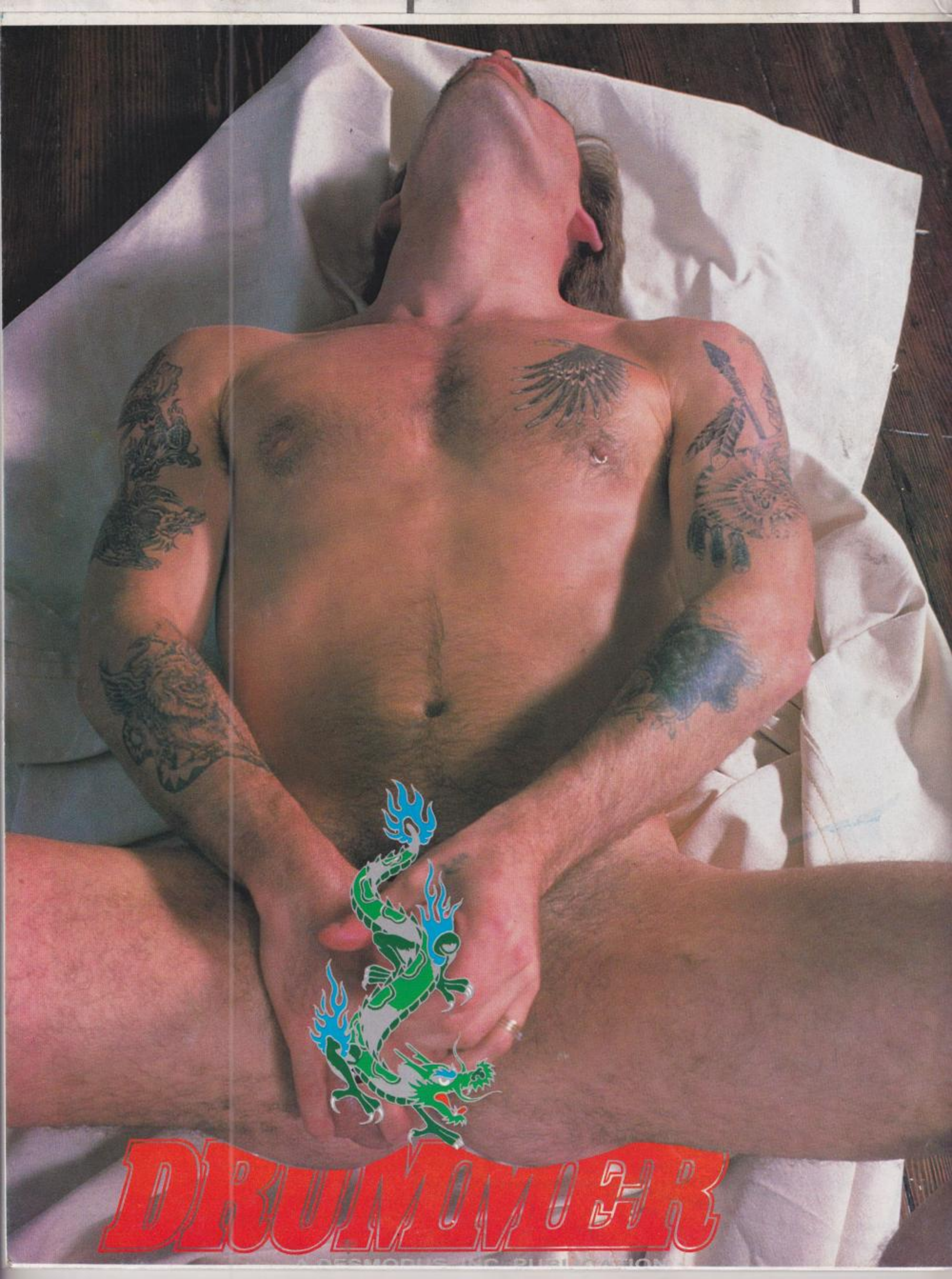
CARD NO. _____ EXP. ____/____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____

(I am over 21 years of age)

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

John Specimen

This is to certify that this Leatherman is a member in good standing of the Leather Fraternity and is entitled to all privileges and benefits of membership. This card is non-transferable and membership is revoked only with good cause.



DRUMMER

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